

JULY.

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# THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.*

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# THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VII.—LLEWYD.

THIRTY miles away from where Llewellyn dwelt, and farther in the British country, their lived an old fierce Briton,

called King Powis. This king lived a turbulent life, always at war with his neighbours, and greatly feared all round. He was a little man with a very savage

look about the corners of the eye and with a profusion of dark red hair that imparted a peculiar horror to his smile. Strange as this monarch was, and objectionable both in manners and customs, he called himself a good Christian. He swore by saints,



"Three thousand men were drawn up in battle array."

not by idols; he had persecuted pagans remorselessly, he had plundered neighbouring kingdoms and made vast presents to the Pope out of the proceeds, and in every respect considered himself quite a pattern. His will was law, and yet he professed to give his subjects the advantage of his knowledge of Roman legislature. He was a near relation of Morthven or Morven, the fugitive king, who had fled on the usurpation of Llewellyn, and whose nephew Llewyd this latter worthy was said to have in bondage. King Powis ruled over a sept or clan as Romanised as that of King Llewellyn, but still retaining the old British speech, even more than the subjects of the latter, for here and there among Llewellyn's better sort you heard some words of Latin, while the men in Powistown used none.

An old harper was singing a lay of the olden time when a soldier in Britain had gained the imperial purple, but this was so mixed up with bardic fable, and the mysterious triads ran so through the verse, that what with priest and Druid bardic lay and Christian hymn, it would be hard to discover whether the singer were pagan or true believer, British bard or Roman poet, in a bad translation. The king was reclining on a triclinium such as the Romans were accustomed to use. The room was a spacious dining-hall in Roman taste, but seemed rather the remains of the dwelling of some military governor than the elegant villa abode of any passed-away wealthy civilian now forgotten. There was a severity in the architecture that spoke more of the soldier than the courtier, and, perhaps from the fact of its greater simplicity, the building appeared to be in better repair than that of Llewellyn's "hold," as the Saxons called it. But the chief features were very similar to what we have described in Llewellyn's hold.

The room contained three tables running parallel with the three sides of the chamber and formed into one, so as to leave the centre free. In this centre space the bard was seated with his harp facing the king, and also in this space the servants moved about and helped the guests who sat, or rather lay, at table. At the sides of the table next this open space there were no chairs or couches save the single chair just mentioned for the bard, but on the other side, towards the walls, nine couches were arranged. Upon the centre one of these King Powis lay outstretched, his feet towards the wall, his face towards the table. Reclining with his left arm on the arm of the couch which stood next to the table, and sometimes changing his position and lying on his right, he ate and drank. Eight men were dining with him; one on either side of Powis filled up the "head" side of the table, three sat at each side-table, so to speak, and all had just such couches. Italian wines, beer from the English side, mead and some other drinks now long forgotten, washed down a strange repast, half barbarous, half Roman. The drinking vessels were of glass, and more like modern table glasses than those used by the English.

The tones of harp and harper had done their very best to soothe the king to sleep,—two of the warriors near him slept already,—when entering by the doorway near the path that led up to the mansion came a monk, one of the neighbouring monasteries. Slowly he paced the hall until he reached a spot inside the space we mentioned, and when opposite the king he made obeisance, and thus began:

"All hail, King Powis! Have I thy leave to speak? I bear strange tidings from Llewellyn's land!"

"Ha! sayest thou so?" cried Powis. "Tell thy tale, and much I long to hear what doth that caitiff king. Speak, but be brief. Dost hear me!"

"*Pax vobiscum,*" said the monk.

"Amen!" exclaimed King Powis; "only, pray, no Latin."

"Good," said the monk. "I come straight from Llewellyn. Owen ap Gwynn is in chains. The son of grim Earl Blue-tooth is a prisoner. Morven and Gwenwyn are in Blue-tooth's hands, and much it is feared that if this foul usurper should in his drink or fury destroy this son of Blue-tooth's there will be war to the knife with England! Kenwalch will join with the earl, and in the indiscriminate slaughter which will overwhelm the land of Britain I see no hope for us. To thee, therefore, I come, most warlike king, and beg thee call thy council on this matter. Thou seest that our time is short, our need is great, our hopes are few. Unless the good saints aid us all is lost!"

"Well, my good father," said the king, "sure that is nothing new! Alone we men are helpless. Our good fathers prayed their gods for aid. We pray the saints to help us. So the world wags on. But to our friends the Saxons. The riddle is not light. What think ye, chiefs and princes? Were it best to join with grim Earl Blue-tooth and his host of stern and rugged pagans to destroy Llewellyn? Or seems it fitting in your better judgment to join Llewellyn and destroy the earl? To me it matters little. Of the two I hate Llewellyn most. Urther Penelg, what thinkest thou?"

A venerable man in a long white Roman toga lay lolling near the king, supporting both his elbows on the couch, so that his face surveyed the table while his feet approached the wall. His long white beard was so disposed as to fall down between the couch and table.

"Powis ap Cwealdor," said the sage. "Methinks 'twere wisest to leave both alone, but strive with wisdom to foment their quarrel. Thus, should they fight, whoever gains the day, thou too wilt be the winner; nor could his loss affect thee. My advice would be to send the *Æthling* who has sought thy aid, escaped from false Llewellyn, in safety back to Blue-tooth."

"Well," said Powis, "Christian chiefs and princes. The best thing now, it seems to me, would be to steal this English boy out of Llewellyn's hands; then send we friendly greetings to the earl, tell him Llewellyn's baseness, send him without a ransom the *Æthling* and this boy. For these two boons I know he'll arm his people, and our revenge is certain. Llewyd should be then set free, for though the caitiff king denies the fact, I know he holds him prisoner."

"What! would King Powis really wish to see Prince Llewyd?" said the monk, with strange earnestness. "I thought there was no love between the 'Bulwark of Britain' and King Powis!"

"Llewyd is my kinsman," said the king, "and rightly called the 'Bulwark' of the land. Brave, good, and clever, of the royal race of Britain. All our hopes are fixed on him. My days are numbered, and my race is run. I have no children who might wear my crown, and I name Llewyd as my son and heir. Thus he unites the kingdom ruled by me with that usurped from Morven. Mark the end!"

If Llewyd, young and good and brave, succeed to these two kingdoms, he may hope to quell the wretched Britons of Strath Clyde and found a British empire. If I can bring the English to this plan, to help us in the coming dreadful strife, I shall be glad indeed, for they are pagan brutes, with them no faith holds good; to cheat them is a noble act, dear to the saints and men."

This speech of the king's, unexpected and very animated as it was, had the effect of rousing the slumbering chieftains all around. Some started into half-recumbent attitudes, whilst one or two sat on their couches as we sit on chairs, and seemed in great excitement.

At last the monk, who had observed all this, and noted that the speech was heard with favour, produced a scroll of parchment from his robe, and gave it to King Powis, without expressing surprise, anger, or indignation at the foul treachery of the proceedings suggested by the king.

As Powis took the scroll he glanced at the monk, and said,

"There is more fire in thine eye than is the case with most who wear that garb. Who art thou?"

"Be pleased, King Powis, to read through the scroll, and it will tell thee all that thou wouldest know."

The king bent himself to the unfamiliar task, and with some difficulty deciphered the following words:

"To Penwhyrn ap Morgan, these with speed. Well-beloved friend and brother in the faith, chance threw this piece of parchment in my way, on which I write these lines. I am in durance in the tyrant's power, but a good priest finds means to visit me and sends thee this. Though Christian in outward show, Llewellyn is pagan at heart, and deems it right to pacify the gods (or, as he says, the *saints*, Heaven save the mark!) by human sacrifice, and to secure his crown I am condemned to die!"

The perusal aloud of this letter caused great excitement among the chiefs who had been lying at the banquet. "Their manners had not the repose that marks the caste" of modern dandies. They sprang from their couches, and, King Powis in the centre, came into the space between the tables where the harper slept in peace already. Then spake King Powis in a solemn tone,

"Princes and chiefs, at last the time has come for action. Would that the legions of Imperial Rome were here to join our standard! Pendragon's signal shall be seen once more, the dragon of the British; but it were well to have more aid to make our onsets surer! My thought is this, to send a herald to the English earl and beg his aid in battle. My plan would be to strike Llewellyn, seize his land for Llewyd, whom I make my heir, then, when old Morthven dies, his kingdom joined with mine may crush the pagan English hounds and rid the land of foes. Then shall the Strath Clyde Britons tremble. Then shall the petty chiefs around us yield to our solid might. What think ye, chieftains, is it well or not?"

The chief who had already spoken now again began and praised the wisdom and the *courage* (?) of the scheme, and then at last, referring to a point not mentioned by the king, demanded whether news had been received from their own trusty friend dispatched to false Llewellyn.

King Powis frowned and said, "Not yet; indeed I hardly thought news could

have come so soon. He doubtless is in safety, good Penelg. If not, we have a stronger reason for the war, and all our chiefs will join us. First of all we must send Llewyllyd notice of our new attempt before we can begin. Then to the grim Earl Blue-tooth ! Who will go and do my bidding to the pagan ?"

" That will I, King Powis," said the monk, again looking more bold than ever. " Although the pagans do not love our faith, yet they respect believers, and I will venture to the English side and do your bidding with the earl."

" I take thy offer gladly," said the king, " and if thou art successful then shall thy reward be sure. Take rings to pay the English. Tell Earl Rolf that Ethelwulf the *Æthling* now is here alive and safe and sound. Say that from me with greeting thou hast brought this news, and that if he will only send an armed band to meet the rescued noble, I will guard him safely through Llewellyn's land or fall myself in fighting."

Scarcely had King Powis said these words when a loud shout was heard without the building, a centurion was ushered in, who, dressed in better Roman style than those about Llewellyn, briefly said,

" King Powis, hail ! Morgan ap Tydwell yesterday at eve discovered in a wood some twenty miles from hence a man beneath an oak-tree fast asleep with worn and torn apparel. When he was awakened by the men he stood at bay and swore to sell his life full dearly. The voice seemed known to Morgan, who exclaimed,

" Who art thou, roaming thus from all mankind; what is thy name, good fellow ?"

" Strange was the tale the wanderer told. He said he was the nephew of a king, his uncle was in banishment, a foe usurped his crown, and he was with the English in disguise."

Curbing the excitement of the princes and chiefs who were with him, Powis instantly commanded the fugitive to be brought before him. The centurion disappeared, but very shortly returned bringing no less a person with him than Llewyllyd himself, guarded by eight soldiers fairly well dressed in an imitation of Roman apparel, and with a tolerable display of discipline and martial bearing. On seeing him King Powis advanced and said,

" Who art thou, who thus loiterest upon our land ? Art thou a murderer driven from rest by conscience, or art thou still worse in our regard—a pagan Englishman ?"

" Nor one nor yet the other," replied Llewyllyd; " a fugitive from unjust captivity, I seek protection from a British king. I am a Briton, Christian, and of royal race, but in the hold of base Llewellyn I have suffered much, and am indeed less like a prince than any peasant on your land ! Oh, who could see in these poor shrunken limbs the once admired Llewyllyd !"

" And is this story true, young man ?" said Powis. " What proof have we of thy integrity ? Art thou prepared to answer me some questions touching this tale of thine ?"

" Say on, King Powis," said the stranger; " but allow me while I answer thee to sit, for want of food and great fatigue have done their work on me."

At a sign from the king two soldiers placed a chair, in which the young man took his seat, and then a draught of pure Falernian wine was offered in costly Mayence glass; some fruit was given him, and then a kind of cake not much unlike the

rusk of modern times. This was dipped in the wine and eaten as a sop. After these refreshments the wanderer seemed much strengthened, and King Powis began to question him.

" Thou sayst thou art of the race of kings, young man ? What is thy pedigree ?"

" That were too long to trace at present, king ; but I am nephew to Morthven Peurudduck, who is rightful king and chief of the Danonian Britons. I say I am his nephew, but, in truth, I rather am his cousin, for his sister's son was my poor murdered father. In that sept his daughter, if he chanced to have no son, might then succeed her father, and her child, or son or daughter, might obtain the crown. His daughter and her husband both were slain—some say by false Llewellyn. Gwennith, the grandchild of the noble king, should thus have been a queen. It was his wish we should have been united, so the two septs might have grown one in power. But he is now a wanderer through the earth, and Gwennith—no one knows her fate."

" I think," said Powis, " thou has told the truth, and thou hast got thy mother's eye and smile—her very look in sooth—and all thy father's bearing. Here, you sirs ! give him attention fitting royal birth. Prince Llewyllyd, go with these and change thy dress for one more suited to thy true estate ; warm baths and sleep will do the rest. Go, Llewyllyd, and then to-morrow, when the sun is up, we speak on graver matters. Fare thee well."

Astounded by this unexpected turn of fate, Llewyllyd seemed yet in sleep. He rubbed his eyes, looked round as in a dream, and, after due obeisance, left King Powis to his own resources.

He was conducted to a heated bath, then led into a chamber where a couch was spread with skins of forest deer and buffalo. Here he retired, and, overcome with the fatigue he had undergone, was soon asleep.

But early the next morning he was awakened by the loud noise of martial music, and, springing from his bed, he commenced, with the aid of the attendants, to attire himself. Meanwhile we go before him to the army.

On a large field, or rather heath, about three thousand men were drawn up in battle array, awaiting the inspection of their king and leader. All these men were infantry soldiers, and were armed after the Roman manner, some with the smaller *gladius*, or leaf-like sword, with a *scutum*, or shield of an oblong form, bent so as to form part of a cylinder. These shields were very heavy, being made of oak or elm, and bound with a heavy iron border, and further strengthened by cross-pieces of iron, proceeding, like the limbs of a starfish, from the centre. Within were two handles, something like the modern saucepan-lid handle, through one of which the arm was thrust, while the hand grasped the other. The men bore Roman spears, and on their heads they wore leatheren caps very similar to that described as worn by Saxons. Others, again, bore lighter shields, and were armed with slings. All wore the *gladius* of bronze. Besides the *scutum*, the heavily armed spearmen wore a cuirass of leather, from which depended small strips of leather weighted with metal, which hung from the cuirass all round the body, in the manner shown in pictures of Roman soldiers, of which these troops were indeed imitations. The cen-

turios, or captains of a hundred men, were distinguished by having the metal of their equipment made of bright bronze, which, being kept polished, had quite the appearance of gold as it glittered in the sun. These officers, too, had a crest added to the leatheren cap, or helmet, which gave them a very martial appearance. They wore the *ensis*, or larger battle-sword of steel, while the weapons of the men were all bronze. Each cohort carried its *signum*, or sign, as a sort of small banner, and the whole legion fought under the sign of the British dragon. The whole force was drawn up in a solid square, with this chief *signum* in the centre. Four mounted officers in brilliant trappings were riding round the solid mass, giving here and there reprimands as a spear was ill-carried or a scutum badly held.

A magnificent sun was (for once in Britain) shooting its rays over this glittering mass. The officers looked proud of their men and of themselves; the horses and the mounted officers were as evidently proud of each other, and everything looked gay. The horns and cymbals made stirring sound, and the legion waited impatiently for the arrival of the cavalry and war chariots, which it was arranged were to arrive on the ground before King Powis appeared. At last a body of horse was seen emerging from one of the gates of the fortress, about two hundred strong, and accompanied by thirty war chariots, in each of which stood a warrior armed with leatheren helmet, lorica, shield, and *gladius*, but instead of the heavier spear of the legion he bore javelins, which he was taught to cast at the enemy as the horses rushed along with the mad speed of those of the modern fire brigade. One custom had been retained from ancient British times, and this was the fastening of scythes to the axletrees of the chariots. The drivers were armed with much stronger armour than that of the foot soldiers of the legion, and bore the *gladius*. The charioteer, or soldier fighting from the chariot, showed off his skill as the horses tore along, sometimes springing on their backs, sometimes running along the pole between them, sometimes flinging his weapons in the air and catching them as they descended, sometimes leaping out at the back of the chariot, running along by its side, and then springing on to it again. The regular cavalry wore, instead of lorica, armour made of small scales like those of a fish, so contrived that each scale should cover the attachments of the one below it. Their helmets were of bronze, that glittered very brightly in the sun. They were armed with long and powerful lances, although the heads, being bronze, did not possess such sharp edges as those of the Saxon-English.

The cavalry drew up opposite the legion, and their shrill trumpets, added to the clangour of the long curved horn of the infantry, made a right merry din. Then from the town rode out King Powis, with his generals and friends. He rode a jet-black charger. His own helmet was of bronze adorned with solid gold bosses and ornaments. As a crest he wore a short tuft-like plume of peacock's feathers, the colours of which were beautiful as the sunbeams glanced upon it. His cuirass, or corium, was of bronze, polished to look like gold ; his tunic was white, with a deep border of gold ; the trappings below the corium of polished bronze scales, with a sort of tag or finishing ornament of gold. His generals were dressed in a similar way,

save that they had no gold eirelet round their helmets. Their tunics were all white and edged with red, in which were gold spangles or studs similar to the nails used nowadays by upholsterers to fasten fringe on "gipsy" tables. It was a goodly sight.

Among the generals rode Llewyd, dressed in white and gold, his armour being similar to that borne by the king. He carried a short spear in his right hand, and at his side hung the heavier ensis, or battle-sword, of the Romans. But the manner in which he managed his noble steed showed that he was every inch a soldier, while his bearing and language proved him to be of no ordinary birth.

"What thinkest thou, my kinsman?" said the king to Llewyd; "what thinkest thou of my array? I fancy false Llewellyn, with all his boasted ranks, will not produce an army like to mine. Look at yon horsemen; see those charioteers. Can any troops resist them? I only long to lead them on the English. What thinkest thou, are Saxon troops as good—are any soldiers in the world like these? No, my good friend. And thou, who knowest the other British and the pagan English too, thou canst not say that either one could stand against my might? No, no, my friend; we'll take them both combined if it be wanted. But, Llewyd, I would rather bring my host and grim Earl Blue-tooth's full upon Llewellyn, slay that traitor straight, obtain his land and power for myself, unite them with my legion, and then swoop down on Blue-tooth. Ha! who comes here?"

This exclamation and the question were jerked out from this warlike Briton by an unlooked-for visit. A noble-looking man, attended by four others, all dressed in warlike garb, rode up and greeted Powis, who reined his steed and answered with a most courteous smile, and then addressed the leader with dignity and grace.

"Fair sirs, ye are most welcome. May I know why ye have sought our camp? or would you rather keep the object of your visit till a more fitting time—after the midday meal, when we are more at ease and can be quite alone?"

"So please you, Powis ap Cwealdor," said the chief, "I come from King Llewellyn."

"And may I ask you," said King Powis, "who he is? I know no King Llewellyn!"

"Please you, King Powis, thus it is," replied the horseman, pausing. "The Princess Gwenwynn and her grandfather have rendered up the crown. Now absent from their people, they have gone none knows to what far nation, or for why. As next of kin, Llewellyn now wears the old king's crown, and as a king in Britain he sends to thee to know if two audacious felons, prisoners to his sword, have sought your town for shelter? In such case he prays you of your courtesy to give those prisoners back to him."

"Allow me, duke or chieftain," said the king, "to ask thee also questions ere I answer thine. First tell me who the prisoners are who sought me? Next, if I do not give them up, what will Llewellyn?"

"One of the prisoners, King Powis, is called the English Æthling. His ransom from the English is full large, and King Llewellyn would not see it lost, as he has need of money. For the second fugitive I need not ask much further; there he sits, the British chief, Prince Llewyd, who is Llewellyn's prisoner. For thy next de-

mand, I grieve lest it should sound discourteous in thine ear, but as thou askest the question I needs must make reply. Llewellyn says that should you please refuse to grant him these two prisoners he would feel compelled in honour and good faith to come with armed legions and take his own by force!"

"I thank thee for the courtesy with which thou hast," said Powis, "performed an odious task. We have no fear of 'legions' (Llewellyn's might may scarce be called a cohort!); but suppose he owned his vaunted 'legions,' dost thou think you proud battalia there would finch were he to come and hector over us as over thee?"

"Then," said the chieftain, "I am bound to take my lord and master thy refusal to give him up his right; and more than this, thy stern defiance both of himself and us!"

"Such is my answer," said the king; "and you may add this too. I, Powis ap Cwealdor, do not own his right to call himself a king in Britain. I learn, too, that he has taken young boys prisoners, subjects of grim Earl Rolf. This I condemn as being clear against the usages of war, and further as injurious to our land in making foes in England; and lastly, it is most disloyal work to do this in a time of truce, which thus is broken. On all these points I speak just as I think, and tell my meaning plainly. Retire yonder to our humble castle and take such food and rest as best may suit your need. Ye shall all partake the noontide meal with me. Now I pray retire, and this brave chief will see you well bestowed."

Then, motioning to one of his train, he gave orders for the careful treatment of the messengers; and as they left his presence, he beckoned to Prince Llewyd, and then addressed him thus:

"I never doubted for a moment, prince, that all thy tale was true. I *felt* thou must be Llewyd; but that fellow there, Llewellyn's courteous messenger, has proved thy story true. From this time forth we part not till I see that thou art king indeed. Llewellyn must go down. And now, my kinsman, tell me, if thou canst, the better way to steal these English boys. They must be mine. With them I have a claim upon the father that binds him firmly to me. Tell me, my friend, how shall we best proceed?"

"Powis ap Cwealdor," Llewyd replied, "thy thought is full of danger! None can tell the many wily ways of King Llewellyn! Thy people on his land would be discovered before they saw the boys. I fain would go myself and steal the youngsters and bring them to thy town, but I am known. Disguise me as I may, that fox would scent me out. The boys must stay with him; the Æthling send attended, and he will do his best to bring the grim earl's sword to bite Llewellyn's shield. Or if thou wilt I seek Earl Blue-tooth out, tell him that both his sons (is that the tale, or is there only one?) are in Llewellyn's hold. Believe me, Powis ap Cwealdor, such tale as mine would make the grim earl grimmer. Ay, he then would come with 'buckler, blade, and byrnie,' as they say in their vile English tongue."

"And thou couldst see fair Gwenwynn!" said the king, laughing while he spoke. "Well, after dinner we will talk this over. Perhaps thy plan is right, but still I know not if the dangerous path is the right road for thee. I want my men to know thee.

They must hear thy voice, must see thee as a leader, know thee as my heir!"

"Thy heir!" cried Llewyd. "What mean these words? I am no heir to thee!"

"Have patience, Llewyd; I have wished it so. Thy kingdom shall be thine by right when thy good father dies; Llewellyn's foully-gotten crown will come to thee by marriage. Next to Gwenwyn's land my own lies, as thou knowest. These three dominions, under one firm hand, will make a mighty kingdom. Fuse them well together, unite them in one bond, and sweep away the English! Our great fault is, we are split in factions. United, all the English here were lost; divided, they but use us as their tools. We, who are part and parcel of great Rome, are fooled by these barbarians! We, who have light from holy Christian source, must bow the knee to pagans! Oh, ye saints! grant but my will on false Llewellyn's head, and then the fall of Blue-tooth is secure! Come, Llewyd, the horses are impatient. To the legion, and let us see their discipline and strength. You shall ride by me—here on my right hand. Chiefs, give the word! From the 'Testudo,' sirs! I wonder whether I could ride upon the shields as, in old times, great Marius did? I hardly trust my men to bear such weight upon them. Come, lead on!"

And the gay king led on, forgetting all his plans in military pomp—forgetting, too, that of that very vice of want of inner-love to hold the State together, he gave a strong example in warring with Llewellyn. So it was. The fifty petty kinglets scattered round were all at war together. Had they but joined and crushed the English power, Britain had not been England to this day. But we, direct descendants of the Saxon race, cannot afford to grieve because we own the land.

The Romans called a favourite formation which infantry could form the "tortoise," or *testudo* in the Latin tongue. The men were taught to hold their shields above them to overlap each other, very like the old red tiles now sometimes seen upon a country roof. The Romans held their shields so firmly fixed that Marius is once reported to have passed over a whole legion's heads on horseback in his armour just to see whether the men could bear him. This feat is told of other Roman generals, but some say it was he and only he who did it.

Powis was very proud of his small fighting army. He was a soldier through and through, and loved his men like brothers. So when he saw their shields not fairly set he feigned to have misgivings of his own lest his good horse might stumble on that unwonted road. The form *looked* well, and covered all the men. Then, at the word, the centre shields opened up, and such a shower of stones was shot from slings you might have thought Vesuvius was below, and vomited the stones like lava. Then the horse attacked the wary infantry all round in vain, no place was open to a lancee; and when the horse, discomfited, withdrew, a shower of javelins hastened their retreat. Then came the chariots, and wondrous were the tricks that men and horses played. It was more like a circus show of horse than the grim game of war. And yet the men were soldiers; they were trained to much endurance by stern discipline, and had they been in other leaders' hands, this tale had not been written.

After the full inspection Powis addressed the troops on the handsome manner in

which they had carried out the teachings of the Romans. He complimented the centurions on the discipline of the men and the superior officers on their skill. He knew the road directly to win a soldier's heart, and when he turned to Llewyd there was a murmur of delight through all those armed lines that thrilled his soul with pleasure. He waved his hand to Llewyd and shouted, " Soldiers, behold in this young prince your future king! Receive him as my son!"

The moment was well chosen. The sun was shining full on Llewyd, who, full of youth and vigour, looked every inch a king. The words of praise from Powis had done much to please both men and officers, and this new presentation of a prince called forth a joyous shout. But when Prince Llewyd reined his war-horse up and thanked the troops right royally, he looked so brave, so good, so fair and noble, that they indeed must have had hearts of stone to stand the sight unmoved, and the quick Keltic blood fired their veins as they uttered a shout that seemed to ring through the welkin as the voice of one man. Gracefully he inclined his plumed head, and after speaking a few more words his victory over the men was complete.

Delighted with this success, Powis conducted Llewyd back to the hall, or palace as we should call it, and telling the youth to remove his tunic and assume the toga, he himself desired the attendance of an officer known to the Romans under the Greek title of *Sympoiaarchos*, or master of the feast, to whom he gave full directions for a fitting festival in honour of his newly adopted son. He then required the attendance of the ambassadors from King Llewellyn's land, but was told that they had parted in great indignation very shortly after their interview. At this news King Powis smiled a very meaning smile, which seemed to say, though not in words, "That is just as I should wish." He said, however,

"By the saints! this is scant courtesy! We shall hear from Llewellyn anon, but that will save the pains and

trouble of defiance sent from me. Still, I am loth to hear his men departed without gifts. May be 'tis better so!"

Dismissing his attendants, he called for the slaves of the bath, with whom he retired to exchange his tunic for the toga, or civil robe, and at the hour of banquet strode into the grand banquet-hall every inch a king.

The entrance to this hall was lined with soldiers dressed as Romans. The lictors were there with their fasces, which consisted of bundles of rods bound up with axes to show the power of the ruler over life and limb; and as these terrible looking figures were never present save on very solemn occasions, it may be supposed that this occasion was very solemn indeed. The vestibule before the grand hall in which the banquet was prepared was in itself a large chamber, but it was full of military officers all waiting for a sight of the king, who had appointed them to meet him there. The lictors preceded him until they reached the entrance to the hall, and there they stopped and faced round to receive him. He waited to converse with his generals and superior officers, who seemed all greatly excited. Those who were to share the banquet near to him were the most grave, evidently being the most experienced warriors in his service. While thus conversing with his chiefs, a note of military music met the ear, and Llewyd appeared in his white toga with a narrow purple border. Powis immediately advanced to meet him, and after tenderly embracing him, presented him to his chiefs as his successor. They then proceeded to the grand hall itself, where tables were laid in the fashion already described, each person having a couch or triclinium to himself. In the centre of the longest table, at one of the sides of the chamber, was the triclinium of King Powis himself, and at his right hand that intended for Prince Llewyd. The generals of greater importance were grouped near them, and so they sat or rather lay in the order of their seniority and rank. The feast was often interrupted by quarrels among the guests, which it required all

the skill of such a clever ruler as Powis to adjust. Often too was he obliged to send a centurion or other officer away from the table into "durance vile" for using words which ought not to have been spoken in the presence of a king.

A dispute of this kind was at its height when a curtain was drawn aside by one of the guard to give passage to a venerable figure clad in white, with a long white beard and snowy locks, who advanced to the open space before the table of the king, and, bowing meekly, exclaimed,

"Have I leave to speak, King Powis?"

"Say what thou wilt!" said the king.

"Then," said the scer, "listen to my words. If thou engage in this war it will be thy last. Thy patron saint is weary of this bloodshed. Look at this holy sign here," he stretched forth his crucifix, "and say whether the hope it gives is based on blood and murder? Does this quarrelsome scene befit the banquet of a Christian king? What dost thou do to further the great end of Christianity, 'Peace on earth and good will towards men'? I tell thee, king, that Heaven is weary of thy crimes, and I, its humble instrument, do warn thee!"

Powis had heard him so far, inwardly boiling and chafing with rage, but at these words he sprang from his couch and ordered the guards to throw the reverend man into a dungeon. He was led off, but in parting turned a sorrowful glance on Powis as he uttered the words,

"I have done my duty, I can do no more. Farewell, King Powis! We meet no more on earth. Think of thine own last hour, King Powis, for that is drawing near!"

"Away with him!" roared Powis, in a rage. "But stay," he added, in a milder tone; "let him be cared for well, I will not that the hoary traitor starves!"

Before the worthy priest could reply he was hurried off by the guard; but his words had produced their effect upon King Powis, who flung himself on his triclinium unheeding riot and revelry, much to the annoyance of certain of his chiefs and friends.

(To be continued.)

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET.

### CHAPTER XIV.—THE PANTHER-SLAYER.

"Ah," said the shepherd, "I know the he is a great strong panther, and I once accursed animal too well to be deceived; | saw him as close as I see you. In three



"He is a great strong Panther."

ON their return to the bungalow—or bangla, as we suppose we ought now to write it—the travellers found their servants employed in pitching the tents close by. The doctor in great haste searched amongst the luggage, and was fortunate enough to find a strong umbrella of blue cloth, which would replace the white one so unhappily relegated to the tender mercies of the wind.

Since his arrival at Khandalla, Latchman had been busy. Stung to the quick by the remarks of the doctor, he had immediately started off up the village to collect information.

By chance he happened to run against a shepherd of the district, from whom the panther the night before had stolen a goat.

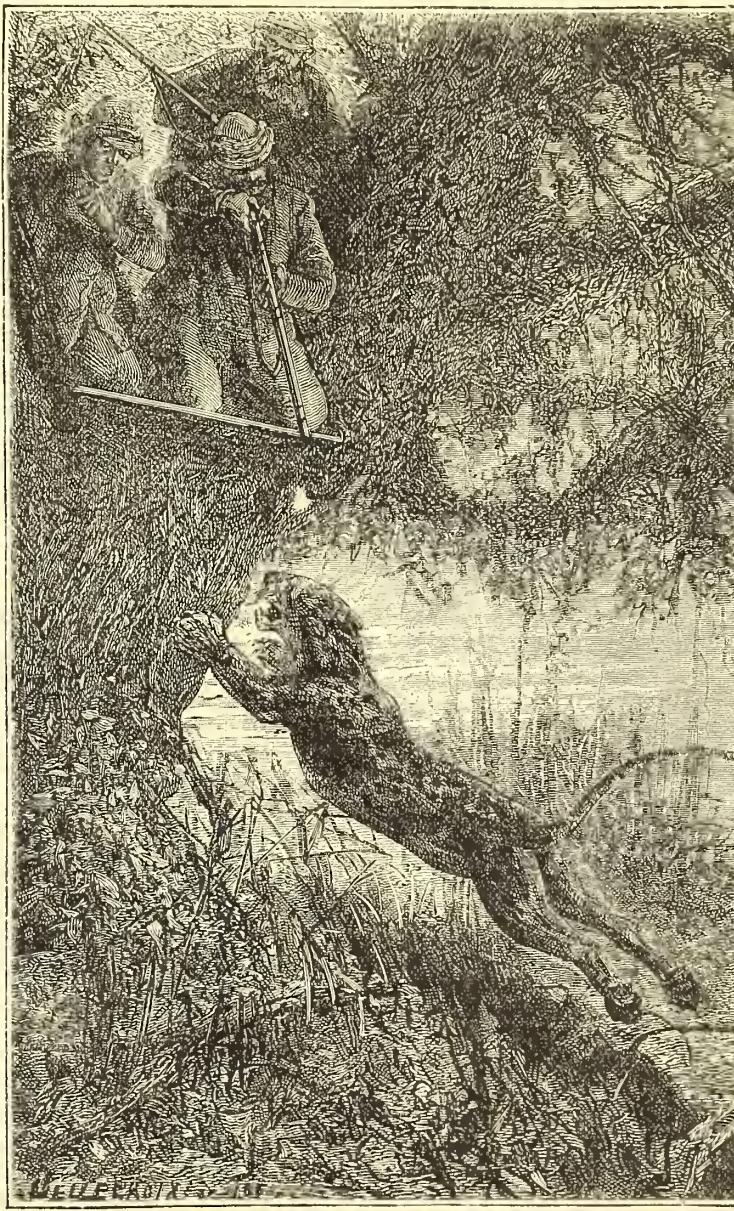
"Are you sure that it was a panther?" asked Latchman. "There are lynxes and hyenas on the mountain, and these are quite capable of walking off with your goat."

months he has taken six of my best nannies and my only billy goat. I have kept good watch, but he is more artful than I am, and unless some charitable man comes to my help my flock will all disappear."

"And can you tell me where is the

be doubly recompensed, for they will assuredly rid you of your enemy, and, besides, are rich and generous sahibs, who will give you enough to buy all the goats that your panther has destroyed."

"Bring your masters, then, this evening to the village of Baili, at about two miles



"The Panther sprang on to the Tree."

lurking-place of this terrible foe?" asked Latchman.

"During the day the beast lies hid in the gorge which borders the village of Baili; at night he prowls about the neighbourhood, carrying off the dogs and goats, and sometimes a cow that has strayed. This morning, when I found the goat gone, I followed his traces, and in the thickest part of the jungle I saw the carcass half eaten. If it pleases you to kill the accursed animal I can show you a convenient hiding-place close to the spot where what remains of my unhappy goat has been left, and there, as is his custom, the panther will return at night to finish his feast."

"That is all I want to know," said Latchman. "I cannot look after him myself, but if you can arrange so as to show the panther to my masters you shall

from here," said the shepherd. "I will wait for them, and I promise you that they shall have a shot at the panther. Near there I and my friends will devise a convenient hiding-place."

Latchman returned to the camp, delighted at the information he had obtained, and immediately went in search of the doctor.

"Sir," said he, "I have found what you wanted."

"What do you mean?" asked Holbeck, astonished at his excitement.

"I have found the panther which the sahib ordered," replied the khitmatgar.

"Oh indeed! What, like that—all at once?"

"Yes, sahib; and I can assure you that you have never seen a panther more beautiful or more terrible."

"I am enchanted to hear it, my lad," said Holbeck. "It is really wonderful for you to find a panther like that. When is the fun to begin?"

"This evening, if you will have it so."

When the news was communicated by Holbeck to his companions great was the enthusiasm.

"Then Latchman has found a panther for us?" said Everest. "I confess I never trusted to his promise. And when are we to start?"

"Latchman will himself tell you," said Holbeck. "I should say the best thing would be for us to go after dinner."

"Us!" said Barbarou, in a tone of surprise. "You, I suppose, don't intend to go with us?"

"And why not?" continued the doctor, looking up. "On the contrary, I have the greatest wish to assist at such an interesting event, and I have no intention of letting you go alone."

"But, my dear doctor," said Everest, with much anxiety, "have you not told me that your short-sightedness prevents your firing a gun?"

"Well, I am going as a spectator, and not as an actor."

"Are you ignorant of the unexpected dangers attached to such expeditions?" continued his lordship.

"The dangers are the same for you as for me," said the doctor. "My presence will oblige you to be a little more prudent, because you will have to look after me. As a precaution I will take one of Barbarou's revolvers in my belt."

The matter being thus settled, the hunters set to work to prepare their weapons and ammunition, Latchman, who had often assisted in similar expeditions, giving valuable advice. As they were to fire from a cache, it was decided that they should each take two guns, and have both loaded in case they were wanted.

After dinner the three friends mounted, and in half an hour, under the guidance of Latchman, trotted over to Baili.

The shepherd was waiting for them as they rode in. All the people of the village were collected round him with good wishes for the sahibs who had come to rid them of a dangerous neighbour.

When the doctor alighted, a score of peasants surrounded him, prostrated themselves before him, clasped his knees in their hands, and, in a word, went through the whole of the ceremonies to gain the protection of so puissant a personage. Each one recounted the depredations of which he had been the victim on account of the panther, and declared that owing to the dangerous animal he was reduced to the greatest misery.

"From all of which," said Holbeck to Latchman, who translated these supplications, "I perceive that, not content with our killing their panther, we shall have to present each of these fellows with a herd of goats. It would not take much to make them consider us morally responsible for the damage they have had to put up with from our panther."

"Niggers are always beggars," said Barbarou, "be they big or little. I knew a king on the Gaboon who, every time he met me, asked me for twopence to get some tobacco."

"They are a poor lot," added Everest.

The hunters left their horses in charge of the peasants and started off in silence, guided by the shepherd and two other natives. A little way from the village they entered the forest, which was com-

posed of stunted trees sparsely scattered on the two sides of a narrow ravine.

In a few minutes the shepherd stopped and made a sign that they had arrived. Latchman had brought a lantern, and by its fitful light the hunters beheld the theatre of their future exploits.

What remained of the goat's half-eaten carcass was lying in a little clearing scarcely covered with brushwood. The cache had been constructed up a tree about twenty yards off. It was of the ordinary Indian type, formed of a kind of wooden sofa, whose bed consisted of a network of cord. The bed was firmly secured to the fork of a tree, and yielded a narrow platform on which three persons could take up their position with a fair amount of discomfort.

"Ah!" said Barbarou, as he examined the cache from the foot of the tree; "it seems to me that the pulpit has not got as many places as we ordered. We shall be quite crowded enough up there."

"We must squeeze in," said Everest, philosophically.

"It seems to me," said Holbeck, "that we shall do just as well down here. Unless I am mistaken the cache is hardly twelve feet from the ground, and it will be quite child's play for the panther to leap that."

"If you stop down here," said Latchman, "the panther will see you immediately, for he always explores the bushes before he begins, and he can see almost as well by night as by day. Besides, as he can leap nearly twenty feet, if you wish to be quite out of his reach you will have to get up to the top of the tree, and you will find it difficult to fire from there. What I would advise you is this. In the first place, once you are up remain quite motionless and never move your eyes from the bait. When the panther arrives, do not fire until you are sure you can hit him, and avoid attracting his attention before your bullets have struck him. Fire one after the other, and quickly, so as not to give him time to spring."

Having thus delivered himself, Latchman invited the hunters to clamber up the tree; and when they had done this—not without difficulty—he with the villagers walked off, saying as he did so,

"We will wait outside the wood, and return as soon as we hear the guns."

The hunters heard the natives stealthily glide away, and then silence reigned. They were alone, in profound darkness, for Latchman had carefully removed the lantern. They settled themselves as comfortably as possible, Everest and Barbarou seated on the side nearest the enemy, Holbeck behind them, all with their firearms in their hands.

"To say that I am well," said the doctor, "would be a paradox. What consoles me is that it is impossible for me to be better."

"I," said Barbarou, "feel like a bear up a pole with his mouth open for the boys to throw in a bun."

Everest said nothing. For the first time since his departure for Bombay he felt completely happy. At length he was about to meet those mysterious terrors of the jungle which made the stoutest hearts tremble. He was about to taste that keen enjoyment which so enthrals those who have once partaken of it that they can never more pass it by.

One thing rather astonished him and checked his emotion—that was the quiet coolness of the doctor and the gay good-humour of Barbarou. These unpretending naturalists did indeed seem to be extraordinary men.

"Never mind," said Holbeck. "That scamp of a Latchman has a way of giving you advice that makes cold shudders run down your back."

"In other words," said Barbarou, "it would not have taken much to have made him ask you for your last will and testament."

The sailor accompanied this attempt at a joke with such a peal of laughter as echoed into the very depths of the forest.

"Thanks, friend," said Everest. "If you don't want to frighten the panther away from us, perhaps you will remember what Latchman said about our keeping quiet."

"You are right," said Barbarou. "Listen, I am mute as a dead man!"

The darkness of the night was deep. There was no moon, but the gloom was of perfect limpidity. The twinkling stars shot down their silver rays among the trees. In these latitudes the darkness of the night is never as complete as when the sky is cloudless.

The hunters, now grown accustomed to the obscurity, remained in silence in their uncomfortable eyrie. Nothing now troubled the calm of the forest. It was not as in the evening after sunset, or in the morning before the first streaks of dawn, when the wild beasts of the jungle give forth their cries. During the night all is still, for the carnivore tries to hide his coming from his intended victim.

The hours moved slowly on one after the other. Already in the east a faint gleam proclaimed the approach of dawn. The hunters still were watching, and as yet nothing had moved in the wood.

Holbeck ventured to say in a low voice, "I don't know how you feel, but it seems to me we might just as well have passed the night in our beds. For my part, I am half asleep, and once or twice have nearly tumbled off my perch."

"I shall soon begin to snore," said Barbarou, "if I can't have a pipe to keep me awake."

"Have it, then," said Everest, unable to repress a slight movement of impatience.

The sailor did not want to be told twice. He pulled out his pipe, filled it, carefully struck a light, and began to smoke. Then silence reigned again. Darkness wrapped the hiding-place, and now and then the glowing tobacco in the pipe would shoot a transient glimmer into the night.

Impatience was gaining even on the impossible Everest, when suddenly he seemed to hear an imperceptible movement on the other side of the clearing. His heart ceased to beat, and he clutched his gun with a firmer hand. But doubtless he was deceived, for anew the jungle was plunged into silence.

And now Barbarou gently touched his arm to attract his attention, and the young man, as he turned his head, distinctly saw a pair of eyes gleaming among the sombre mass of brushwood.

It was a strange, surprising thing, which would have frightened him had he been capable of fright, but it seemed to Everest as though these eyes, with their phosphorescent reflections, were fixed on his. It was probably but an optical illusion, due to the isolation of the two luminous points in the depth of the darkness. It matters not, the young lord understood the strange power that resides in the look of these terrible felidae, which in the night fascinates their victims, freezes them with fear, and deprives them of the very idea of flight.

This thought had, however, also occurred

to Barbarou, and if he was not an experienced panther-hunter, he was at least an old hand in the woods.

"The beast is looking at us," he whispered, in Everest's ear, so quietly that he could hardly hear him.

"It is impossible he can see us," replied the Englishman, in the same tone.

The sailor stifled an exclamation.

"The brute caught sight of the light in my pipe," he said, "triple idiot that I am."

And he slipped his pipe, all alight as it was, into his waistcoat pocket. But it was too late.

The two eyes came slowly onwards, and their meaning was obvious. They reached the centre of the clearing, and, scorning the carcass of the goat, remained fixed on the hiding-place of the hunters.

Holbeck, on his knees at the back, was looking over the heads of his companions. He also had seen the panther advance towards them, and he could not understand why Everest and Barbarou did not fire. He did not dare to speak to them, to baulk them, for he saw them point their guns towards the panther. Suddenly it stole away; it had lowered its head or had disappeared in the brushwood, and the hunters in vain sought for the phosphorescent eyeballs.

Immediately afterwards the doctor saw the eyes gleaming, but this time among the trees away to the left. It was evident that the panther had discovered them, and was going to attack on the flank, where he would only be exposed to the fire of one of the hunters, Everest, who was at that corner.

It seemed to Holbeck that the animal was preparing to spring, and, forgetting all prudence, he shouted aloud,

"Look out, Everest, on your left."

Quick as lightning the young Englishman turned round. Aiming carefully between the points of light, he fired.

A terrific roar was the answer, and by the feeble light of the dawn now stealing over the wood Everest saw the panther gather itself together, uncurl, and leap towards him. He seized his second gun and fired, in too great a hurry, probably, for his second bullet had no effect.

The panther sprang on to the tree, and clawed up to the edge of the platform. It dug its claws into it and shook it in every fibre.

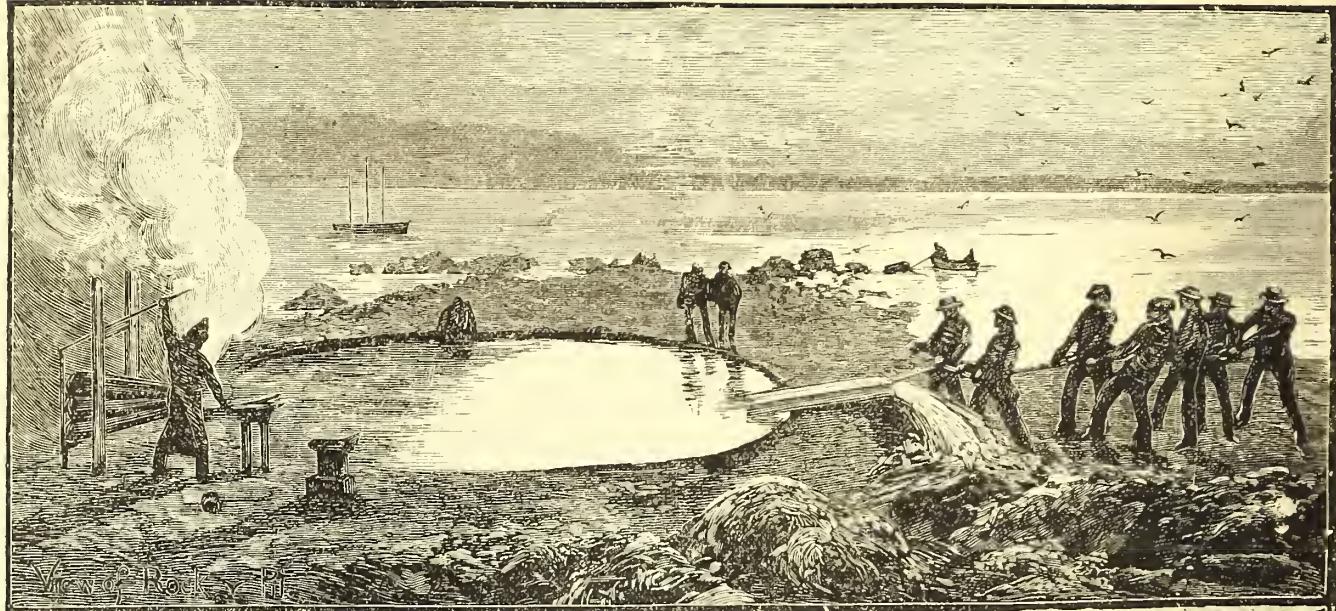
For a moment the confusion was indescribable. Everest was powerless, and clubbing one of the guns struck the beast again and again on the snout, while Holbeck in his excitement felt for the revolvers which had slipped from his belt. Barbarou had got on to the tree, and leaning over Everest fired point blank at the panther. But either his hand was out or the darkness deceived him, for he missed.

The panther did not let go its hold; on the contrary, despite Everest's efforts, it was getting farther on to the network. The platform was almost shaken to pieces in the struggle, and threatened every instant to drop to the ground.

And now there came a shout of joy from Holbeck, who had just found the revolver in the net. To seize it, aim it, and send the six shots into the monster's head, was the work of hardly as many seconds.

The effect was tremendous—and quite unexpected. While the panther unclasped its hold and fell to the ground, the platform also collapsed, and down with the panther went the three friends.

Somewhat shaken by this abrupt descent, and much excited at the encounter, which



Story of the Bell Rock. See p. 571.

had, however, only lasted a few moments, they were painfully picking themselves up when Latchman and the natives arrived with torches. Hearing the reports of the guns, they had come to assist at the finish of the drama.

The panther lay on the ground, its skull shattered by the bullets of Holbeck's revolver. On examination, it appeared that Everest's first shot had merely grazed one of the hind legs, thus preventing the animal, however, from springing right on to the platform.

"My dear Everest," said Holbeck, "you see it is to your bullet that the honour of the victory is due."

"Not at all," said the young man. "It is your revolver that settled the brute, and I am sure that without you—"

"Let us say no more about it, then," answered the doctor. "The panther shall be mine, and you can have your revenge."

"Certainly," said Everest, "and I hope that will come soon."

"You must admit that I have been very badly treated," said Barbarou, "and I ought to have some compensation as well. There is Holbeck classed amongst the mightiest hunters of modern times."

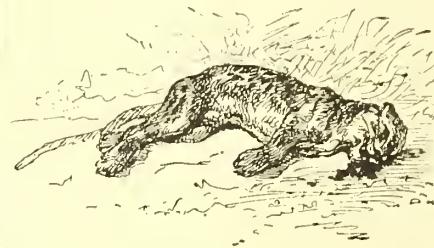
The country was brightening beneath the dawn when the hunters emerged from the forest, followed by the natives carrying the panther in triumph.

The shepherd had run on to announce the news to the village, and when the doctor arrived he found himself saluted by the whole population shouting and singing his praises.

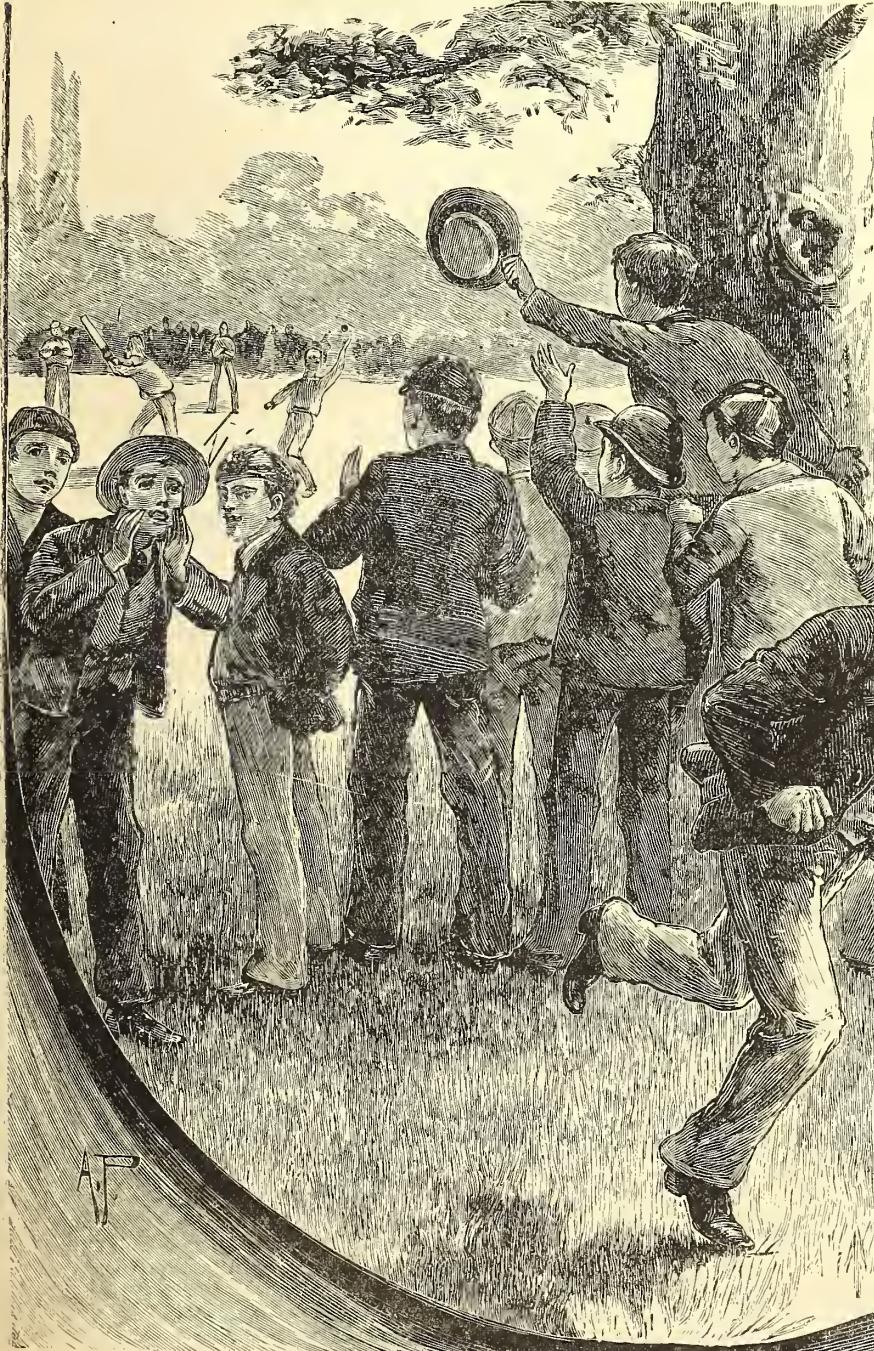
Barbarou, rendered quite enthusiastic at the reception, added his acclamations to those of the populace, and yelled forth,

"Glory to the invincible! Glory to Holbeck the panther-slayer!"

(To be continued.)



## THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS.



CHAPTER XXXVI. (AND LAST).—WILLOUGHBY HERSELF AGAIN.

IT was the day of the Templeford match, and all Willoughby had once more turned out into the Big to watch the achievements of its heroes.

Yet it was not so much the cricket that fellows crowded out to see. Of course, the contest between the second eleven and Templeford was moderately interesting. But it was not of the first importance, and Willoughby might have survived had it been deprived of the pleasure of witnessing it.

But the pleasure of witnessing old Wyndham, bat in hand, umpiring for the old school in the very Big where his own mighty victories had been achieved, was quite another matter; and in honour of this event it was that Willoughby turned

out in a body and watched the Templeford match.

The old captain had not much altered in the few weeks since he had left Willoughby. His whiskers had not had time to grow, and he even wore the same flannel jacket he had on at the athletic sports in May. But in the eyes of the boys he might have been no longer a man, but a demi-god, with such awe and reverence did they behold him.

He had lately scored 105 for the Colts of his county, and had even been selected to play in the eleven against M.C.C. next week. What he might not achieve when he went up to Oxford in the autumn no one could say, but that he would be stroke of the eight and captain of the fifteen, and carry off all the events in the next University athletics, no one at the school ventured to doubt for a moment.

The Templeford boys hardly knew what to make of all this demonstration in favour of their opponents' umpire, and it added considerably to their nervousness to hear loud cries of "Well umpired, sir!" when any one was given out.

Parson and Telson, having taken the precaution to send Bosher and Lawkins early in the day to keep seats for them on the round bench under the School House elms, viewed the match luxuriously, and not a little to the envy of other juniors, who had to stand or sit on the ground where they could.

"Boshy play, you know," says Telson, helping himself to monkey-nuts out of Parson's hospitable pocket; "but it's stunning to see the way old Wynd. gives middle. Any one else would take double the time over it."

"Right you are! And he's awfully fair too. See the neat way he gave Forbes out leg before, just now!"

"There's another two for Tedbury. We'll cheer him next time. Hullo, Bosher, old man! you needn't be coming here. There's no room; we're full up."

"You might let us sit down a bit," says Bosher; "I kept the seat from half-past ten to twelve for you."

"Jolly maff not to sit down, then, when you had the chance. Very gross conduct of the evil Bosher, eh, Telson?"

"Rather! He's small in the world, but he'd better get out of the light, my boy, or he'll catch it!"

Bosher subsides at this point, and the two friends resume their divided interest in the match and old Wyndham and the monkey-nuts.

Presently two familiar forms saunter past, arm-in-arm.

"There go Riddell and Bloomfield," says Parson. "Awfully chummy they've got, haven't they? Different from what it used to be!"

"So it is," says Parson. "Not nearly as much chance of a lark. But perhaps it's no harm; it keeps those Welch kids quiet."

"More than it's doing just now! Look at the way young Cusack is bellowing over there! He's as mad on this match as if he was in the eleven."

"So he expects to be some day. But they're not going to have it all their own way in Welch's again. Our club's going ahead furiously now, and we've challenged them for a return match the day before break-up."

"There's Tedbury out," says Telson. "Twenty runs he's made—not a bad score. We'd better cheer him, I say."

And the two grandees suit the action to

the word, and rejoice the heart of Tedbury as he retires to the tent by their lusty applause.

The Willoughbites do not do badly as a whole. A few of them, either through incompetence or terror at the presence of old Wyndham, fail to break their duck's-eggs, but the others among them put together the respectable score of 105—the identical figures, by the way, which Wyndham scored off his own bat the other day in the Colts' match of his county.

During the interval there is a general incursion of spectators into the ground, and a stampede by the more enthusiastic to the tent where the great umpire is known to be "on show" for a short time.

Amongst others, Parson and Telson inadvertently quit their seats, which are promptly "bagged" by Bosher and Lawkins, who have had their eyes on them all the morning, and are determined now, at any rate, to take the reward of their patience and hold them against all comers.

The crowd in the tent has not a long time wherein to feast its eyes on the old captain, for Willoughby goes out to field almost at once, and Templeford's innings begins. Whatever may have been the case with the school, Templeford seems quite unable to perform under the eyes of the great "M.C.C." man, and wicket after wicket falls in rapid succession, until with the miserable total of fifty-one they finally retire for this innings.

"A follow-on," says Game, who from near the tent is patronisingly looking on, in company with Ashley, Tipper, and Wibberly. "I suppose they ought to do them in one innings now?"

"Ought to try," says Tipper. "Some of these kid's play fairly well."

"They get well coached, that's what it is. What with Bloomfield, and Fairbairn, and Mr. Parrett, they've been drilled, and no mistake."

"Let's see," says Wibberly, "there are five Parrets in the eleven, aren't there?"

Ashley laughs.

"I don't fancy any one thought of counting," says he. "Perhaps we'd better not, or it may turn out as bad for us as in the Rockshire match."

"After all," says Tipper, "I'm just as glad those rows are over. We're none the worse off now."

"No, I suppose not," says Game, a little doubtfully; "and Bloomfield and he are such friends. It's just as well to keep in with the captain."

"Not very difficult either," says Ashley.

"He's friendly enough, and doesn't seem to have any grudge. He told me he hoped I'd be on the monitors' list again next term."

"Ah, I'm having a shot at that too," says Game. "Ah, it is a follow-on, then. There go our fellows to field again."

Just as the second innings of Templeford is half over, a melancholy figure crosses the Big from the school and makes its way to the tent. It is young Wyndham, whose half-hour's liberty has come round at last, and who now has come to witness the achievements of that second eleven in which, alas! he may not play.

However, he does not waste his time in growling, but cheers vociferously every piece of good fielding, and his voice becomes an inspiriting feature of the innings. But you can see, by the way he is constantly looking at his watch, that his liberty is limited, and that soon, like Cinderella at midnight, he must vanish once more into obscurity. He knows to half a

second how long it takes him to run from the tent to the School House, and at one minute and twelve seconds to six, whatever he is doing, he will bolt like mad to his quarters.

Before, however, his time is half over the captain joins him.

"Well, old man," says the latter, "I wish you were playing. It's hard lines for you."

"Not a bit—(Well thrown up, Gamble!)—not a bit hard lines," says the boy. "Lucky for me I'm here at all to see the match."

"Well, it'll be all right next term," says the captain. "I say, it would have done you good to hear the cheer your brother got when he turned up."

"Oh, I heard it," said the boy. "Fairbairn lets me stick in his study—that window there, that looks right through the gap in the elms—so I can see most of what's going on—(Now then, sir, pick it up there; fielded indeed!)"

The match is nearly over, and it looks as if Wyndham will be able to see the end of it. Nine wickets are down for forty-nine, and five runs must yet be scored to save Templeford from a single-innings defeat.

The last man begins ominously, for he makes two off his first ball. Willoughby presses round, breathless, to watch the next. It whizzes over the wicket, but does no harm. The next ball—one of Forbes's shooters—strikes on the batsman's pad.

"How's that, umpire?" yells every one.

"Not out!" says old Wyndham.

The next ball comes—but before it has left the bowler's hand young Wyndham has begun to run. Loud shouts and laughter follow his headlong progress.

"Well run, sir; put it on!" scream Parson and Telson.

"Stop thief!" howl Bosher and his friends.

"He's gaining, there. Pull yourself together," cry Cusack and Pilbury.

Headless of these familiar cheers—for lately this has been a daily performance—Wyndham saves his honour at two seconds to six, the identical moment when Forbes's last ball sends the Templeford bats flying high over long-stop's head, and Willoughby is proclaimed winner of the match by one innings and three runs to spare.

A jovial party assembles an hour later for "high tea" in the captain's study.

Fairbairn, Coates, Porter, and Crossfield are there, and Bloomfield and Riddell, and the two Wyndhams, and assuredly a cheerier party never sat down in Willoughby.

"I never expected to find you a Welch," says old Wyndham to the captain.

"No? A fellow's sure to find his level, you see, some day," replies Riddell, laughing.

"Yes, but the thing is, Welch's is coming up to his level," says Bloomfield, "instead of his going down to Welch's."

"I should say," says young Wyndham, blushing a little to hear his own voice before this imposing assembly, "all Willoughby's coming up to his level."

"The young un's right, though he is a Limpet," says Crossfield. "I had my doubts of old Riddell once, but I've more doubts about myself than him now."

"You know, Wyn'd," says Porter, "we're such a happy family, I shouldn't wonder if I forgot before long what House I belong to."

"I'll see you're reminded of that, my boy, before the House football matches next term," says Fairbairn, laughing.

"Yes," says the old captain, "you'll be a poor show if you don't stick up for your own House."

"Well, I don't know," says Porter, "we've had such a lot of sticking up for our own Houses this term, that I'm rather sick of it."

"Sticking up for ourselves, you mean,"

says Bloomfield; "that's where one or two I could name went wrong."

"It seems to me," says Coates, "that sticking up for your House, and sticking up for your school, and sticking up for yourself, are none of them bad things."

"But," says old Wyndham, "unless you put them in the right order they may do more harm than good."

"And what do you say the right order is?" asks Crossfield.

"Why, of course, Willoughby first, your House next, and yourself last."

"In other words," says the captain, "if you stick up for Willoughby you can save yourself any trouble about the other two, for they are both included in the good of the old school. At least, that's my notion!"

And with what better notion could we say good-bye to the Willoughby Captains?

(THE END.)

## STORY OF THE BELL ROCK.

By R. A. M. STEVENSON, M.A.

(See page 568.)

THE first chart of Scotch waters is to be found in D'Arifville's account of James v.'s voyage round Scotland in 1540. The rock on which Robert Stevenson's sea-tower now stands is marked on it, and is thus spoken of in the quaint French of the day: "Entre Finismes et la point nomme Redde, XII miles à l'est sud est du coste de la dicta point, gisit un danger appellé Inchkope."

And danger it remained, whether called Inchcape Rock or by its more legendary name of Bell Rock, until the disasters it caused to the ever-increasing shipping of the coast urged public feeling to bring to bear upon it the improved powers of engineering.

Its name Bell Rock came from the first almost mythical attempt to remedy the evils it brought upon seamen. An abbot of Aberbrothock, according to Stoddart, placed a bell upon the surge-beaten rock, and thus made the way for his bell ringers, to warn off those they would have otherwise devoured. Southey in his well-known verses recounts how one Sir Ralf the Rover, a pirate, in a moment of general futile revolt against goodness in any shape, landed on the rock and cut loose the ponderous bell. On his riotous and carousing journey homewards, his vessel, laden with successful pillage, struck on the Bell Rock, and he disappeared into the raging sea, where just a year before he had chucked to see the big bell go gurgling to the bottom.

The need for some warning voice on those dangerous shelves still unhappily continued, for the rock stood just in the way of the Firths of Forth and Tay, those two valuable refuges on the storm-beaten though much frequented eastern coast. The Forth at least is in every way safer than the narrow tortuous entry of Yarmouth, or the sandy treacherous mouth of the Humber, so that anything affecting its usefulness endangered the whole of the eastern shipping.

The first official application for aid was made in 1793 to the still youthful Board of Northern Lights. They had not funds enough to do much good unaided by Government, and their attention was not seriously called to the subject until after the horrible disasters of 1799. In that storm seventy vessels perished on the eastern shores of Scotland, and two of them at least were known to have struck the Bell Rock itself.

For some years, however, nothing serious was undertaken; several erections, put up most of them by private enterprise, yielded to the force of the waves, and the last of these unhappily gave way in 1803. In 1800, my grandfather, Robert Stevenson, visited the rock and found a sunken reef 1,427 feet long, dangerous in all its length to large shipping. The highest part of this reef was buried to an average depth of twelve feet at high spring tides, and only four or five feet of rock showed at low spring tides. This in itself was enough to render the erection of any building on the rock seriously difficult and its tenure there extremely precarious.

Hitherto Mr. Stevenson had entertained the notion that a pillar-formed lighthouse supported on cast-iron columns would be suitable to the

situation. This visit decided him in favour of the more costly plan of erecting a stone tower such as Smeaton had devised for the Eddystone. Whilst the engineer was thus speculating on the possibilities and impossibilities of the site, the boatmen had collected two hundred-weight of old metal—hinges, locks, bayonets, cannon-balls, money, even an old shoe buckle, sad evidences of the dangerous and fatal character of the rock and the necessity of some beneficent guiding light.

It was not until 1806, however, that Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Rennie were examined before Parliament as evidence of its necessity, and a Bill authorising the erection of a lighthouse was passed. The Bill provided for the establishment of a beacon on the rock previous to the completion of the lighthouse, and also for the mooring of a floating lightship which might assist mariners until the permanent light should be ready. Accordingly a Prussian fishing-boat captured on the Dogger Bank in 1806 was fitted out as a floating light, christened the Pharos, and on the 9th of July, 1807, was towed out of Leith by the lighthouse yacht, which was to assist in mooring her about a mile from the rock.

The rolling and yawing of the Pharos was so great that some of the party said she would turn a halfpenny laid on her deck, and as she was to be used as a tender and dwelling-place during the works, the prospect of sea-sickness she held out was hardly a joke to those who were to have no other resting-place for months.

In spite of all precautions the heavy mushroom anchor of the Pharos, when let go over the gunwale of the yacht, ran out with such force that she tore the chain off the mast of the yacht and gave the men twenty hours of the hardest work at the windlass any of them ever had in their lives. To get up this weight of three tons the united forces of both ships were occupied the whole time, the refreshments even being served out to the men while at the windlass.

During August arrangements for the erection of shore works, quarries, and barracks, and for the enlistment of men, were made at Arbroath, a town in Fife, which, though twelve miles distant, was the nearest land to the rock. A vessel of about forty tons register had been built at Leith, especially strongly, that she might serve as tender to the Floating Light (Pharos). She was christened Smeaton, in honour of the builder of Eddystone, and in this auspiciously named boat Mr. Stevenson and his workmen left Arbroath on the 17th August to start inaugural operations on the rock. Sites for the tower and the preliminary beacon were marked out with picks, after the thick growth of seaweed had been disposed of. Various moorings fixed with mushroom anchors were laid down within half a mile of the rock, that boats might ride there without letting go an ordinary anchor, which could scarcely have been lifted again in that rocky situation.

The men were portioned out in three companies for landing in the Smeaton's boat and the two boats of the Pharos, so that when the tide should overflow the rock each man might seek his own boat to avoid confusion, and the

engineer was always to be the last man to leave the rock.

The smith's forge was one of the first fixtures on the rock, and previous to its establishment fifty or sixty seals and large flocks of cormorants were always to be seen, but the constant hammering and lighting of great fires, which recurred at each low tide, soon drove these animals to abandon their fishing-ground.

The party moved from the Smeaton, close as it was to the rock, to the Pharos, which lay a mile off, and though they gained in room they lost in comfort, for the terrible rolling of the lightship made every one sick, and rendered the embankments in the little boats a most ticklish affair. Whilst the sailors kept a boat dancing on the waves on each side of the Pharos, and dodging a collision with her, two men stood on the vessel's chains ready to spring each man into the boat on his side. Sometimes he would descend and almost touch the boat, and if he missed his opportunity be hoisted on high, and as he appeared again and again in sight of the boat on the other side its crew would chaff him on his predilection for swinging, and shout out, "Are you there yet?"

The men gradually became expert in boat handling from the continual practice, and the example of the sailors; and it was well they did, for later on, when landings took place at night or in foggy weather, certain death would have been the result of awkwardness. At this early stage of the operations the tides did not permit of more than three hours' work snatched at low water when the rock was bare, and the rest of the time the men spent in fishing, boat-racing, and when the vessel did not roll too much, in songs, music, and the relation of amusing stories. In the latter part of August they had pretty hard work in boring the holes for the supports of the beacon, and the smith in particular had a poor time of it, being up to his knees in cold water, with his head exposed to volumes of hot smoke and sparks of fire.

On the 30th of August the excavation of the foundation-pit was begun by a few men, the greater number still continuing the more pressing work of the beacon. Fortunately, longer days' work could be managed, and on the 31st of August they worked five hours and a half, both tides spell combined. This was the longest day's labour hitherto obtained on the rock.

Many plans for landing the stones on the rock had been suggested. Some wished to float the stones with buoys to the spot. Some even proposed to build in a vessel on shore the lower solid portion of the tower, which would perhaps weigh a thousand tons. This could then be floated whole to the foundation-pit on the rock, and there settled, when it would at once reach above high-water mark. Some again proposed to sail boats above the site at high water, and drop from them the stones directly on to the rock. All these plans were discarded, and justly. Even the last scheme, the most natural one, would have been attended with the risk of chipping the stones in their fall. All of them endangered the safety of the stones in case of uncertain weather, and the engineer dared not contemplate the delay in the work that would

have been caused by their loss. It was well he did not, as further experience showed the sea capable of bowling about stones of a ton weight.

The engineer accordingly caused the Smeaton to bring in September a cargo of six stones for experiments in landing. Small flat boats, like Norwegian prams, were brought alongside, and received the stones from the Smeaton's hold. They were then made fast to some of the moorings near the rock to await the proper moment of the tide. When that arrived the landing on the rock was successfully carried out, and so this became the method of transferring the stones to the rock on most future occasions.

(To be continued.)

## THE SILVER CAÑON:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "*In the King's Name*," "*Nat the Naturalist*," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A WILD NIGHT-RIDE.

"**Y**ES, Bart," said the doctor, "we have a horse now for a messenger, but I dare not send you; and if you lent Black Boy to the Beaver and sent him, I am sure the governor would never respond to my appeal for help. I should be doubtful even if I sent Joses."

"Black Boy would not let Joses mount him, sir," replied Bart; "he never would."

"I dare not send you," said the doctor again.

"Why not, sir? I could find my way,"

replied Bart, excitedly. "Trust me, and I will go and tell the governor such a tale that you will see he will send us a squadron or two of lancers, and horses and cattle for our help."

"I do not like sending you, Bart," said the doctor again, shaking his head. "No, we will wait and see how matters turn out."

The silver-mining went on merrily, and universal satisfaction was felt by the people, who were too busy to think of the rate at which provisions were failing; but the doctor thought of it deeply, and he knew that help must be sent for if they were to exist.

They had made two or three excursions into the cañon and brought up large quantities of salmon, and, what was dearer to the hearts of all, large pieces of virgin silver; and after the last excursion it had been determined to risk the coming of the Indians and work the rich deposits of silver below, when, the very next morning at daybreak, the Beaver announced the coming of the Apachés.

"And now," he said, quietly, to Bart and Joses, "the Beaver's young men will get back many horses."

"Yes, I thought that," said Joses, "and I'm willing; but take care of yourselves, my lads, there is danger in the task."

The Beaver nodded and smiled and went his way, while Bart joined the doctor, who was eagerly watching the coming savages as they rode slowly across the distant plains.

"Bart," he said, at last, shutting up his glass, "you are very young."

Bart nodded.

"But I find myself compelled to send you on a very dangerous errand."

"To ride on to Lerisco, sir?" said Bart, promptly. "I'm ready, sir. When shall I go?"

"Not so fast," said the doctor, smiling at the lad's bravery and eagerness. "You must make some preparations first."

"Oh! that will soon be done, sir; a few pieces of dried bison-meat and a bag of meal, and I shall be ready."

"I was thinking," said the doctor, "that I ought to have sent you off before the Indians came, but I have since thought that it is better as it is, for we know now where our enemies are. If I had sent you yesterday you might have ridden right into their midst."

"That's true, sir. But when shall I go?"

"If I send you, Bart, it must be to-night, with a letter for the governor—one which, I am sure, he will respond to when he hears from you of the enormous wealth of the cañon and the mine. Now go and consult with the Beaver as to the track you had better follow so as to avoid the Indians. I must take a few precautions against attack, for they seem to be coming straight on, and I sadly fear they mean to invest us now."

Bart found the Beaver, who was watching his natural foes, the Apachés, along with Joses, as they talked together in a low tone.

"I am going to ride back to Lerisco for help," said Bart, suddenly.

"You are, my lad?" cried Joses. "I shall go too."

"But you have no horse, Joses," said Bart, smiling, and the rough fellow smote himself heavily on the chest.

"It is good," said the Beaver, in his calm way. "My young men would like to ride with you, but it cannot be."

"Tell me, Beaver, how I had better go so as to escape the Apachés."

"The young chief must ride out as soon as it is dark and go straight for the lake, and round its end, then straight away. The Apaché dogs will not see him; if they do they will not catch him in the dark. Ugh!" he ejaculated, with a look of contempt, "the Apaché dogs are no match for the young chief."

Bart could not help feeling very strangely excited as the evening approached, the more especially that the Apachés had come close on several hundred strong, and they could see them from the rock lead their horses down into the lake for water, and then remount them again, while a couple of small parties remained on foot, and it seemed possible that they intended to make an attack upon the fortress, for they were all well armed.

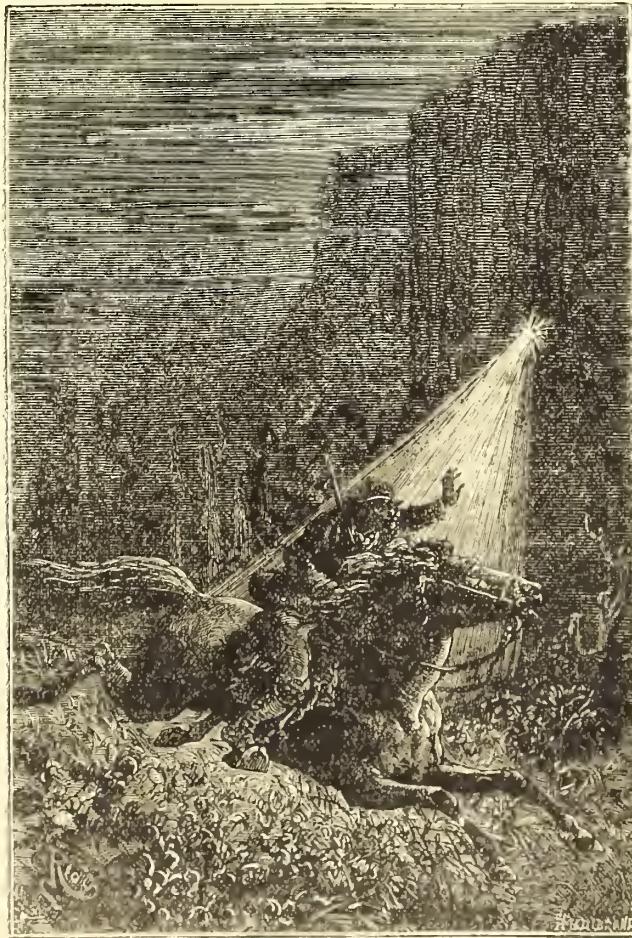
"I shouldn't wonder if we have a bad storm to-night. Master Bart," said Joses, as the sun set in a band of curious coppery-coloured clouds, while others began to form rapidly all over the face of the heavens, with a strangely weird effect. "You won't go if the weather's bad, I s'pose, my lad?"

"Indeed, but I shall," said Bart, excitedly. "If I am to go, I shall go."

The doctor came up then and seemed torn by two opinions, speaking out frankly to the lad upon the point.

"I don't want to send you, Bart, and yet I do," he said, rather excitedly. "It seems an act of cruelty to send you forth on such a mission, but it is my only hope."

"I'll go, sir," cried Bart, earnestly. "I'll go for your sake and Maude's."



"A great star of fire struck the rock."

"Thank you, my brave lad," cried the doctor, with emotion; "but it is going to be a terrible night."

"The safer for our purpose, sir," replied Bart. "There, sir, I won't tell a lie, and say I do not feel timid, because I do; but I mean to mount and ride off boldly, and you'll see I'll bring back plenty of help, and as quickly as I can."

"But wait another night, my lad; it will be finer, perhaps. There is no moon, and if it clouds over, you will never find your way to the lake."

"Black Boy will, sir, I know," said Bart, laughing. "I am keeping him without water on purpose."

"A clever idea, Bart," said the doctor.

"Yes, sir," said Bart, "but it is not mine. It was the Beaver's notion. Those dismounted Indians are coming right in, sir, I think," he said.

"Yes, without doubt, Bart," exclaimed the doctor, watching them. "Yes, they mean to get somewhere close up. There will be an attack to-night."

"Then I shall gallop away from it," said Bart, laughing, "for I am afraid of fighting."

Two hours later, Black Boy, already saddled and bridled, a good blanket rolled up on his saddle-bow, and a bag of meal and some dried bison-flesh attached to his pad behind, was led down the rugged way to the gate, which had been opened out ready. Joses and the Indians were on either side ready with their rifles as the lad mounted in the outer darkness and silence; a few farewell words were uttered, and he made his plans as to the direction in which he meant to ride, which was pretty close in to the side of the mountain for about a quarter of a mile, and then away at right angles for the end of the lake.

"Good-bye, my boy, and God be with you," whispered the doctor, pressing one hand.

"Take care of yourself, dear lad," whispered Joses, pressing the other, and then giving way to the chief, who bent forward, saying, in his low, grave voice,

"The Beaver-with-Sharp-Teeth would like to ride beside the brave young chief, but the Great Spirit says it must not be. Go; you can laugh at the Apaché dogs."

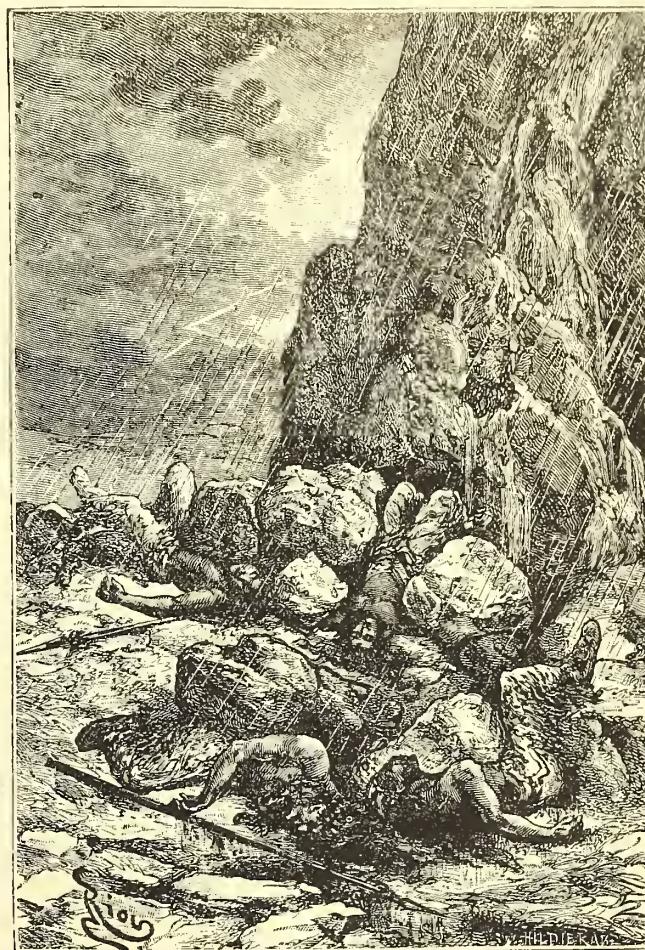
Bart could not answer, but pressed his steed's sides, and the brave little animal would have gone off through the intense darkness at a gallop; but this was not what Bart wished, and checking him, Black Boy ambled over the soft ground, avoiding the rocks and tall prickly cacti with wonderful skill, while Bart sat there, his ears attent and nostrils distended, listening for the slightest sound of danger, as the Indians might be swarming round him for aught he knew; and as he thought it possible that one of the dismounted bodies might be creeping up towards the gateway close beneath the rock, he found himself hoping that the party had gone in and were blocking up the entrance well with stones.

The darkness was terrible, and still there was a strange lurid aspect above him, showing dimly the edge of the top of the mountain. That there was going to be a storm he felt sure—everything was so still, the heat was so great, and the strange oppression of the air foretold its coming; but he hoped to be far on his way and beyond the Indians ere it came, for the flashes of lightning might betray him to the watchful eyes of the enemy, and then he knew it meant a ride for life, as it

would not take the Apachés long to mount.

All at once, as he was riding cautiously

At least that was what he fancied, for, as he listened, all he could hear was the deafening roar of the thunder, and the



"Crushed and mangled."

along, his rifle slung behind him, and his head bent forward to peer into the darkness, there was a sharp flash, and what seemed to be a great star of fire struck the rock, shedding a brilliant light which revealed all around for a short distance, as if a light had suddenly appeared from an opening in the mountain; and then, close in beneath where the electric bolt had struck, he could see a knot of about a dozen Indians, who uttered a tremendous yell as they caught sight of him, taking Black Boy tear off at full speed, while the next moment there was a deafening crash, and it seemed to Bart that a huge mass of the mountain side had fallen crumbling down.

That one flash which struck the mountain seemed as if it had been the signal for the elements to commence their strife, for directly after the heavens were in a blaze. Forked lightning darted here and there; the dense clouds opened and shut, as if to reveal the wondrously vivid glories beyond, and the thunder kept up a series of deafening peals that nearly drove the little steed frantic.

As to his direction, Bart was ignorant. All he knew was that he ought to have ridden some distance farther before turning off, but that awful flash had made the cob turn and bound away at once; and as far as the rider could make out, they were going straight for the lake with the dismounted Indians running and yelling madly behind.

sharp crackling sound of the lightning as it descended in rugged streaks, or ran along the ground, one flash showing him the lake right ahead, and enabling him to turn a little off to the left, so as to pass its end.

He knew now that the pealing thunder would effectually prevent the Indians from hearing him, but the lightning was a terrible danger when it lit up the plains; and as he peered ahead he fully expected to see a body of horsemen riding to cut him off. But no; he went on through the storm at a good swinging gallop, having his steed well now in hand, a few pats on its arching neck and some encouraging words chasing away its dread of the lightning, which grew more vivid and the thunder more awful as he rode on.

After a time he heard a low rushing, murmuring sound in the intervals when the thunder was not bellowing, so that it seemed to rock the very foundations of the earth. It was a strange low murmur, that sounded like the galloping of horsemen at a great distance; and hearing this, Bart went off at a stretching gallop, crashing through bushes and tall fleshy plants, some of which pierced the stout leggings that he wore, giving him painful thrusts from their thorns, till, all at once, the rushing sound as of horsemen ceased, and he realised the fact that it was the noise of a storm of rain sweeping across the plain, borne upon the wind to fall almost in sheets of water, though he passed

quite upon its outskirts and felt only a few heavy patterning drops.

He had passed the end of the lake in safety, and was beginning to be hopeful that he would escape the Indians altogether; but still he could not understand how it was that the little dismounted body of men had not spread the alarm, for he knew that they must have seen him, the ball of light that struck the rock having lit up everything, and he knew that he seemed to be standing out in the middle of a regular glare of light; but after the deafening crash that followed he had heard no more—no distant shouts—no war-whoop. They would be sure to communicate with their nearest scouts, and their bodies of mounted men would have begun to scour the plain in spite of the storm; for he could not think that the Apachés, who were constantly exposed to the warfare of the elements, would be too much alarmed to attempt the pursuit.

"They would not be more cowardly than I am," he said, with a half laugh, as he galloped on, with Black Boy going easily and with a long swinging stride that carried him well over the plain, but whether into safety or danger he could not tell.

All he knew was that chance must to a great extent direct his steps, and so he galloped on with the rain left behind and a soft sweet breeze playing upon his face, the oppression of the storm seeming to pass away, while it was plain enough that the thunder and lightning were momentarily growing more distant, as if he were riding right out of it towards where the air and sky were clearer. Before long, he felt sure, the stars would be out, and he could see his way, instead of galloping on in this reckless chance manner, leaving everything to his horse.

"I can't quite understand it," said Bart; "there must have been some mistake. Of course, I see now. I was riding straight along under the mountain side when Black Boy swerved almost right round and went off in another direction; that and the darkness threw them off the track, but they will be sure to strike my trail in the morning. Black Boy's hoof-prints will be plain enough in the soft earth where the rain has not washed them away, and they'll come on after me like a pack of hungry wolves. How I wish I knew whether I was going right. It would be so valuable now to get right away before morning."

Bart was getting well ahead, but not in the best direction. He had, however, no occasion to fear present pursuit, for the knot of dismounted Indians whom he had seen close under the rock when the lightning fell lay crushed and mangled amongst a pile of shattered rocks which the electric discharge had sent thundering down; while as Bart was cantering on, full of surmises, where not a drop of rain was failing, the storm seemed to have chosen the mountain as its gathering point, around which the lightning was playing, the thunder crashing, and the water streaming down, so that in places regular cascades swept over the sides of the rock, and tore away like little rivers over the plain.

For the time being, then, Bart had nothing to fear from these unfortunate Apachés; but as the storm lulled, and another little body of dismounted Indians crept cautiously up to the fallen rocks, their object being to surprise the guards at the gateway, they learned from one of

their dying friends of the appearance of the young chief upon his little black horse, and that he had gone right off over the plain.

The sequel to this was that the dead and dying soon were borne away, and a party

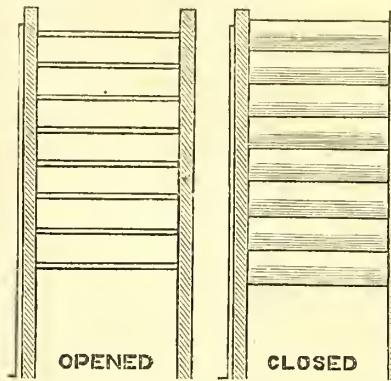
was formed at daybreak to take steps that would have made Bart, had he known, feel terribly uncomfortable, instead of growing hour by hour more confident and at his ease.

(To be continued.)

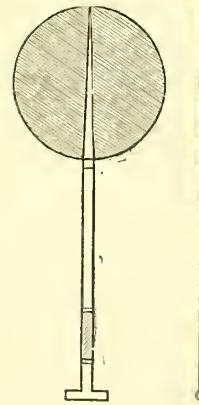
### SIGNALS AND SIGNALLING.

(Continued from page 560.)

A permanent signal stations on our coasts a flashing signal apparatus of the kind shown below is in use. It consists of shutters on the principle of the venetian blind, opening and

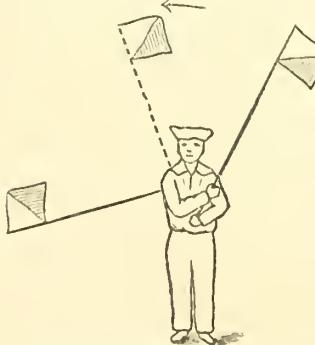


closing with great ease. A signal frame of this sort with an area of seventy-two square feet is visible in clear weather at a distance of fifteen miles. A variety of this arrangement is the portable disc, which turned edgeways and widthways gives the pause and flash.



The disc is painted white on one side and black on the other, so that it is distinguishable no matter what may be the nature of the background. When in use it is generally manoeuvred on the left shoulder. With it signals can be given visible at quite three miles off, but with the collapsing cones, drums, barrels, and other contrivances, all worked on the same principle, this distance is greatly exceeded.

The last method of flash-signalling that we need allude to is that by a flag as shown below.



The flag is swept round for nearly a semicircle

and back for the longs, and moved only halfway—to just above the shoulder in fact—for the shorts.

A slight acquaintance with the signalling alphabets may occasionally afford its possessor a little amusement. We once assisted at an animated conversation carried on between two parties of telegraph lads in different compartments of a train, the messages being signalled by rapping the knuckles against the partition of the carriage. The said lads were apparently under the delusion that "the Morse" was unknown outside the General Post Office, and were transmitting to one another by no means flattering descriptions of their fellow-travellers. "Listeners hear no good of themselves" is a proverb that certainly held true in this instance. Not long after, when in the Isle of Wight, a great flashing of flags was going on between Golden Hill and Hurst Castle across the Solent, to the mystification of a party of excursionists, one of whom proclaimed that it meant "The Fenians were coming." Perhaps it did in its early stages, but when we took note of it the Golden Hillians were peaceably inquiring, "What time do you dine?" and then, "What have you got for dinner?"

And here to signals and signalling we must for the present say—



### Cricket Again!

SOL's come at last without a doubt,  
The bats are being taken out  
And long confabs are held about  
That doubtful splice;  
Now, boys, good cricket is an art;  
I want you all to take to heart  
What I am going to impart,  
Viz., good advice.

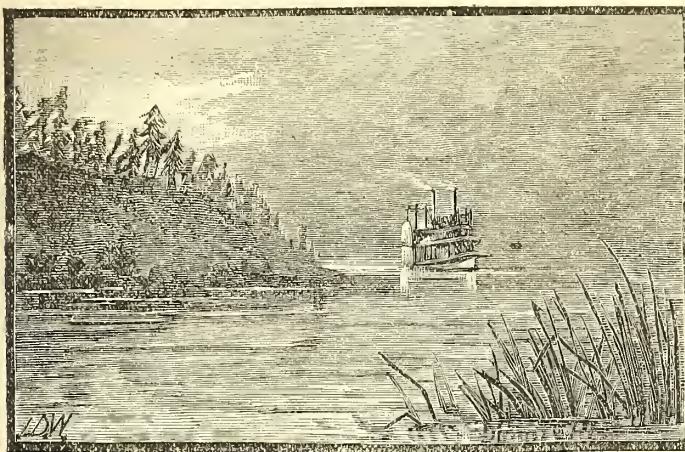
Don't trust too much to chance or luck,  
Let prudence mingle with your pluck,  
Or you will find you've made a duck

Instead of runs.  
To win the game should come before  
The wish to make a swinging score,  
So curb your yearning for a four  
And value "ones."

If batting, carry out your bat,  
If bowling, try and get "the hat,"  
Resolve whatever you are at  
You won't be licked;  
Keep cool, don't play for friends' applause,  
Or probably you'll soon have cause  
To wish that cricket's rigid laws  
Were not so strict.

You put together fifty-eight,  
That's good, but don't for ever prate  
About it—try to emulate  
Your former skill;  
And if a yoker sends your stumps  
All nowhere, don't get in the dumps,  
There's nothing always turns up trumps,  
Nor ever will.

PAUL BLAKE.



## DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

**THE POULTRY RUN.**—Fowls may still be set for the purpose of getting birds for the market or pot, but not of course for showing this season. But chickens hatched about the beginning of July ought to begin to lay early in the season. If you were successful in getting early spring chickens this year, and if they were of a first-rate strain, they will now be giving a clear demonstration of what they really mean to be. If, after reading or finding out the points and properties of the particular breed you have gone in for, you find you have one or two that are pretty well up to the mark, put them aside and be extra careful with them—extra good to them. Although, however, they may not be quite up to show form, they may, if pullets, be good enough to breed from, and judicious matching may eradicate from the strain any little fault it may possess. The cockerels you keep to breed from must, however, be really first class. We would rather have a fault in the hen than in the cock. A cock bad in any property is a decided "waster," and the sooner he is fattened for market the better will it be for his owner.

We are sometimes asked what is the speediest and least painful way of killing fowls. We think, if one can do it well, that "lithing," or drawing the neck, is as good a plan as any. Some tie the legs and wings, and at once decapitate with a sharp axe on a block. After the fowl has hung for a short time to bleed, the skin is drawn down over the stump of the neck. A third plan is to tie the legs and hang the fowl up thereby, then with a sharp knife to pierce the neck, and cutting forward from the vertebra, to sever all arteries and veins at once. This is a somewhat cruel way. But whichever plan is chosen, when you want to kill a fowl, catch it quietly and take it away out of sight of its companions. This is humane. Young or early hatched pullets will now be beginning to lay. Be very careful to feed such well, and let them have morsels of fat, and meaty scraps, etc., from the table, but condiments—unless it be a dust of cayenne—are objectionable during summer. Neglect of creature comforts will, now that summer is coming on in earnest, and threatens to be a very hot one, result in disease to a certainty. It will very likely be a dead certainty too, therefore look out. Attend well to ventilation, and to keeping the fowl-house as cool as possible. When built of wood and tarred it is apt to be excessively hot when the sun shines on it. We have found that the ordinary wild convolvulus, or bind-weed, if you can get it to grow, protects well the outside of the fowl-run from the rays of the sun. There is not the slightest difficulty in growing it if you can only protect it against the scratching feet of the fowls. Let your fowls have plenty of exercise, plenty of movement; throw grass and green garden stuff into the run, and pitch now and then a little barley among it; they will find it to the last grain. Look after your dust-bath; keep all things clean and sweet, and be sure to give fresh water in a clean pan every day, and stand it out of the sun.

The Andalusian is a good laying breed; they commence when five months old. The carriage of this bird should be smart and upright, like the Spanish or Minorca, which in shape it greatly resembles. The comb should be large and upright in the cock, fine in flesh, evenly and boldly serrated; in the hen the comb arches over, but not from the base exactly: a good part of it should be erect. The colour is a bluish slate, or dove-colour; the hackles on saddle and neck of cock—the former shortish—are dark in colour, or may be. The tail is carried high, but not squirrel fashion. The face is red, with white ear-lobes; the legs long and grey, and breast big and round. They lay well—large eggs, and are non-sitters.

A writer in a contemporary recommends taking the sitting hen off daily to feed and dust herself, then putting her back. He says barley and wheat are the best food. We generally recommend maize to be given as well. No soft food, as it is apt to produce diarrhoea. This would tend to lower the temperature of the body and spoil the hatching. Plenty of water. Dust-bath

specially recommended, else insects are sure to come and annoy, if not destroy the young chickens.

**THE PIGEON LOFT.**—Now we must admit that summer has come, and we are very much mistaken if we do not have some roasting days before many weeks are past. But hot weather is rather advantageous to pigeons than otherwise, if the loft is kept coolly ventilated, and clean. *And dry.* You see we put the latter adjective in a sentence all by itself, and emphasise it. For there is nothing more likely to breed disease of the most deadly kinds than a messy, sloppy loft. From such a place poisons in the shape of deadly bacteria are for ever emanating, and if the birds' system be somewhat out of tone from extreme heat, or excessive cold in winter, they are sure to suffer from it. So pray be warned. Give plenty of sand and gravel, and do not forget the bath. Just a word about the bath. Do not give it on a rainy day, and let the water be perfectly clean and soft. Brook water is the best, or rain water, if perfectly clean. The outdoor aviary should be protected in one portion from the direct rays of the sun, so that the pigeons have it in their option to sit and bask, or to sit in the shade. Give plenty of food; never let the hoppers be empty. Instead of tick beans, give now good grey peas, with a mixture of rice, barley, dari, maize, wheat, etc. Do not forget that green food is now essential to birds that do not get out to fly about. If you have a pigeon-coop on a pole, or attached to some wall, it would now be a good time to give it a thorough cleaning, only mind this must not be done if the birds are sitting. Read the DOINGS for last month, and June of last year, if you have the number.

**The Pouter Pigeon.**—This is a great favourite, especially in the far north. There are large pouters, and pigmy or dwarf ones. The latter are very interesting. The points in both are about the same. The ordinary pouter is a large bird, straight and tall. The crop is the principal point. It ought to be large and *ball-shaped*. The legs are long and very well feathered, and the waist small in girth. The bird, from beak to end of tail feathers, should be very long. Wings carried well up, and body hollow-backed. Colour: red, yellow, black, and pied. Also mealy.

**THE AVIARY.**—*Canaries.*—The busy season in the canary world still continues. Your older young ones will be beginning to eat seed; bruise it first, and do not wean them too soon from the softer and more nutritious diet. You must have flight cages for these young-ters. Do not buy secondhand ones; it will be far the best plan if you have time—and time is not usually a very expensive article with boys—to build your own cages. Dr. Gordon Stables gave full directions for cage-making in some of last year's numbers. Although the weather may be hot, and a cage hung quite out of draughts containing a good singing-bird, nevertheless it may suddenly lose its voice. We are constantly being "queried" as to the cause of this. But the owners of such birds are often themselves in the best position to tell the cause of the trouble. If the cause is found and removed the bird will get well with very simple treatment. Have you been overfeeding? Have you been giving dainties? Have you been allowing the bird hemp-seed? If so, reduce the diet at once; give two or three drops of warm castor-oil. Feed on plain black-and-white seed, with an allowance of green food, and cover the cage up at night. If there be any husk in the voice then put in the daily drinking water a bit of gum-arabic, a few drops of glycerine, and fifteen of paregoric.

If, on the other hand, you think the trouble arises from cold, put the cage in a warmer place, and feed the bird more generously, giving the oil, and putting a rusty nail in the water.

**Foreign Birds.**—We should very much like to know if any of our readers take an interest in foreign birds. We get no queries on the matter, and are, or feel as if

we were, writing in the dark. This is not encouraging.

Keep birds together that will agree and are much of a size, and only those who can stand the climate should be kept out of doors. The smaller parrots, turquoises, etc., should be by themselves; so should large ones.

**THE RABBITRY.**—Continue to make hay when the sun shines, laying in a good stock of dry hedge-crow gatherings for bedding. Read last month's DOINGS, and continue to be guided by them. See that outdoor hutches are not "sprung" in any part by the heat of the sun. It would be well to put a covering of any kind of thatch, temporary or otherwise, over hutches that are much exposed.

Continue to feed well and regularly, and beware of bad smells and foul bedding.

**THE KENNEL.**—Beware of racing your favourite in warm weather. Exercise is all very well, but many a good dog is killed by being made follow a trap on long journeys. Let the dog bathe frequently if he wants to, but he must not go rushing into cold water when overheated. Feed well, and let the food be fresh. Stale food is apt to breed diarrhoea. Should a dog take this last complaint, give him a dose of warm castor-oil with a few drops of laudanum in it. Your druggist will tell you the dose. Afterwards use the ordinary chalk mixture in doses suited to the weight of the dog.

Give frequently now fresh bedding. Wash the kennel out once a fortnight, and wash the dog next, letting his house be dry before he is put into it.

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—This is the growing month *par excellence*. Down with all weeds before they seed, and do the best you can for growing crops. Do not let them want for water, and do not permit the ground to become "hard-bake" around them. Look well after lettuces, marrows, and all juicy succulent crops. They pine for want of water in hot weather. Still plant runners (French beans), and kidney beans may also do well. Plant out celery in deep, well-manured trenches. Sow peas and turnips. Plant greens for winter stuff. Earth up potatoes.

**THE FLOWER GARDEN.**—Finish bedding out. Mulch roses. Look after the green-fly. Plant and transplant annuals. Put flowers thickly in. Nothing looks worse than a miserly bed of bloom. A flower bed should be bright enough to catch the eye miles away.

**THE WINDOW GARDEN.**—We have nothing to add to last month's DOINGS. If your window garden is not now a mass of bloom it is your own fault.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SIXTH SERIES.)

## III.—Taxidermy Competition.

ON page 63 of the present volume we wrote as follows: "We have recently completed a series of articles, under the general title of 'The Boy's Own Museum,' on preserving and mounting animals, etc. To test the knowledge and skill acquired by our readers in the subject we now offer Two Prizes, of the value of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively, for the best preserved and mounted specimen of natural history, according to the Waterton method, that may reach us. Gulls, crows, rooks, rabbits, moles, etc., will readily occur to the reader as suitable objects to work on. Competitions will be divided into two classes, the Junior Division, embracing all ages up to 18, and the Senior, from 18 to 24. The last day for sending in is March 31st."

We have now to report that comparatively few have taken part in this subject, and of these but two or three have reached anything approaching excellence. We fear they may have been debarred by the admitted difficulty of the Waterton method as compared with the ordinary methods, as previously described and illustrated in our columns; and this surmise augments the more probable from the fact that in our former Taxidermy Competition quite a number took part. We regret that the same ardour should not have been shown this time, in spite of all the discouragements incidental to one's early efforts in so difficult yet beautiful an art, for in natural history studies especially little of any worth is ever accomplished without patience and perseverance.

Our Award is as follows:—

SENIOR DIVISION (ages 18 to 24).

Prize—Two Guineas.

GEORGE EDWARD SNELL (aged 20), Stainsley-by-Heath, Chesterfield.

[The certificate stated that the competitor had received no instruction or advice whatever but from the B. O. P.]

JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 18).

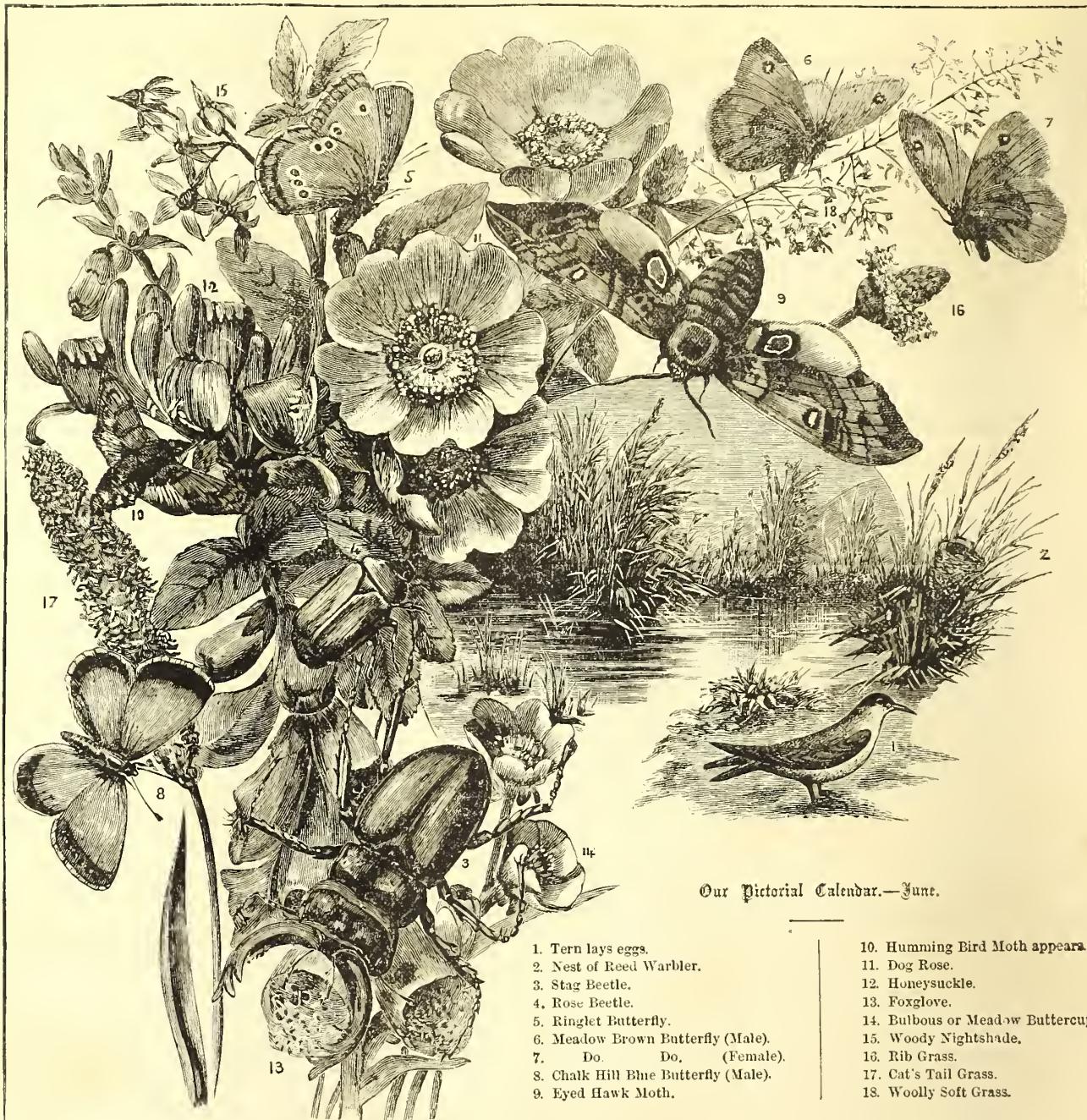
In this division we have to bracket two names, and divide the prize between them:—

Prizes—10s. 6d. each.

ALFRED JOHN TURNER (aged 16), 3, Regent Road, Lowestoft.

FRANCIS WILLIAM HOPE (aged 14), 14, Collin's Place, Glenogle Road, Edinburgh.

\* \* With the exception of those to the prize-winners, we are unable to grant any Certificates of Merit in this competition.



Our Pictorial Calendar.—June.

1. Tern lays eggs.	10. Humming Bird Moth appears.
2. Nest of Reed Warbler.	11. Dog Rose.
3. Stag Beetle.	12. Honeysuckle.
4. Rose Beetle.	13. Foxglove.
5. Ringlet Butterfly.	14. Bulbous or Meadow Buttercup.
6. Meadow Brown Butterfly (Male).	15. Woody Nightshade.
7. Do. Do. (Female).	16. Rib Grass.
8. Chalk Hill Blue Butterfly (Male).	17. Cat's Tail Grass.
9. Eyed Hawk Moth.	18. Woolly Soft Grass.

## Correspondence.

PHILIP AND MARY.—The coins are shillings. The one with LIP ET MARIA is of Philip and Mary's reign, that with IZAB is of the reign of Elizabeth.

A COMPOUND FRACTURE.—A very full sixpenny catalogue of fret-sawing machines is published by Churchill and Co., Cross Street, Finsbury.

A. G. X.—To gasconade is to boast. The Gascons are said to have been in the old days very good hands at the game of brag. One of their distinguished representatives is reported to have assured a Parisian that in his house at home they used no fuel but the batons of field marshals, who had been so numerous in his family that their badges of office filled up all the lumber rooms—had become, in fact, quite a nuisance!

STAMP COLLECTOR.—Refer to our monthly wrapper for stamp catalogue sellers, and to our first volume for the use and history of the Mutready envelope.

DUTCH READER.—1. Armatage on the "Horse," published by Messrs. F. Warne and Co., and procurable through Mr. Robbers, of Amsterdam, might suit you. 2. Of no value commercially.

H. P. C.—Your easiest plan would be to visit South Kensington Museum. You will there find several of the old spinning-wheels.

T. W. D.—Ammonia will clean off grease. Drop a little into the water in which you wash the things.

YOUTHFUL MARINER.—Take your boat for repair to Mr. Rundle, 50, Larkhall Lane, S.W., or to any of the other model builders whose addresses we have previously given. Consult the index.

READER.—With regard to transfer pictures we agree with you that C. H. P.'s advice to lick the visiting-card is not a very wise one, considering the glazing to which the cards are subjected. The moisture is best applied with the finger.

CAMPDONIAN.—Leave your chemicals alone until you know something about chemistry. Get Roscoe's shilling primer, and when you have studied that, and half a dozen more advanced books besides, there will be time enough for you to extract the "murrate and the acetate of cobalt" out of a cobalt paint, etc., etc.

X. Q. U.—1. Luther's version of the Bible is in Old German. 2. The salt in the seaweed makes it hygroscopic, and it acts like an ordinary weather-glass.

JAMES SHAW BAXTER (Dundee).—We are rejoiced to hear that you weigh ten stone two pounds, and hope by this time that "the signs of a moustachio" so ardently desired by you, have duly appeared. There is no occasion for alarm even if the merest shadow of an eyebrow has not yet risen into view. Live on in hope.

PARIETAL and BONESS.—The student's number of the "Lancet" or "British Medical Journal," obtainable through any newsagent, will give you particulars as to classes and courses.

W. PIERSON.—Try Barnard Smith's Arithmetic, Hall's Algebra, Euclid, and Todhunter's Trigonometry.

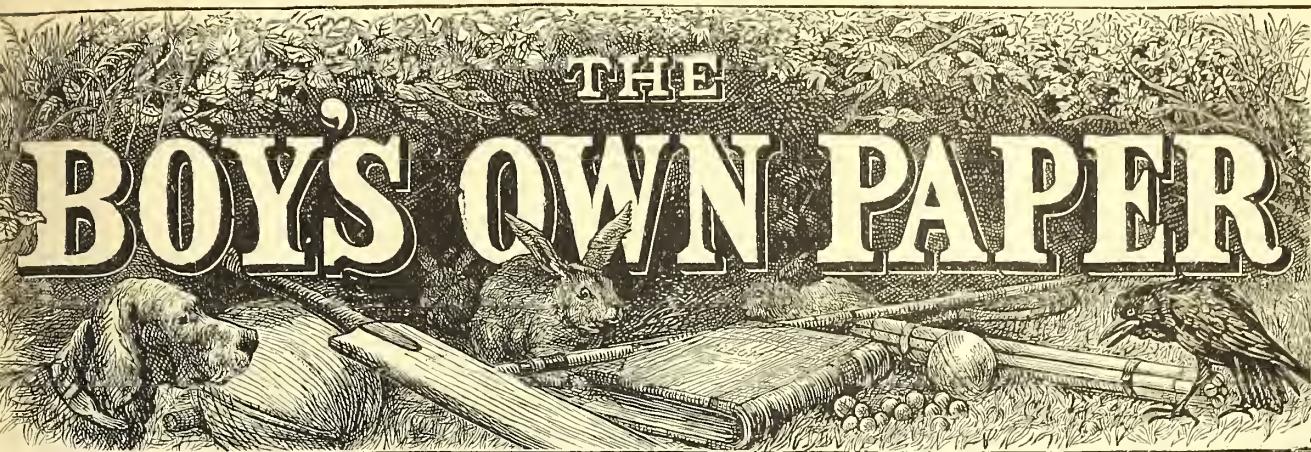
NUMMULUS.—Immerse the coins in strong nitric acid and immediately give them a thorough washing in water. If they are very dirty, and have much verdigris, mix together an ounce of bichromate of potash and two ounces each of sulphuric and nitric acids; rub them over with the mixture, wash them with water, wipe them dry, and polish them up with chalk or rottenstone.

A LOVER OF THE B. O. B. (why B?)—The link of the coupling is hinged, the hinge is kept in its place by a pin which is attached to a cord running into the carriage that is to be slipped; the guard in that carriage pulls the cord, the pin is jerked out, the hinge opens, and the train gradually leaves the "slip" behind.

R. L. R.—We think not, but it has been claimed that the wood of old Cremona violins, when vibrated with a bow, have been found to give invariably the same note, and that note is always a tone higher when the wood is taken from the belly of the instrument than when it comes from the back.

HAROLD L.—You could get a cheap microscope from Messrs. Baker, of Holborn, or any dealer in second-hand instruments; but, as we have said before, if you want an instrument to be of service to you in after life you must give at least three guineas for it, without extras.

HOBBLEDEHOY.—There is something very like it in Tisser's "Good Husbandry." He divides early life into periods of seven years. "The first seven years bring up as a child; the next to learning for waxing too wild; the next to keep under Sir Hobble de Hoy; the next a man, and no longer a boy."



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SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.

Price One Penny.  
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL:

A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,  
*Late Examiner to the University of  
Moscow, Professor to the Russian Imperial  
College of Practical Science, etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER VIII.—A CHRISTIAN.

A GAIN the exigencies of our story carry us back to the "hold," and we are again in the chamber specially devoted to Octavia, the wife of King Llewellyn. The lady of the mansion is sitting near the grand aperture from whence the pleasing view to which we have already referred was obtained. Near her, on her left hand, stands Beorn; on the right, Harold; on a bench in front sit the two younger boys, somewhat huddled together; at a little distance reclines Candida on a couch. They



King Llewellyn and Octavia.

are all listening earnestly to some words which fall from Octavia's lips in a sweet, low tone, which seems to go home to the heart at once. We are just in time to hear a portion of what she says.

"And so the whole secret of the faith is love. The command which He has given us is to 'Love one another. . . . Love your enemies. Bless them that curse you, and do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you.'

"A shameful creed for a brave warrior, I trow," said Beorn, stoutly. "Yet from thy kind lips, dear lady, it seems right fair and noble. We are only boys, not warriors tried in war, and therefore hardly fit to give opinions. Still, I must say there is much beauty in it. Of course, I vote for Odin, Thor, and Tyr—all tried and noble warriors. What says Harold the Earl?"

"I think," said Harold, "that this 'Domina,' whom we should call the lady, is most good and kind and gentle. I think, too, if my mother heard her words she also would turn Christian. What I admire is where their 'Baldur' says that even little children come to Him, while we can never see Valhalla unless we die as men. Now, that is hard, for dearly I should love the play of war, but as a boy I have no choice but Hela, and that pale goddess of the under-world is cheerless in her halls. But then I cannot, lady, understand why this same God and Saviour was so meek and mild. Those fellows were not worth His goodness, and it were surely a right godlike act to crush such evil foes. I love a daring hero, and our gods are noble heroes all."

"Ah, Harold," said the Domina, "thou art a brave boy, and hast been bred to war."

"To war!" cried Harold, in amaze. "Of course I have! To what else could the grim Earl Rolf's own son be bred? War is the life of manhood! Surely thou wouldst not see me a *nithing*! But of this faith of thine, dear lady, for me it seems too gentle and too mild, more fit for girls than heroes. True it is that He who sends the soul to Odin deserves our thanks, and I have often heard my father say that he adored the God that made the sun, whoever He might be, and if He be your Christian God I gladly would adore Him. Earl Rolf is very wise, and surely what he says his son is bound to think."

"Well," exclaimed Beorn, "I bow to grim Earl Rolf, and what he says is true. One day he told old Hilding that he himself would fain know something of this same Christian creed, and yet he calls the Christians hounds and *nithings*. Are all the Romans Christians, lady?"

"They are, my son," the good Octavia said. "They all believe at least that He who died for us has power to save the souls of all who come to Him. Alas! they do not keep His precepts and love each other, living Christian lives and doing as He bade."

"Ah!" said the boy. "Mayhap that is the cause why Rome went down before us. Our brave fathers say that Romans were as sheep beneath our weapons, or rather like the swathes of grass beneath the scythe of the strong-handed mower. Yes, I see. The Christians' God in anger left His pretended sons and gave them to their foes. Our fathers wore broadswords and double-headed bills, and these mowed down the Romans. Had they been the true adherents of a godlike cause those swords had smote in vain. I see it now."

I used to think the Christian God a sham because we beat the Romans, but if He, as great perchance as Odin, held aloof from these base slaves in anger, the gods of Valhalla triumphed. Seest thou, Harold?"

Quoth Harold, "That is well and nobly thought, and it explains the whole. I wonder which is stronger of the two, the all-wise Odin or the Christian's God. How can we tell it, Beorn?"

Octavia had been speaking English, which she well could do, but now she spoke in British, calling Candida to fetch "the Holy Scroll." The maiden rose to do her mother's bidding, though it was plain she did it with ill-will. This Harold saw, and asked the Domina why the young Hlaefdige seemed so ill at ease and loth to do this errand, which he said was but a work of love, seeing it was for her, the lady of the house—the Domina! "Is she a Christian, lady?" said the boy. "Methinks she cannot be, or that same faith of love would send her flying to do thy behest. I am no Christian boy, but if thou badst me fetch thee a wolf's head—I boast not—I would *try* it!"

A smile of pleasure, such as a mother might display to see a son obedient, lit her face as thus she answered him: "Thou lovest, then, to do my bidding, Harold? If it be so, why, then, thou lovest me, who am thy enemy, and the new faith is working! Yes, Harold, love is stronger far than hate, and in the end must triumph!"

The boy was puzzled by this dextrous thrust, but never said a word until Candida, with a haughty smile of ill-disguised contempt, re-entered with the volume.

Then he asked, "So please you, lady, or good Domina, have you the saga how your mighty God, in pity for His *nithing* creature, man, came down not to destroy, but save him?"

Then from the parchment scroll which Candida had given to her mother the Domina read from the Latin text into English words that tale of wondrous grace. The boys were melted, for their hearts were good, and the rough iron rule which trained those hearts for war had hardened but not chilled them. Obedience they had learnt; respect for older heads and honour to their parents were with these sturdy pagans as natural as life; and they were brave and simple, they acted according to their light, and did what they thought their duty. Of such stuff, so fashioned into form, are brave men made. In these days honour to parents is in only too many cases but a tale of yore; respect to elder men a mock and scoff; obedience a byword:

"Therefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old."

And even with the light of the gospel shining on us, we introduce the dense cloud of *selfhood*, rendering its action void.

And so the Domina in these proud pagan boys found gentler listeners than in her own household. By some means she had learnt the English speech. The tale was, in her childhood she had been a prisoner with her mother to the English, who treated them right well, and gave them without ransom to their friends again. But be this as it may, it was a strange accomplishment for a British matron to speak English words. The boys were gentle in her presence, though cold to King Llewellyn, whom of course they hated.

True to his trust, the youthful pagan had sought to gather tidings of the *Aethling*, but in vain, and, with the cunning of the

Saxon, he had thought to gain the Domina by listening to her creed, but by degrees had learnt to love that lady and respect her words. Beorn, more bluff in manner than young Harold, had always opposed the Christian faith, though hugely liking the Domina; and she was delighted with the boys, though their frank, open bearing contrasted, in her eyes sadly, with the demeanour of her own daughter Candida.

So on this autumn afternoon the two boys stood and drank the sweet tale in. She knew too little English to explain it all, but the new faith of Love seemed taking root, and love impelled her mother's heart towards these pagan children.

Harold was deeply touched by some of her replies, but one thing moved him more than all the rest, and that was when the Saviour, not resisting force, proclaims that, if He asked it, more than twelve legions of most mighty angels were all at His command.

"Twelve legions!" said the boy. "What! that is more than all the armed might of Britain, Englishmen and Welsh all told together! With such a force He must have been a warrior indeed! My father, grim Earl Blue-tooth, scarce commands a legion! Good Domina, I fain would tell my father some of these wondrous tales."

The Domina was turning to reply when King Llewellyn stalked into the room and cried, "Again those dogs of English! Truly, Octavia, I wonder at thy taste to herd with pagans! I would not touch them save with my broad spear! But if thou likest urchins of the Goths, three more were taken on my land last night. I'll give them to thee as a gift for slaves, because it is thy saint's day."

The lady started as she heard the words. "Three more young pagans! What can all this mean? Come, tell me, Harold; I am sure thou knowest."

"Indeed, good lady, I know nothing of it. I cannot even guess who they may be. But I should like to see them, and if they be of our kin or land I then am sure to know them."

The lady begged her husband straight to fetch the "present" he would make her. He called his trusty henchman, who then walked off, but soon returned with Kenulf and two more, all younger than our Harold.

The pagan English discipline was far too strong on all that they should betray their fellows. No sign was given that one knew another. Llewellyn gazed intently while Octavia endeavoured to detect some look or sound to prove they were acquainted, but in vain.

At last she asked of Harold, "Knowest thou these lads?"

"Ay, my good lady," said the boy. "I think—nay, I am sure—I must have seen them, and seen them often too."

"What are their names? Who are they?"

"Nay, Domina, I must not answer that. It is an English custom not to ask a name until a man has broken bread with thee. Thou mayest ask him if thou wilt."

The lady smiled to see the haughty look with which the young earl answered, and she turned to King Llewellyn smilingly and said,

"Thou dost not understand his Saxon speech, but surely thou must praise his noble bearing!"

Llewellyn laughed.

"His haughtiness," he said, "I know by close acquaintance; he took me prisoner,

and stout and strong he is, and impudent. I fain would scourge them all, then shoot at them for targets!"

"Nay, Llewellyn!" answered Octavia, frightened. "Thou wouldest not shoot my slaves! I thought they were a present full and free, and now thou wouldest destroy them! That were shame and unbecoming such a prince as thou."

"I did but jest, Octavia, just to see how thou wouldest take my kind proposal!" and he tried to force a laugh, but still Octavia felt he was in earnest, so turning round to Kenulf, who was standing stiff and upright as a spear-shaft, she said in English,

"Well, and who art thou? Hast thou any name? or have ye pagans none?"

"My name is Kenulf," was the prompt reply. "My father's name is Hildebergh; he is the son of Ring, who was the son of Osbert."

"Enough, my son; now tell me what thou seekest on our land?"

At first the boy thought he had best deny the real cause which brought him into Britain. But suddenly it seemed to him the best to say he sought Earl Harold. He therefore told his story in these words:

"We heard in England that our great Earl Rolf had lost his son Earl Harold, who 'tis thought had been most foully murdered. So we came to see if still our earl were living. If he were, we meant to take back tidings to the earl, and gladden his sad moments; but if Earl Harold had been murdered we should be murdered too, and then my father and the other thanes would all have joined Earl Blue-tooth, and to

revenge our slaughter your British homes had burned, your British men had bled, and then your women would have killed their boys and girls, then slain each other. Then the land had well been freed of all the Christian hounds. That would have been brave! That would have been well worth the lives of a few poor boys! Eh, Harold?" cried Kenulf, forgetting in the ardour of the moment the cool, distant manner which he had assumed.

Harold nodded, but the nod said as much as many a long speech from musty fusty professors could have conveyed.

"See, Llewellyn!" said the Domina, "how the English hold together! Even these children are ready to shed their life's blood for their nation, and for the gods they serve! Whilst we, who proudly boast the Christian name as members of the Roman family, are all split up in factions. My advice would be to send the boys to grim Earl Rolf under the charge of some grave reverend father. By this we gain the friendship of the earl and secure his aid in war against King Powis."

Here again we see the British spirit. Even Octavia, gentle as she was, could counsel war with kindred Britons, and peace with pagan foes to aid it. Llewellyn frowned, and, deeply lost in thought, exclaimed,

"Perhaps it would be best, but still it irks much to render up a prize like that young boy! Besides," he added to himself, in a murmur, "he would be just the thing for our grand sacrifice down in the Druid dell!"

Just at this moment the henchman gave a sound agreed on as a signal. King Llewellyn started, rushed to the curtain hanging at the door which led into the ancient atrium, and there he learnt this news. The messengers dispatched by him to Powis had now returned, and sought a hearing. Straightway he hurried to his

council-room, or rather hall of audience, and found them waiting there. Throwing himself upon a chair of state, he cried,

"Now tell your tidings; what says the false King Powis?"

"Most gracious king," replied the earl, "we have met with scorn and proud derision veiled under courteous phrase. King Powis utterly denies thy right to call thyself a king in Britain. Next, he refuses to give up the noble English prisoner. Lastly, and worst of all, in fierce defiance of thy will and pleasure, he names Prince Llewellyn his heir!"

Llewellyn started.

"What!" he exclaimed. "His heir? Then Llewellyn is the mightiest prince in Britain, and will be when his father dies and Lewis leaves his crown. But it is serious news. The sept of one alone were hard for me to combat, but both would overwhelm us. Powis is a soldier every inch, and so is Llewellyn too. His father joined with Powis would—I cannot think! What ho! My trusty henchman! See these messengers are well and duly cared for. Give them food and suits of raiment! Farewell at present, gentlemen. We meet at noon to-morrow; till then take rest, and these two Roman rings, which I have worn myself, and do not think the less of them because a king has worn them."

The messengers departed to their rest, then King Llewellyn, turning to his henchman, said,

"Ride to the Druid glen, and beg the seer to hasten hither; I have urgent need of him and of his counsel. Hie thee hence!"

With much greater rapidity than could have been expected from him, Evan ap Rhys hastened to do his lord's behest.

According to the custom of those times, the doors and windows of the very great were always strictly guarded. When a king was in his hall or palace, sentries were doubled at their posts and guards were seen all round, so that the slightest cry from any sentinel could bring an armed force instantly to his side. Just as the henchman vanished from the view the sentries keeping watch outside the portico suddenly made a stand, and, uttering the signal for relief, brought twenty soldiers armed in Roman guise suddenly on the scene. Llewellyn heard the sound and gave another signal, clapping his two hands sharply against each other. On the instant the hall was full of people. Generals appeared, centurions and chiefs from all the sideway portals. Each one bowed and took his place in council. All around, arranged in semicircles, were their seats. At the back line five throne-like chairs were placed—the centre for Llewellyn, the other four for warrior, statesman, priest, and magistrate. Around the semicircle sat the rest, each seated in the order of his rank.

Scarce was the meeting full when a loud horn from where the guards without had rushed upon the signal told the king that strangers had approached. An officer in very splendid dress, clad in the tunic and full garb of war, strode into the assembly, and proceeding up the centre path right opposite Llewellyn, between the assembled leaders, came to within two spears' length of the throne and hailed the king as "Thrice renowned Llewellyn, king of the Western Britons!" Then he said that three men, heralds from the English side, prayed speech of King Llewellyn.

"Admit them," said the king, "and let our trusty bard, the ancient Lyrach Hen,

stand forth as our interpreter, seeing we know not English, and the barbarians, savagery as the rocks they pile to make their temples, speak not a word of Latin." He spoke in British all this time, and all he knew of Latin was the "Credo" and the "Pater noster." At this command the officer withdrew, and in short space returned, leading three English with him. They were venerable men, clad in peaceful garb, and bore each a wand or staff some three feet long, squared so as to have four surfaces, like some of the instruments used by surveyors at the present day. On each face of each staff were carved runes, and the three heralds marched gravely and with extreme dignity to the throne or chair of state in which Llewellyn sat. They then presented their staves to Llewellyn, and prayed him of his goodness to read the message from their earl.

Llewellyn took the staves and eyed them curiously a moment. Then, calling to him Lyrach Hen, commanded him to read the message. The aged bard reminded King Llewellyn that he had long been blind, and could not, therefore, do his bidding; but if he had permission so to do he gladly would demand of these ambassadors the object of their mission, which they could doubtless tell.

"Ask, and be quick," replied the king, in wrath; "ask them on what excuse they cross our lines during the time of truce?"

Lyrach interpreted the question into his broken English, but the leader of the three old messengers seemed quite to understand him. Perhaps he knew more British than he chose to show. He answered him as follows:

"Llewellyn ap Cattraeth, we come from Earl Rolf. He demands at thy hand the release of his son, who was taken by thee in the time of a truce while hunting in sport with his fellows at play. He tells thee this action was shameful and base, and a deed which thy blood, king, alone can repay. Unless thou at once render up to our charge the boy-earl, young Harold, our mission is this—to declare thee a *nithing* and false traitor, loon, unworthy of mercy, of faith, or of trust. He sends thee defiance, and bids us to add that the war he commences shall be 'to the knife.' He will harry thy cornfields, burn thy houses and barns, no town shall be left with one dwelling unscathed. Men, women, and children shall fall by the sword, and the raven of Odin shall croak o'er thy throne. But if thou wilt render young Harold in peace and return his companions unharmed to my hand he swears to continue thy friend and ally, to help thee in battle against British foes, for his faith would forbid him to fight his own kin. Thus far have I spoken his message to thee, but beyond this defiance hear further my news, which has reached me since leaving the hall of the earl. King Kenwalch has sworn to continue the war on thy race until not a Briton be left in the land. Now, the mighty Earl Rolf, if thou yield up his son, will ride to King Kenwalch and show him a way to attack the North Britons that dwell at Strath Clyde, and tell him to seek an alliance with thee."

When the old man had finished this long speech he seemed as if inspired in his words. His bearing, ever bold and soldier-like, gave evidence of hero-like resolve less fitted for a messenger than prince, but such was common among Englishmen when they had *duty* to be done in that stern iron time.

Right wrathful was that British king at

this complete defiance; full well he knew the danger that he ran if he withheld the boys, and yet he loathed to yield them up to force. Besides which reason lurked the darker one that he had vowed to sacrifice to the fierce savage in the Druid glen the blood of young Earl Harold, because he thought by human sacrifice to gain the victory over his foe, King Powis. To him it seemed a pious act to slay a wild and warlike pagan. He therefore, to gain time for more deliberation, checking his rage, replied,

"Go, tell yon haughty earl I never saw the boys. Tell him that had I found them they should have been hostage for my poor uncle and his granddaughter, whom he now holds in chains. Tell him to send me back my relatives, or else I swear to break the truce with him and overrun his land. In the meantime I shall have due search made to find the English whelps, and if a hair of Gwennith's head be harmed the boys shall hang like felons as they are!"

This charming speech, translated to the sage, rendered the old man furious, but he curbed his wrath and said, with English coolness,

"It is good! But this I tell thee of mine own good will, thou art in fearful danger. If thou harm Harold's head so much as by a hair, the great Earl Blue-tooth joins his might to Powis, Kenwalch will ride in force and smite thee in the rear, and thou art lost. For Gwennith and her grandfather, I shame to say that they have been regarded as of the race of Odin. The girl has honourable place among the train of noble maidens waiting on my lady, while the old man has lodging midst our scops or minstrel band. Now were the wishes of the train fulfilled, the two had long before our young earl left been given to our dogs to tear in pieces, as they have been taught to deal with Britons. But the good Earl Rolf saw something in the old man's face that moved him—ay, moved grim Earl Blue-tooth! So they are housed like princes, while the good Earl Harold is made to pine in prison. Such is Christian conduct, such is pagan!"

Lyrach Hen in translating this speech did not render the last words very truthfully, or it might have gone hard with the messengers. Llewellyn, however wrathful he might be, could not in the face of his assembled chiefs and leaders affect displeasure at the fate of Gwennith and her old grandfather. Swallowing his ire, therefore, thus he spake, and Lyrach Hen translated:—

"Messengers from England, please you rest some day or two beneath our roof in friendship. We will cause search to be made far and near for tidings of your youngsters. Should they be found within my sept or kingdom they shall go back with you. But two of you shall here remain as hostage. See them well bestowed," he said to an attendant; "and see they have no tidings of the boys!" he added, in a whisper. "Take them hence! Now to more pressing business. Powis, with his force, is on the march to meet us. I have sent my henchman, Evan, to call the distant chiefs together. Them I summon in the name of Morwen Penruddock, as whose heir I reign. We must hold out against King Powis and his might and make a friend of Blue-tooth!"

Here the king seemed greatly troubled, and dismissed the court, saying abruptly,

"Princes, I am ill at ease, and must request your pardon. The court is ended till to-morrow noon, and then we meet in

council with fresh news of forces flocking to us! Now farewell. We dine together at the hour of noon, till then each seeks his pleasure!"

Saying this he rose and left the room, the council separated silent and dejected, for few were there who liked Llewellyn's bearing, and all suspected some foul play with Morwen. Still the great danger threatening the State called for the promptest action. So they left the hall, and then in little knots of twos and threes spread over all the villa, the grounds of which were shortly filled with members of Llewellyn's council.

But we left the boys still talking with the Domina upon the light of truth. The thought that the Redeemer could command "more than twelve legion angels" had done much to win their warlike hearts; and then being so great a "warrior," it was plain His gentleness was *mercy*, a new virtue of which they knew but little. Then again, His murder by the Jews, assisted by the Romans, moved Harold to take the side of the Christians. The sufferings recorded of our Lord, borne with such patience by the suffering flesh, he thought was right and noble. No man ought, much less so great a chieftain, to show his pain.

"Thanks, good Domina. I like thy faith most heartily, but as yet dare not embrace it till I ask my father. Was Paul a soldier?"

"Yes," said the Domina, "he was, my son, and never felt afraid."

"Afraid! Of course not!" said the boy, and laughed, the others laughing with him at the thought of soldiers knowing fear! "But thou art British," Harold said, "and fear is known in Britain since we came, although we know it not. I would my father heard thee talk, fair lady. I know he would be Christian. They say that to the south and east of us the men of Kent are Christians! Who can tell? It seems so noble in a king like Christ to give His life for others! Still those twelve who followed Him were nithings all and cowards. And Judas! he was worse than Utgárd Loké! They should have buried him alive with stones flung at his living carcass, traitor hound! What think ye, lads? The nithing!"

According to the law of Christian truth, the seed began to grow. However small a portion had found root, so that the ground were good, it flourished. And in the heart of our boy-earl, pagan though he was, the ground was of the best. The boyish mode of thought was simple. He was a truthful lad—too proud for any falsehood, and yet that pride was humble to that of many prelates that, since the time of Harold, have borne the name of Christian. And his reverence for his father was English in its essence and Christian in its teachings. "Not my will, but thine," was even then the creed of this young pagan, thinking of his father. His pride was in his father; before him he was humble; to do his will the greatest good, his smile the highest payment that any deed could merit. Before Earl Rolf he was as nothing; the earl away, he, Harold, was the son—the son and heir of Blue-tooth. Proud? Of course he was! And when an English boy is not proud of his father he scarce deserves the English name.

But still the youthful mind of Harold was perplexed. He longed to show his father what he thought grandly true, but never for a moment did it occur to him to

ask to be baptized and so become a Christian. No; without his father's wish he would be pagan still, and swear by Thor and Odin; but should his father see the truth, and bid him take the cross, the boy would then feel proud again, and enter in the fold.

Such were his thoughts, when all at once the clang of arms was heard as soldiers posted at the door presented to the king.

Llewellyn stalked into the room and frowned upon the boys, who calmly stood regarding him with cool indifference.

"What! is that pagan upstart still with thee?" he said to the fair Domina. "Know it is dangerous to have them openly thus loose about the villa. Wynn! What, Wynn! Come hither, Wynn! Be quick!"

An officer beneath the rank of a centurion approached, to whose care Llewellyn consigned the boys.

"Now mark!" said he; "I wish them to be cared for well; their lives must be on thy head. But let not one of them be seen in garden, grove, or park. If I see one of them astray from thy strict custody I slay him with this hand, and thou shalt lose thy head! Take care!"

"Where wilt thou that I place the pagan curs?" said Wynn, not relishing his awkward task.

"Just where thou wilt," returned Llewellyn; "only see that they be safe and happy, though unseen." Then, turning to Octavia, he said, "As thou canst speak their jargon, tell the boys that they shall have no harm, but for a time I wish them to be hid. Such is my strict command, and if I find but one of all the band roving about the grounds my lance shall finish him! Nor is that all. The officer to whom they are entrusted shall be hung!"

These fearful threats, translated to the boys, made not the least impression. Harold smiled, and, turning to the Domina, exclaimed, "If thou desire it, lady, I will not escape; but if it please you to allow me, I will try my luck at flight."

"Nay, Harold," said Octavia, "prithee stay and bear imprisonment with us. It will not be too dreadful. Gentle sir," she added, turning to the officer, "I pray thee treat them kindly for my sake, they are as my own children. Use them well and thy reward is certain. Rise in rank, increase in honour and in power, shalt thou have, but treat my converts well, centurion!"

The soldier started as he heard this rank at once bestowed upon him, so he bowed and said, "My head for Harold's safety and the rest!"

Then he withdrew and marched the boys away, who, turning just before they left the room, made that peculiar curtsey which we saw Harold make his father some time back.

When they were gone Llewellyn said, "Octavia, those boys will be our ruin either way. If yonder messengers should find them here they swear we play them false; if they escape to grim Earl Rolf with tidings that they have been imprisoned and so forth, he comes with all his English swords and bills, declares the truce as broken which he made with me as marshal to Penruddock, and our land is harried, every village burnt, and every peasant slain. He holds Penruddock and he holds Queen Gwennith, who fled when that false traitor Owen told my plan he overheard me tell thee just a month ago. The plan was most unworthy thee and me, and we shall dear abide it."

"Good my lord, depend upon it there is danger all around. Where is the stranger whom thou broughtest hither?"

"Ha!" cried Llewellyn; "I forgot the man! I fear me he's a traitor!"

"So I said," replied the Domina, "the moment that I saw him. Too late now! He learnt all that he wished to know, and fled. Whoever he may be, the danger is the same."

"Thou wert right, Octavia," said Llewellyn, "and, as usual, I was wrong. However, I must to the Druid glen and there consult with Myrdhyn."

"Oh, do not go to seek his aid!" exclaimed the Domina; "all our ill-fortune comes from him; he is a low, base hind, pretending to such knowledge as God alone can have. Go not to him. Llewellyn, knowest thou last night I dreamed of our poor lost Gendabau? It opened up my grief.

If she had died as other darlings die I had not grieved so much; but to be lost whilst playing near the house, it is too horrid! Oh, Llewellyn! let this thought soften thee toward these English children. They are so good and brave, so noble and so true. If Candida were more like them how happy I should be!"

"But I am very anxious, Domina, and Myrdhyn always soothes and comforts me."

"Why not seek comfort at that holy throne whence it alone can flow? Why trust for comfort to a peasant clown who counsels blood and murder?—a wretch who, now that Rome has left these shores, dares practise pagan rites! If but a Roman magistrate were here Myrdhyn had never dared to raise his wretched voice to tempt men to their ruin. Dear Llewellyn! pause ere thou visitest yon cave again, for thou wilt sure repent it!"

"Thou art a bravo and honourable matron, dear Octavia, but dost not comprehend the storms within my breast; and if this Myrdhyn gives me peace awhile, canst thou refuse it me?"

His wife burst into tears, and Llewellyn strode out of the room, greatly irritated, angry with himself, but thinking he was angry with his wife.

She, left to herself, mourned his unkindness, and for a moment thought how little she had done to deserve it. But the next she bowed her head in obedience to her heavenly Master, and, falling on her knees, prayed fervently for aid in bearing her own trials, that she might become a good Christian, and that the Divine care might guide Llewellyn to the right.

And now we must again visit the Druid glen.

(To be continued.)

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XV.—EVEREST'S REVENGE.

EVEREST had not long to wait for his revenge.

Two days afterwards, while the travellers were visiting the magnificent subterranean temples at Karli, excavated in the mountain not far from Khandala, some terrified natives came up to warn them that a tiger was lurking in the neighbouring ravine. A boy in charge of some goats had seen the animal crouching among the rocks, where probably it had retired for the day. If the hunters wished to take advantage of the opportunity they would, they said, have to make haste, as at the approach of night the brute would leave its haunt.

With Latchman's assistance, Everest immediately completed his preparations. A few willing men as beaters were collected in the village, and a start was made. Under present circumstances it was impossible to devise a hiding-place. The tiger would therefore have to be walked up to and fought with face to face.

Holbeck saw that this time he could not persuade Everest to take him with him. Not only would he risk his life uselessly, but he might compromise the fate of his companions. And so he contented himself with taking the young Englishman aside, and saying to him, with much feeling,

"My dear lad, do be prudent, and think of your old friend. If an accident were to happen to you I should indeed be sincerely grieved."

Everest said nothing, but the long cordial clasp of the hand was equivalent to a response. Then shouldering his gun he ran on to join Barbarou, who was ahead with the beaters.

In about an hour they reached the foot of the mountain. It was a range of rounded hills jutting out into the plain. The rainstorms had swept away the soil, and the bare rock, baked by the implacable sun, held here and there but a clump of cactuses planted by chance in a few of the fissures. A narrow valley, or rather gorge—a nullah, as the natives call it—cut through the chain, and in the middle of

the stony landscape showed a dark band of vegetation, dotted with detached rock masses, down which in the rainy season roared a furious torrent.

"That is where the tiger is," said the youngster who was showing the way, pointing with his hand towards the entrance of the ravine.

Immediately Latchman, like an experienced shikari, gave his orders to the

the bed of the stream as it winds into the plain, and to do that he must pass those rocks that you see over there. If you and my lord place yourselves one on each side of the entrance the tiger will not be able to approach without your seeing him, and—"

"All right," said Everest.

"I see," said Barbarou.

Advancing with great caution, they



"The Tiger gave a tremendous Leap."

beaters, who, armed with their long iron-shod bamboos, divided into two groups so as to surround the nullah, and began to scale the flanks of the hill which commanded the gorge. They advanced with great caution, half stooping on the ground, and taking cover wherever possible behind the blocks of stone and the tufts of cactus.

When the last had disappeared Latchman said to the hunters,

"Now you must station yourselves in some convenient place. The beaters will work up to the head of the nullah, and then when the two parties have joined hands they will turn about and advance towards us along its bottom and sides. If what the youngster says is true, the tiger, frightened at the noise, will try to gain

reached a few enormous blocks that the violence of the current had swept to the entrance of the gorge, and which, piled up on each side of it in picturesque confusion, left only a single passage about a dozen yards across.

The two hunters took up their position in this passage, one on one side, one on the other, each with his back to the rocks. Latchman stayed near Everest, while the youngster crouched amongst the rocks close by.

Suddenly from the depths of the gorge there came a prolonged shouting, repeated a hundred times by the echo. It was the beaters, who, having effected their junction, were descending the ravine, and endeavouring by their cries to rouse the tiger. From the defile where they were

posted the hunters heard the natives striking the rocks and bushes with their iron-shod bamboos so as to add to the clamour.

Nothing moved in the ravine.

"It is certainly an old tiger!" whispered Latchman in Everest's ear; "a young one would have been off at the first shout, and tried to save himself by bounding past us here; but an old one is defiant. If he has already been shot at he may try to force the line of the beaters and will escape us. However, watch!"

With their rifles at their thighs, the hunters waited. The noise of the beaters approached. The men could not be more than a dozen yards from the entrance.

Suddenly, at the bottom of the path among the rocks, the tiger appeared. It came on slowly, looking somewhat de-



jected, with its head and tail hanging down, and seeming like an animal rather wearied at all the noise than alarmed at an imminent danger. Down among the grey rocks, its bright orange fur, striped with the bands of black and white, shone out with surprising distinctness.

Everest by a look warned Barbarou that he was going to fire. Slowly and deliberately he raised his rifle and brought it to his shoulder. As he did so the polished barrel glittered in the sun. The tiger saw the warning, and raised its head. It perceived its enemies, and sharply drew back and contracted its lips into a sinister grin, which showed its red jaws and formidable teeth.

Everest pulled the trigger. The gun went off, filling the ravine with its report—and also, unfortunately, with its smoke. Hardly a moment elapsed when, as the light cloud dissipated itself, the Englishman rushed forward, followed by Barbarou, and found that the tiger had disappeared. The narrow passage was empty. At the same moment the redoubled cries of the beaters informed the hunters that the tiger had forced their line.

"And such a splendid tiger, too!" said Barbarou, much vexed.

"It is impossible that I could have missed him!" said Everest, in despair; "I quite covered him with the rifle, and my hand did not tremble in the least."

"Possibly," said Barbarou. "But the hand has to be very firm; the heart always jumps a little at such times, and it takes such a little to send a bullet wrong."

Latchman had run down into the ravine to examine the spot, and now he shouted, "Come here and see, sahibs! The tiger is wounded! he cannot escape us!"

At this moment the beaters arrived. They were agreed in declaring that the tiger was seriously wounded, and that, by the way he leapt as he returned through their line, he could not possibly go far.

"Only," said one of the men, "he is an

old one, and it will not be easy to get at him. The best thing would be to leave him to die in peace."

"Abandon a wounded tiger!" said Everest, angrily; "that would be a shame! If you will not follow him, we will go alone."

The beaters, who expected to be handsomely paid, protested their devotion, and a fresh start was made.

"Matters are getting serious," said Latchman; "for if a tiger beats a retreat when he is wounded he never does so a second time. Crouching in the scrub, he will let us get close up to him, and then leap out on us at the first movement. It is at such times that the poor beaters are so often carried off."

"I will see that nothing happens to them," said Everest.

The guns were again loaded, and the natives, with the hunters, again started up the ravine. Armed with their long sticks, they tried each bush, accompanying their movements with insulting addresses to the tiger.

"Come out!" they said. "Do you not see that the children are laughing at you. If your wife were here she would disown you! Now, little uncle, be good! The noble lords from Europe will make a carpet of your skin, and your claws will be hung like charms from the necks of their ladies! You are a coward!"

But neither threats nor flatteries could make the tiger show himself.

All at once the young shepherd who was following said, "Here he is!" and ran for safety.

The panie was contagious; in the twinkling of an eye the beaters had disappeared, leaping off like goats among the bushes and stones. Even Latchman had gone.

The friends were left alone, but they could see nothing.

"The boy has good eyes," said Barbarou, "but the tiger is not far off; we must get him out. There is only one way of doing so, and that is to give him a few stones."

Stepping back from Everest, he began to pick up a few pebbles that had been rounded by the torrent, and threw them into the bushes. As he was stooping he slipped over one and fell full length on the ground. Everest had already made a movement to go to his assistance, when he was almost paralysed with terror to see the tiger, which had been crouching under the bushes, leaping towards Barbarou. It was only a few yards from him.

This time it would not do to fail. Instantly he aimed—fired—and the tiger gave a tremendous leap, and fell rolling by the side of Barbarou, who slowly arose.

"I say, my friend," exclaimed the sailor, "you had better let me know when you are coming next time; I thought you were firing at me."

But the gallant fellow hid his emotion under his raillery, and his hand tremble as he clasped that of Everest.

"Ah! I would even embrace you," he said, "if it were the custom of your country to do so. You are a brave lad."

"Do it if you like," said Everest.

And without further ado Barbarou clasped him in his arms.

"Say," said he, "that it was I who thought of saving your life."

"And why, my dear Barbarou?" said Everest.

"Ah! there," said the sailor, with some embarrassment. "As you sometimes have ideas—what was I saying? You know—had I saved your life, I should say to you,

'Your life is now mine, I give it to you, strive to keep it.'"

"Dear Barbarou," said Everest, with emotion, "you are like our friend Holbeek, who hopes that one day he will make me love to live."

"And so we shall, you will see," said Barbarou, emphatically.

At this moment a head stealthily appeared above one of the rocks; it belonged to Latehman, who, at a glance seeing how things stood, made haste to come down, and, without showing the least shame at his cowardice, ran to congratulate his masters on their success.

Timidly one after the other the beaters appeared and the usual concert of praises began. They measured the tiger, which was nearly nine feet long from the point of the snout to the tip of the tail, and each according to the invariable custom declared that it was the biggest that had ever been killed. Then a litter was hastily constructed, and, placing the tiger on it, they began their triumphant march back to camp.

From afar the hunters recognised Holbeek, who, sheltered beneath his blue umbrella, was coming to meet them.

"I was not uneasy," he said, as he shook hands, "but I am very glad to see you back."

After dinner Barbarou related the events of the day to Holbeek. Once more Everest had an opportunity of recognising the wonderful faculty possessed by the Marcellais for exaggerating everything and embellishing everything. Under his imaginative pencil the tiger bounded from rock to rock up to their very nose, and then, after being hit by Everest's bullet, sprang backwards at the heads of the beaters. Finally, as the climax, Barbarou, full length on the ground, felt the foetid breath of the monster on his neck, when Everest's bullet arrived to save him from a terrible death.

Thoroughly accustomed to these embellishments, Holbeek succeeded in discovering what truth there was in this pathetic recital, and warmly congratulated Everest on his coolness.

"You have," he said, "all the qualities necessary for a hunter of wild beasts. You have the courage, the calmness, the



coolness, and the sureness of eye. You are worthy to take your place among the numerous competitors which the generosity of the Maharajah is sure to attract to Mahavellipore."

"What do I care for the offers of the Maharajah?" said Everest. "It is the sport alone which attracts and fascinates me. I owe to it now the first moment of genuine happiness I have had in my life; for it has been permitted to me—to me, the workless, the listless, and the useless, to be useful to one of my kind. I have this day felt more emotion and more pleasure than

I ever experienced in all my existence. Like the divine Hercules, I could run through the country making war on the monsters that desolate it, and if in the fray I should end by succumbing—well, my life, short as it was, would have been of some use."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Holbeck, "that is how I like to hear you talk. I hope you will become like the famous General Bagot, and that in your old age you can retire into a house whose walls are hung with the thousands of tigerskins that you have won."

"Well," asked Barbarou, "and the King of Mahavellipore? What is to become of him in all this fine talk?"

"Never fear, Barbarou," said Everest, "we will give him his tigerskin."

Everest took the paper, and having found the column pointed out by the doctor, read a loud voice the following article:—

"We hear that the celebrated Dr. Holbeck, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, is about to leave this town to begin his scientific exploration of Central India. The illustrious naturalist intends to prosecute his zoological examination of the jungle fauna, and to study from the life the morphology and economy of the gigantic felidae, which are the pride and terror of our peninsula."

"Isn't that beautiful?" interrupted Holbeck—"the gigantic felidae which are the pride and the terror of our peninsula! But go on! your turn is coming."

Everest resumed his reading:

"In order to have a constant supply of the subjects so necessary for his researches, the celebrated scientist has brought with him two young sportsmen who have acquired considerable renown in Europe. One of them, Mr. Barbarou, of Marseilles, is principally known by his exploits in Africa; the other, Mr. Everest, is a countryman of ours, and from his tenderest infancy has devoted himself to the most adventurous journeys in the most extraordinary countries. We further hear that Dr. Holbeck and his assistants contemplate being present at the festivities about to be organised by His Highness the Maharajah of Mahavellipore. If this is so, our Indo-Britannic sportsmen will have to keep a sharp look-out lest the palm of victory be borne off by our illustrious visitors. Above all, they must beware of the wonderful dexterity of Mr. Barbarou."

"What do you say to that?" asked Holbeck. "Don't you think he is a well-informed journalist? You would imagine that he had reviewed our passports and hidden himself under the table the day that we decided to go to Mahavellipore."

"These journalists are really extraordinary people," said the sailor; "what they do not know they readily imagine."

"Even the African glories of the celebrated Mr. Barbarou," remarked Holbeck, maliciously. "For my part," added he, "I think the newspaper men are very much like ourselves, and only know what they wish to say. They seem this time to have been very badly informed."

And, addressing the Marseillais, he said, with affected severity,

"Mr. Barbarou, if you wish to see your name in print, in a newspaper, you must address yourself to us. We will indite a note, in which, with all due care of your reputation, we will protect the truth against these rude attempts."

"But, my dear Holbeck," stammered poor Barbarou, "I assure you that I had no intention of—that it is not my fault. The evening before we came away I exchanged a few words on the subject with a very polite gentleman I had formerly seen at the *table d'hôte*—"

"Yes," remarked Holbeck, "I see how the thing has happened, but you did not consider how your stupid boastings would place us in a false position with regard to our friend Everest. Here am I, a humble bird-stuffer, a traveller for a firm in the hat-feather line, made to pass off as my assistant a peer of the United Kingdom! Is not that an abomination of desolation, a crime of *lèse-aristocracy*, that might lead me to the gallows?"

Barbarou bowed his head in confusion, while Holbeck, with his spectacles on his

forehead, and his eyes sparkling maliciously, crushed the victim beneath his chariot-wheels.

The solemn Everest could not resist this example of high comedy, and in his turn made the verandah resound with the most joyous peal of laughter that had ever escaped from his aristocratic lips.

"Stop, Holbeck; do not annihilate our unfortunate friend. He deserves our congratulations. On my behalf I beg to thank him a thousand times for having, willingly or unwillingly, relieved me of a weight that has been pressing me down. He has discovered the solution which all my ingenuity failed to hit upon."

"How so?" asked Holbeck, quite nonplussed.

"Well, during the last few days, since I learnt that we shall not be the only people at Mahavellipore, and that probably a number of English sportsmen will attend the Maharajah's meeting, I have been very near abandoning our expedition altogether."

"I do not understand you," said the doctor.

"That is because you do not know English society. You do not know the effect produced on a certain class of people by the appearance amongst them of a live lord. Nearly every one would fall prostrate before the prestige of my name and my fortune. Every snob—and there seldom is a meeting of Englishmen without there being a snob amongst them—every snob would transform me into a manitou. In a day or so, worried and wearied by these worshippers of aristocratic glory, I should have had to take refuge in flight."

"But I do not see how you are going to avoid the danger?" said the doctor.

"The danger? But it has vanished," replied Everest. "Henceforth I am no longer an unmarried lord, no longer a peer of the realm, no longer a rich man—I am simply Mr. Everest, assistant, clerk, collector, or whatever you like, to the illustrious Dr. Holbeck. I am saved at one blow, and in a way that I never thought of."

"Do you really intend to play the part that this absurd newspaper has given you?" said Holbeck. "I do not think that I ought—"

"My dear, good friend," said Everest, appealingly, "you will do it for me. It may be the chance which will give you the means of effecting this cure which you seem to wish so much. I repeat that the few lines in this newspaper have opened quite a new horizon to me. Just think that, thanks to him, I shall for the first time escape from the tyranny of rank and fortune which has plagued me for so many years. I have the power to throw off this golden armour which has crushed me and separated me from the rest of the world. Men will be able to judge me for my merits, and not for my decorations. Oh, the happiness of mediocrity! Happy are those who have known no other fate!"

"Well, my dear Everest," said Holbeck, "we will do as you desire. The artifice is a very inoffensive one, and you can abandon it when you like."

And so it was decided that henceforth "his lordship" should disappear, and that "Mr. Everest" should take his place, and become assistant naturalist to the doctor; and, in order to avoid any indiscretion, the matter was explained to Latchman, who was the only native servant acquainted with the true state of the case, and he was informed that

#### CHAPTER XVI.—AN UNEXPECTED INTRUDER.

A WEEK after this memorable day Holbeck found himself installed one morning in a huge armchair at the Elphinstone Hotel at Poona.

The three travellers had the evening before arrived in the ancient capital of the Peishwas, and the doctor had asked his companions to recruit themselves a little among the comforts of civilised life before taking the final plunge into barbarism.

That is why, leaving their camp at the gates of the town, they had taken up their abode at the Elphinstone, which they had heard was a very comfortable hotel. It served them as headquarters for their further preparations, completing their ammunition and provisions, and engaging porters and beasts of burden. Until they reached Mahavellipore there was no other town of importance.

And so Holbeck had plunged into the comforts of civilisation—that is to say, he had dined at the table d'hôte, he had slept in a bed longer than the one in his camp, and in the morning, as we have said, he was lolling in an armchair with his heels higher than his head, and quietly reading the newspapers after his early breakfast.

He had looked into the "Home News," the "Examiner," the "Bombay Gazette," the "Mofussilite," he had primed himself with the news from Europe, from Bombay, and from Simla; and with a careless hand he had taken up the "Times of India."

It was this journal that had had so great an influence on the fate of our three travellers, by affording them an object for their expedition. And now it produced another unexpected effect on the good doctor.

Holbeck had hardly opened it when he made a start of surprise, adjusted his gold spectacles on his nose, read, re-read, the paragraph which had so greatly excited his attention, and then burst into a peal of laughter so long and so uproarious that Barbarou and Everest came running up, thinking their friend had gone stark staring mad.

It was not until the doctor had calmed down considerably that he found words to speak, and then he exclaimed,

"Talk about the reporters of old Europe! Give the palm to the journalists of young India! What style! what emphasis! None of the mysteries of hyperbole are unknown to them!"

"What is the matter with them?" interrupted Everest.

"My dear friend," said Holbeck, "read that. I can't read it again without dying of laughing."

if he ever gave the title of "lord" to Everest he would be immediately dismissed. As for the faithful John, his absolute devotion could be relied on.

A few days afterwards the travellers, having reorganised the party, left Poona on their way to Mahavellipore.

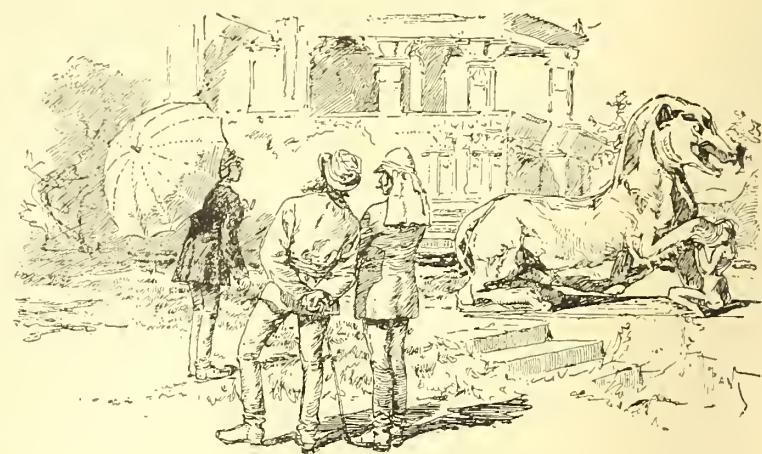
Bearing to the north they crossed the angle of the states of the Nizam, and, without adventure worthy of note, reached the first outliers of the Satpoora chain. Not being pressed for time, they made a slight detour to the west to visit the wonderful Buddhist temples of Ellora and Ajunta.

It was not far from this latter place that an adventure happened to Barbarou which ought to cover him with lasting glory.

The travellers, leaving behind them their heavy baggage, had taken up their quarters in a single tent at the foot of the mountain in which are the immense catacombs. The day was devoted to the examination of these curious monuments, and then after dinner the travellers, according to custom, sat down to enjoy their pipes.

To prevent the invasion of mosquitos

and other insects which would be attracted by the light, the heavy cotton curtain forming the door of the tent had been carefully shut, and the three friends were chatting across the table, when suddenly



"These curious Monuments."

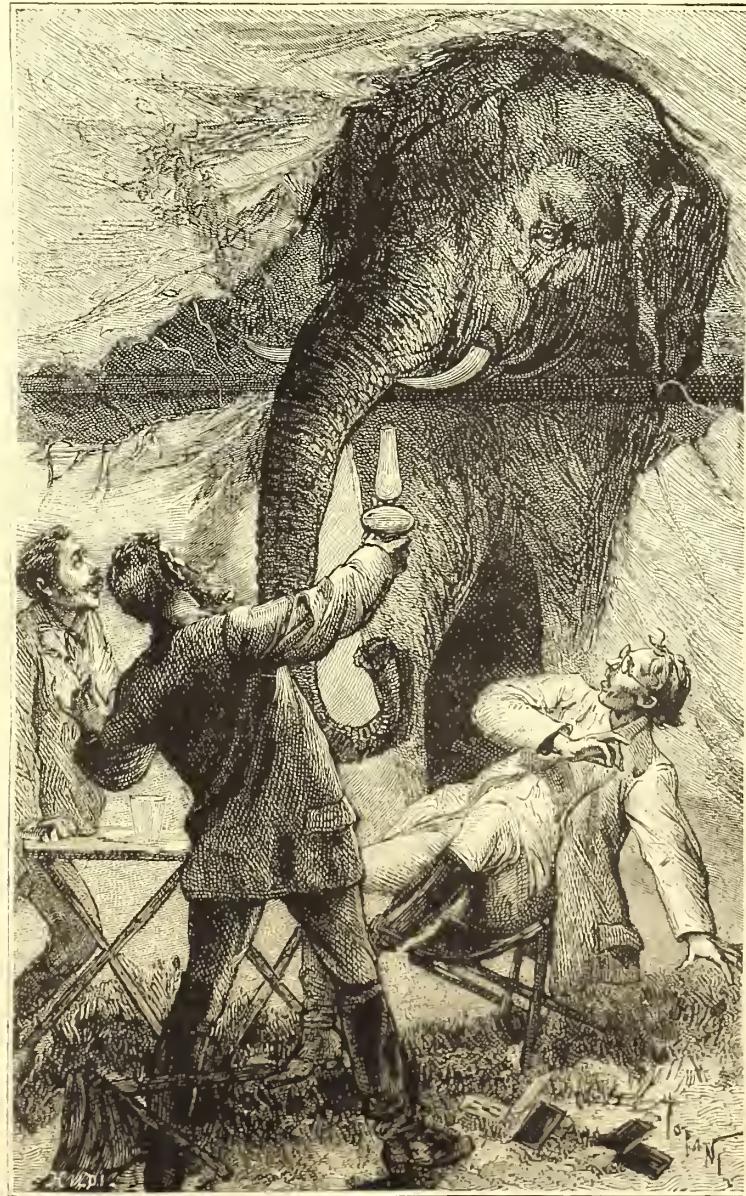
the whole tent shook, and as they looked round to see what caused this extraordinary agitation the heavy curtain was lifted, or rather roughly snatched away, and in the open doorway appeared the head of a gigantic elephant. At this apparition the three men remained motionless in their chairs as if turned to stone, and to none of them occurred the thought of catching up one of the rifles that were resting against the wall.

They had, indeed, no time to do so, for the elephant, probably a wild one from a neighbouring keddah, seemingly without the least astonishment at finding himself face to face with the three, lifted up the roof of the tent with his head, and threateningly swung out his trunk at the doctor.

Holbeck had only just time to draw back, but Barbarou had now sprung to his feet, and, seizing the lighted lamp, hurled it with all his strength against the animal's forehead. The glass broke at the blow, and the blazing oil covered the elephant's trunk with a sheet of flame. With a cry of anger and pain, the beast quickly drew back, shook off the curtains which clung to him, and fled across the country howling wildly. Everest had snatched up his rifle, but by the time he got outside the elephant was a long way off in full gallop across the plain, and for some time the travellers could trace his progress by the furious trumpetings.

"Barbarou," said Holbeck, "there is a story for you well worthy of a place in your long series of exploits. A furious elephant defeated at a single blow from a —paraffin lamp. That is quite a novelty of which there has up to the present been no mention in hunting records. Without your presence of mind, I do not know what we should have done shut up in these canvas walls with a rogue elephant. We should have been smashed into marmalade before we had had time to touch rifle or revolver."

(To be continued.)



"Holbeck had only just time to draw back."



## GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

## V.—THE BURNING SARAH SANDS.

THE Sarah Sands was an iron ship of some two thousand tons burthen, constructed by Mr. J. Grantham, of Liverpool, a well-known author on naval architecture. She traded between Liverpool and America, and in 1857, during the Mutiny excitement, was chartered by the East India Company to take out to Calcutta the headquarters of the Fifty-fourth Regiment.

She was under the command of Captain J. S. Castle, and the troops under Colonel Moffatt numbered thirteen officers, twenty-one sergeants, fifteen corporals, eleven drummers, and three hundred and six rank and file, in addition to whom were many of the wives and children of officers and men.

She left Portsmouth on the 16th of August, and all went well until the 11th of November, when she was in latitude  $14^{\circ}$  S., longitude  $56^{\circ}$  E., or about four hundred miles from Mauritius. At three o'clock in the afternoon of that eventful day, during a heavy gale, the troops berthed aft on the orlop deck were conscious of a smell of something burning. The smell rapidly increased, and the captain was communicated with. He at once ordered the after hold to be examined, and the goods in it, consisting of Government stores, were found to be on fire—probably from spontaneous combustion.

The smoke came rolling up the hatchway, but the men went below, and bale after bale was pitched out into the sea to get at the flames, but in vain. At last the smoke became too dense for the men to breathe in, and they had to retreat. The ship was brought head to wind, and the sail reduced. The hoses were fixed on to the fire engines and the donkey engine, and every effort was made by Captain Castle and Colonel Moffatt to subdue the flames.

The fire continued to gain. All the distributed ammunition was thrown overboard, and the starboard magazine was cleared out before the flames reached it. The port magazine, however, was already in the grasp of the fire fiend, and volunteers were called for to save the powder. Down into the smoke went the gallant fellows, and barrel after barrel was brought out and thrown

into the sea. But the flames were now growing rapidly; several of the men were overpowered with the smoke and heat, and fell and were hauled up senseless. The work had to be abandoned before it was completed. A barrel of powder was left behind.

The flames were coming through the deck, and the cabins were on fire. The gale was raging heavily. The boats were launched, and into them were put the women and children with orders for them to keep away from the ship until the inevitable explosion. Three rafts were built sufficient to take the soldiers and the rest of the crew; two were got out, and towed alongside from the bow, while a third was kept ready to be lowered at a moment's notice.

Inch by inch the fire was fought. The after part of the ship was aglow with flame. The cargo and the woodwork burnt, the iron shell got red-hot. Suddenly it was remembered that the colours of the regiment were in the back of the saloon. The explosion was momentarily expected, but one of the ship's quartermasters, named Richmond, volunteered to risk his life in the blazing saloon to save the flags.

He went down into the fire, and after an interval which seemed an age returned with the Queen's colour, and fainted as he gave it up. As soon as he recovered he went down again, this time with Private Willis. They were dragged back senseless—but the quartermaster had rescued the missing colour, and the honour of the regiment was saved.

And now the fire burnt furiously as the night closed in. The hoses poured on their constant stream, the lines of buckets passed from hand to hand and were discharged at the advancing foe. The flames shot up the mizen rigging, where Mr. Welch, the chief mate, was aloft keeping the cordage sound by bathing it with wetted blankets, while the wooden yards, spite of all he could do, were charred and destroyed.

Higher and higher went the flame, harder and harder worked the men, and not a hair's-breadth was yielded until its defence was im-

possible. The heat was terrific; the deck was so hot the men could hardly stand on it; the carcass glowed cherry-red, like the iron on a blacksmith's hearth. The tempest howled around, and the ship rolled and pitched in the heavy seas, and every minute threatened to pay off for the wind to sweep the fire forward. To keep the ship to the wind by the sails alone, when the fire was leaping up the mizenmast, was no easy task, and required the seamen at the sheets at almost every gust. Once there came a heavy lurch, and the bow swayed away for an instant, and as all were intent on bringing her up again the magazine exploded.

With a tremendous roar, and a shock that made the ship quiver like an aspen, the port quarter was blown out, and the flames leapt forward. Another horror was now added. Into the gap in the counter the waves came hissing, and a huge cloud of steam arose where the water struck the glowing iron. A detachment of the men had to start pumping and baling as the sea poured down the hold.

And all night long the threefold fight went on with the wind, the fire, and the water. The mizen was lost. The fire crept to the main rigging, and the chief mate and his men, still aloft, kept it off the ropes with the steaming blankets, while the yards above them smoked and crackled. The soldiers were still working with the hose and the buckets, the sailors on deck were still honouring the sails, the women and children in the boats near the blazing ship were still tossing on the billows.

The advance of the fire was at last checked by the bulkhead, and to keep this cool all efforts were directed. For hours gallons and gallons of water were dashed on to it, and the flames were by it eventually baffled. About two o'clock in the morning the blaze began sensibly to abate, and when day broke the fire was subdued enough for some of the men to leave the bucket-line and take to pump duty.

For the fight had begun with another danger. The stern every instant threatened to drop out.



There were fifteen feet of water in the hold ; it was gaining on the pumpers, and the ship gave signs of foundering at every plunge, for the storm had risen instead of falling, and the waves were running at their highest.

And still the men fought cheerfully on. Without a word of despair they turned to defeat the water as they had quenched the fire. Each man did his duty without a murmur ; there was not a single instance of insubordination. The men had every confidence in their officers, and the officers kept at their posts untiringly and unceasingly, and carried out as implicitly as if upon parade the orders of the captain and the colonel. Aft of the main rigging the ship was a mere shell. Every bit of wood-work had been burnt away, only the bent and twisted iron remained. Down into this cavern swept the surge at every heave, and hissed against the still smouldering fire.

The captain resolved to stop the hole in the quarter as soon as the iron had cooled enough to allow the men to reach it. With great difficulty a hawser was run under the vessel's bottom and slowly passed aft over the heated iron. Then another hawser was got into place under the stern. Then the hawsers were well wetted and tautened, and the hull was lashed together, and

then sails and blankets were drawn over the gap, and the ingress of the sea was checked.

This sounds easy enough to talk about, but it took twelve hours to do. The ship was still head to wind, the gale showed no signs of diminution, and every now and then the waves would break over. The iron-work was so frail and thin after the fire that the least extra violence would have crushed it in ; and awfully did the weakened frame creak and groan as the billows rolled up against it. Stopping a huge leak in a wooden ship is no child's play in a storm ; think what it must have been in a case like this, where the hull was but a shell of thin iron eaten deeply into by the flames !

In the afternoon, as soon as the gap was stopped and the pumps proved able to keep the water under, the boats were signalled to close. By dexterous handling they had been kept near the ship tossing about in the terrible sea for four-and-twenty hours. The gig had capsized, but the other boats had come to the rescue, and all who had been on board of her were saved. The women and children returned to the forecastle without loss or hurt.

On the evening of November 13th the battle was won. The pumps had to be kept going, but the fire was practically out. Soon the gale

dropped, the wind shifted, the square sails were hoisted on the foremast, and the ship—or rather the shell—was headed for the Mauritius. After a perilous voyage of eight days she arrived in safety. From the time she left the Channel, notwithstanding the varied dangers she had been through, not a life had been lost !

As she was seen from Port Louis on the 21st of November the sailors on the anchored shipping were somewhat scandalised at her battered appearance. But when she came nearer, and they caught sight of her patched and deserted stern, her crowded forecastle, her blackened spars, and her pumps still going, they soon learnt what was the matter, and then there burst forth such an enthusiastic welcome as seldom ship met with before. And well might they cheer !

"Why, sir," said a naval friend who was present at the time, and who, with pardonable exaggeration, first told us her heroic story—"why, even then, sir, she was nearly red-hot !"

The records of the sea will be sought in vain for a more brilliant example of persistent valour and discipline. Never was death more nobly kept at bay. Captain Castle lost neither his passengers, his crew, nor his ship. His fight with the fire on the Sarah Sands is one of the proudest boasts of our mercantile marine.

## THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN,

*Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.*

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—HUNTED BY INDIANS.

THERE'S something wonderfully inspiriting in sunshine—something that makes the heart leap and the blood course through the veins, raising the spirits, and sending trouble along with darkness far away into the background.

As the sun rose, flooding the wild plains with heat, and Bart drew rein and looked about after his long night-ride to see that there was hardly a cloud in sight—and, better still, no sign of Indians—he uttered a cry of joy, and bent down and smoothed and patted his brave little steed, which had carried him so far and so well.

Then he had a good look round to see if he could make out his position, and after a while came to the conclusion that he was not so very far out of his way, and that by turning off a little more to the west he would soon be in the direct route.

In patting and making much of Black Boy, Bart found that the little horse was dripping with perspiration, many, many miles running having been got over in the night ; and if the journey was to be satisfactorily performed, he knew that there must be some time for rest.

With this idea, then, Bart turned a little to the east, and rode straight for a clump of trees about a couple of miles away—a spot that promised ample herbage and shade, perhaps water, while, unseen, he could keep a good look-out over the open plain.

The patch Bart reached was only of a few acres in extent, and it offered more than he had bargained for, there being a pleasantly clear pool of water in an open spot, while the grass was so tempting that he had hardly time to remove Black Boy's bit, so eager was he to begin. He was soon tethered to a stout sapling, however, feeding away to his heart's content, while, pretty well wearied out by his long night-ride, Bart sat down beneath a tree, where he could have a good view of the plain over

which he had ridden, and began to refresh himself, after a good draught of pure cool water, with one of the long dry strips of bison-meat that formed his store.

Nature will have her own way. Take away from her the night's rest that she has ordained for man's use and refreshment, and she is sure to try and get it back. And so it was here, for as Bart sat munching there in the delicious restfulness of his position, with the soft warm breeze just playing through the leaves, the golden sunshine raining down amongst the leaves and branches in dazzling streams, while the pleasant whirr and hum of insects were mingled with the gentle *crop, crop, crop* of Black Boy's teeth as he feasted on the succulent growth around, all tended to produce drowsiness, and in a short time he found himself nodding.

Then he roused himself very angrily, telling himself that he must watch ; and he swept the plain with his eyes. But directly after, as he thought that he must hurry on, as it was a case of life and death, he was obliged to own that the more haste he exercised the less speed there would be, for his horse could not do the journey without food and rest.

That word "rest" seemed to have a strange effect upon him, and he repeated it two or three times over, his hand dropping wearily at his side as he did so, and his eyes half closing while he listened to the pleasant hum of the insects all around.

Then he started into wakefulness again, determined to watch and wait until a better time for sleep : but as he came to this determination, the sound of the insects, the soft *cropping* and *inchching* noise made by Black Boy, and the pleasant breath of the morning as it came through the trees, were too sweet to be resisted, and before poor Bart could realise the fact that he was ready to doze, he was fast asleep with his head upon his breast.

The sun grew higher and hotter, and Black Boy, who did not seem to require sleep, cropped away at the grass till he had finished all that was good within his reach, after which he made a dessert of green leaves and twigs, and then, having eaten as much as he possibly could, he stood at the end of his tether, with his head hanging down as if thinking about the past night's storm or some other object of interest, ending by propping his legs out a little farther, and, imitating his master, going off fast asleep.

Then the sun grew higher still, and reached the highest point before beginning to descend, and then down, down, down, all through the hot afternoon, till its light began to grow softer and more mellow, and the shadows cast by the tree-trunks went out in a different direction from that which they had taken when Bart dropped asleep.

All at once he awoke in a fright, for something hard was thumping and pawing at his chest, and, on looking up, there was Black Boy right over him, scraping and pawing at him as if impatient to go on.

"Why, I must have been asleep," cried Bart, catching at the horse's head-stall and thrusting him away. "Gently, old boy ; your hoofs are not very soft. You hurt."

He raised himself up, stretching the while.

"How tiresome to sleep like that !" he muttered. "Why, I had not finished my breakfast, and—"

Bart said no more, but stood there motionless, staring straight before him, where the plain was now ruddy and glowing with the rays of the evening sun.

For there, about a mile away, he could see a body of some twenty or thirty Indians coming over the plain at an easy rate, guided evidently by one on foot who ran before them with bended head, and

Bart knew as well as if he had heard the words shouted in his ear that they were following him by his trail.

There was not a moment to lose, and with trembling hands he secured the buckles of his saddle-girths, and strapped on the various little articles that formed his luggage, slung his rifle, and then, leading the cob to the other side of the patch of woodland, where he would be out of sight of the Indians, he mounted, marked a spot on the horizon which would keep him in a direct line, and the woodland clump as long as possible between him and his enemies, and rode swiftly off.

The inclination was upon him to gaze back, but he knew in doing so he might swerve from the bee-line he had marked out, and he resisted the temptation, riding on as swiftly as his cob could go, and wondering all the while why it was that he had not been seen.

If Bart had been with the Apachés he would have ceased to wonder, for while he was galloping off on the other side, his well-rested and refreshed horse going faster and faster each minute as he got into swing, the Indians began to slacken their pace. There was no doubt about the trail, they knew: it led straight into the patch of woodland; and as this afforded ample cover, they might at any moment find themselves the objects of some able rifle-firing; and as they had suffered a good deal lately in their ranks, they were extra cautious.

The trail showed that only one fugitive was on the way—him of whom their dying comrade had spoken; but then the fugitive had made straight for this clump of trees, and how were they to know but that he expected to meet friends there, whose first volley would empty half the saddles of the little troop?

Indians can be brave at times, but for the most part they are cowardly and extremely cautious. Naturally enough, an Indian, no matter to what tribe he belongs, has a great objection to being shot at, and a greater objection to being hit. So, instead of riding boldly up, and finding out that Bart had just galloped away, the Apachés approached by means of three or four dismounted men, who crept slowly from clump of brush to patch of long grass, and so on and on, till first one and then another reached the edge of the woody place, where they rested for a time, eagerly scanning each leaf and tree-trunk for an enemy at whom to fire or who would fire at them.

Then they crept on a little farther and found Bart's halting-place and the feeding-ground of the horse. Then they came by degrees upon his trail through the wood, all very fresh, and still they went on cautiously, and like men to whom a false step meant a fatal bullet-wound, while all the time their companions sat there upon the plain, keen and watchful, ready for action at a moment's notice, and waiting the signal to come on.

At last this came, for the advanced dismounted scouts had traced the trail to the farther edge of the wood, and seen even the deep impression made by Bart's foot as he sprang upon his steed.

Then the mounted Apachés came on at a great rate, dashed through the wood and came up to their friends, who triumphantly pointed to the emerging trail, and on they all went once more, one man only remaining dismounted to lead the party, while the rest followed close behind.

This little piece of caution had given

poor Bart two hours' start, and when the Indians came out of the wood he had been a long time out of sight; but there was his plainly-marked trail, and that they could follow, and meant to follow to the end.

(To be continued.)

### STORY OF THE BELL ROCK.

BY R. A. M. STEVENSON, M.A.

(Continued from page 572.)

ON the 2nd of September, after the three boats had landed their parties of workmen on the rock, it came on to blow very hard, and the sailors of the Smeaton, leaving the eight men they had brought, went off without permission in their boat to examine the riding ropes of their vessel. No sooner were they on board than the Smeaton went adrift, dragging the boat with her. By the time the seamen had observed it and got up their sail to tack back she had drifted three miles to leeward, and Mr. Stevenson, fortunately the only person on the rock to notice the incident, saw that she could not get back against wind and tide till long after the water should have flowed over the rock.

He told no one, fearing that in an alarm the eight boatless men of the Smeaton party might be left to their fate, or that a scuffle might take place for the boats, and all perish. The men worked on as usual in the rising water, till the forge went out, and when the volumes of smoke cleared away the perplexed workmen saw their situation, and found but two boats awaiting them. Groups of silent terrified men collected round Mr. Stevenson, who was about to speak, and quietly give directions that, as the tide rose, the extra men should hang on in the water from the gunwales of the boats. But finding his mouth too parched through long-suppressed emotion to articulate properly, he was forced to stoop and wet it from a pool on the rock.

On rising he heard the welcome cry of "Boat!" and, turning in the other direction, he saw through the haze a large craft making for the rock. It turned out to belong to James Spink, Bell Rock pilot, who came express with letters. Spink's vessel was too large to approach the rock, but one of the boats made two trips to her and left eight men on board her each time. She then made for the floating light, and the sixteen remaining men followed her in the two boats. A most fatiguing passage of three hours for the one mile brought them, drenched but rejoicing, to the lightship. Meanwhile the Smeaton, after vainly tacking for some hours, had to bear away to Arbroath.

Thus ended a dangerous adventure, in which Spink saved so many lives, and gained for himself universal congratulations and a pension from the Lighthouse Board.

This peril confirmed Mr. Stevenson in his resolution not to depend next year upon the lightship, which was too far off, and could not be moved, but to have a special tender built for their dwelling-place.

The day after this narrow escape only the foreman and eight workmen, besides seamen, would embark for the rock, and although no remonstrance or argument was used to them, yet as the boats returned to the ship the recalcitrants were observed to dive from the deck to the lower regions, their shame not allowing them to face the braver minority of their comrades.

The newly begun works on the foundation-pit had not far progressed when they were subjected to another dangerous experience. This time, fortunately, they were not on the rock, but the floating light had to ride out a terrific gale. All was battened down, for enormous green seas swept clean over the vessel. Below all was dark, wet, and comfortless, and a lying posture was the only possible one. From the artificers' cabin there arose sounds of despair and mingled devotion. The sailors were more composed; they

thought that, with a light vessel, no top gear, and excellent ground tackle, they had some chance of riding it out in safety. The seaman on watch was lashed to the foremast, and relieved every two hours. And as the boat ranged up between two seas the engineer could crawl, undressed, to the companion and get his head out for a second. Then this man seemed to smile, as if to inspire him with a confidence—not misplaced, for at last the gale abated its fury and enabled the bruised and weary company to enjoy a much-needed refreshment after a fast of thirty hours. Next day, when all were able to be on deck, it was found that the wind had shifted in the night, and that the vessel was adrift. On looking to the rock, upon which cross seas met in pyramids of white foam fifty feet high, they could only be thankful that her cable had not given way sooner, when they must inevitably have gone to pieces on the reef. The most awkward result of the storm was that it forced them to change the position of the light, although her station was advertised and her light was to be exhibited in a week.

The storm now fairly over, the seasick men gladly roamed the *terra firma* of the rock in search of dulse, a seaweed which seems always to have been in request on these occasions as a pick-me-up; and the engineer meanwhile noted the effects of the storm, such as the removal of the smith's forge, the six trial blocks of granite, and a heavy anchor weighing twenty-two hundredweight. That night the floating light was first exhibited, and that day the lighthouse yacht fortunately arrived laden with fresh moorings. The yacht, a fine vessel of eighty-two tons register, was at once secured as tender, a great relief to the men, as although more pinched for room in her, they got rid of the excessive rolling and consequent sea-sickness. Those men who had served a month without going ashore might now have given up the service, according to agreement, but in face of this new advantage, and in hope of the speedy erection of the beacon, they consented to stay on. They accordingly set to the work with a will in spite of the heavy swell, which was troublesome. Indeed it one day upset the boat which the engineer was steering at the morning landing, and he and his crew, who were thoroughly soaked, had nothing for it but extra hard work to keep them warm during the three or four hours they were on the rock. In spite of the cold journey home, fortunately no one seemed any the worse for the wetting.

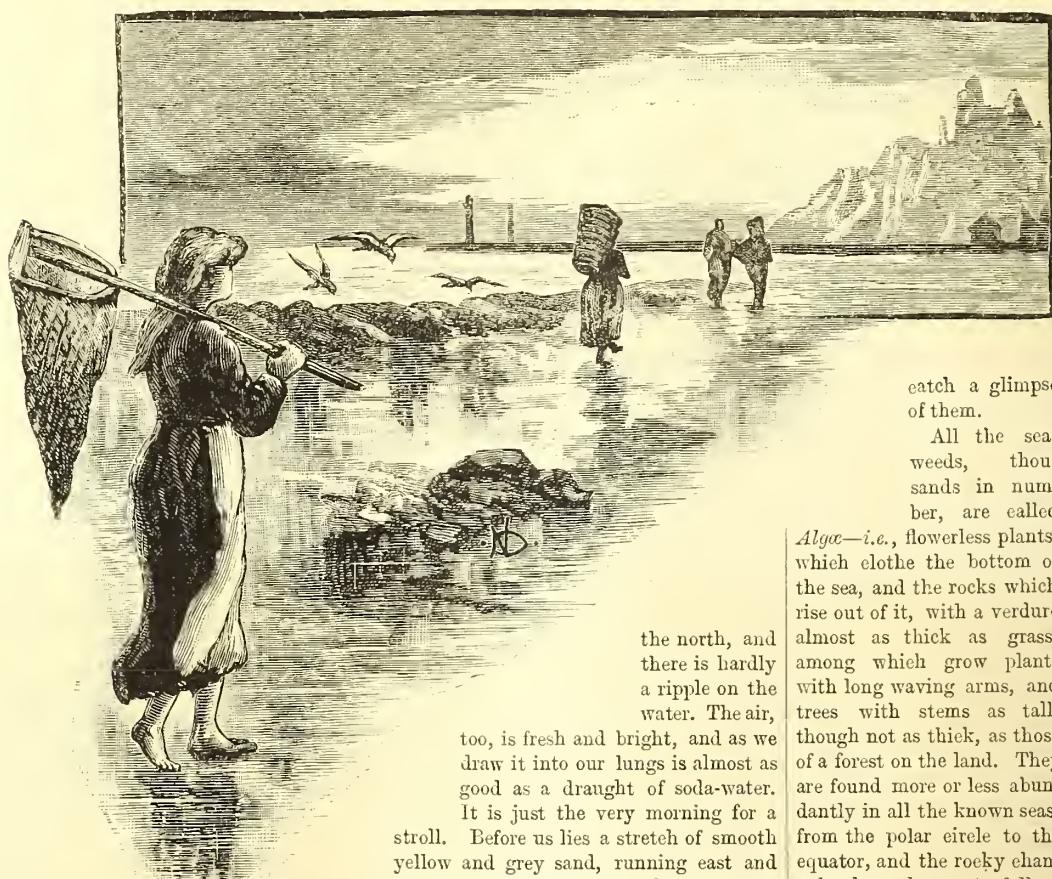
On the 19th of September the Smeaton brought the supporting beams of the long-desired beacon. They came in such rough weather that the engineer half wished them safe on shore again. However, but for one or two accidents, such as the fall of one of the great fifty-feet beams on the narrow crowded rock, they were speedily and successfully hoisted. They soon had occasion to test its solidity, for the increasing gale drove the vessels to shelter at St. Andrews, leaving the lightship and newly erected beacon to weather it out alone. As on their return the beacon had resisted the storm, the forge was now moved to a platform near its top, and all felt extra confidence, having a refuge in danger, which would enable them to do many sorts of work even at high tide. The smiths and joiners were now ten hours on the rock at a time, and dined on the beacon, which was a great advantage, as the rock was not uncovered at all for seven days during the next neap tides. The engineer under these favourable circumstances went to inspect the works at Arbroath after having been five weeks afloat.

His return was delayed by a severe gale which drove the vessel for refuge to the Firth of Forth. He landed again on the rock on the 2nd October, and, after strengthening the beacon in some trifling matters, on the 6th the party abandoned the work for the season.

(To be concluded.)

## BY THE SEASHORE; OR, A FEW WORDS ON SEAWEEDS.

BY THE REV. B. G. JOHNS, M.A.



IT was blowing great guns last night, and the wind and the rain together, like two old friends, went tearing over land and sea, making the windows rattle in the cottages all along the cliff, and threatening to blow the sails of the fishing-boats into ribands. But this morning it is a dead calm; the sun shines brightly over the sparkling sea, and the wind, instead of blowing in dead upon the shore, has chopped round to

the north, and there is hardly a ripple on the water. The air, too, is fresh and bright, and as we draw it into our lungs is almost as good as a draught of soda-water. It is just the very morning for a stroll. Before us lies a stretch of smooth yellow and grey sand, running east and west for nearly a mile. So let us set out across this little ridge of fine pebbly beach, and make our way down towards the soft, creamy foam that is creeping in tiny waves over the strand.

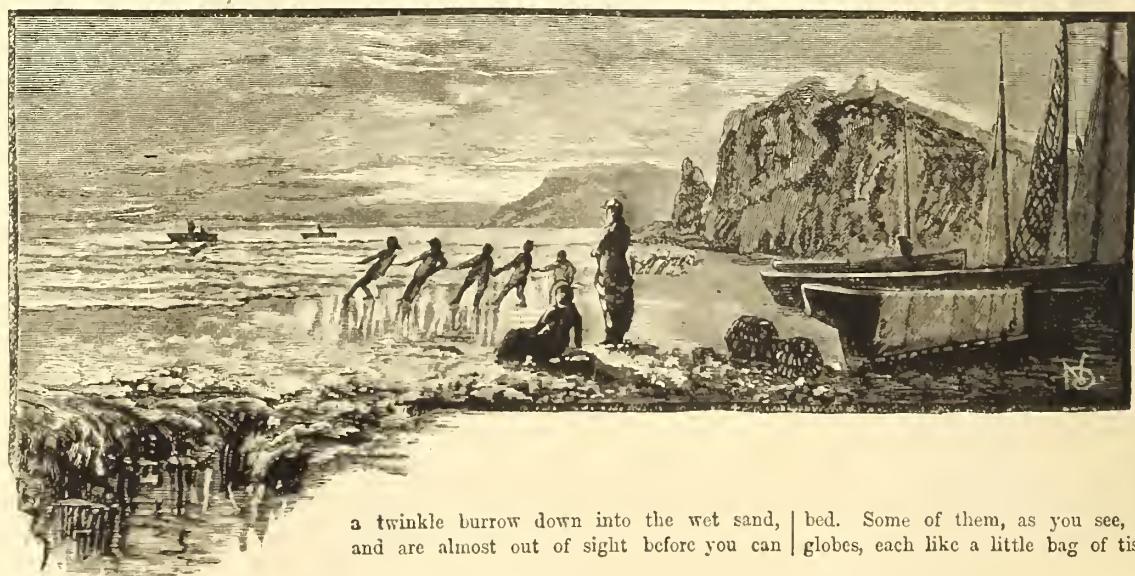
As luck will have it, last night's storm has brought in a goodly store of tangle and seaweed, of all colours and sorts; not a few shells, though rather battered, after being dashed about by the waves; with here and there a starfish, to say nothing of a score or two of small crabs, that in

catch a glimpse of them.

All the seaweeds, thousands in number, are called

*Algae*—i.e., flowerless plants, which clothe the bottom of the sea, and the rocks which rise out of it, with a verdure almost as thick as grass, among which grow plants with long waving arms, and trees with stems as tall, though not as thick, as those of a forest on the land. They are found more or less abundantly in all the known seas, from the polar circle to the equator, and the rocky channels along the coast of England are full of them.

If you look at the coloured plate of the Monthly Part you may form a notion of what a little corner among the rocks at the bottom of the sea is like, with its crowd of curious and lovely plants. Not that all these varieties of shape and colour would be found growing together in one spot, for that would be as strange as a whole crowd of violets, honeysuckles, daisies, sunflowers, parsley, tulips, and ivy all in one flower-



a twinkle burrow down into the wet sand, | bed. Some of them, as you see, are simple and are almost out of sight before you can | globes, each like a little bag of tissue full of

colouring matter; some like strings of little cells joined together—or nearly joined—at the ends, not unlike beads on a string; others look like branching threads, with perhaps a few stems scattered among them; while others spread out into broad, flat fronds. Only the *higher* tribes, as they are called, have real stems and leaves; while many of the lower ones, far down in the scale, resemble odd pieces of a spongy or jelly-like substance much more than plants, of so loose a kind that they fall to pieces when taken out of the water. Some look and feel like threads of silk; some are stiff and gritty, or gristly, or tough like leather. In some the leaves are of a thin membrane, smooth, shining, and almost clear, or ribbed and veined like their relations the leaves above ground. Some, too, have the wondrous power of being able to draw carbonate of lime out of the water, and so provide material for their own stems, etc. As to colour, they are as lovely, and almost as varied, as our garden-flowers—purple, orange, yellow, grassy-green, brown, crimson, olive, pink, and white, making up altogether such a vision of dainty hue and radiance as the hand of a Great Creator alone could fashion. If in search of the darker

—black, deep purple, olive-green, and dark-red—you must turn diver and go down to the bottom of the sea, among all sorts of strange fishes and creeping things. And very dark and difficult travelling you will find it, and it will take you a long time to see a thousandth part of the wonders there, even if you carry a microscope in your pocket, and could use it. As a general rule, the nearer you are to the surface the lighter and brighter will be the colours; and if you want the long, thin, riband leaves of grass-green you must paddle along the shallows by the seashore, half way between high-water and low-water mark.

But though we give to all these countless things of beauty and grace the name of "Weeds," do not for a moment suppose they are useless, for they afford food and shelter to a host of living creatures beyond number. The waters teem with life, myriads of insects too minute for any eye but the microscope; myriads of fish, little and big, who live upon the tiny insects and other creatures that swarm in the groves, meadows, and woods of the great deep. And so in all this wondrous range of created things we find traces of the same order, beauty, and law

which reign throughout the universe. Earth, air, land, and sea, each and all full of meaning and purpose; each in its own place, and all alike fulfilling a law which, though they understand it not, is never broken.

As now you wander along the shining sands, and stay here and there to pick up a shell or a bit of weed, bear in mind that many of them are but broken fragments. The shells may have a living creature in them, having been just dashed off a rock ; or they may have been knocking about for months, or years, or centuries, and have neither face nor form left ; the weeds may have been torn up by the roots, or ground to pieces by the rush of the tide over the stones ; or have been floating about so long in the wild waste of waters as to have almost perished. But wherever you turn, or whatever you find, in the sand, or among the stones in the tiny pools at low water, or under the heap of tangled seaweed, you will surely find something to amuse you if you are worth amusing ; to teach you if you care to learn, to make your walk a jolly one, and put you in a good temper with yourself—if you are not a crab—for the rest of the day.

## STARS OF THE MONTH.

JUNE.

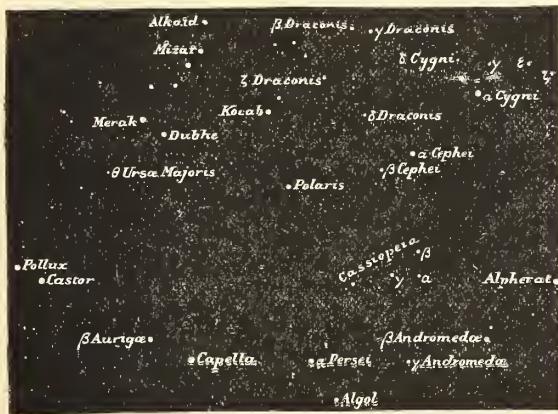


Fig. 1.—The Northerly Sky at 10 p.m. on June 15.



Fig. 2.—The Southerly Sky at 10 p.m. on June 15.

At 9 p.m. on the 21st the constellations on the meridian are Perseus, Cassiopeia, Ursa Minor, Draco, Ursa Major, Bootes, Libra, and Lupus. The line passes through Algol, Polaris, Kocab, and Nekkar, and between  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$  Librae, each of which is in one of the pairs of the Scales.

Aloft amid the Milky Way,  
Beneath the Swan and Lyre,  
See where Jove's Eagle soars aloft,  
The type of strength and fire;  
And mark the triangle in which  
His gem Altair partakes,  
Which, thanks to lyric Vega,  
The swansdown Deneb makes.  
Along the line from Vega down  
Near six degrees we race,  
Near Altair in the Eagle's neck  
To cover Sheliak's space.  
From Altair let a ray be cast  
Where we Arcturus view,  
One-third that distance will reveal  
The star Ras Alague.

**A**QUILA, the eagle of Jove, is a very prominent constellation in the summer sky. Its three principal stars, Alshain, Altair, and Tarazed, stand side by side very much like those in Orion's belt, and serve as pointers to Vega. Altair is much the brightest of the three. Tarazed,  $\gamma$  Aquila, is that nearest to the pole. Aquila formerly consisted of Aquila and Antinous—the Bithynian favourite of Adrian, not the suitor of

Penelope—but Antinous has now dropped out of the sky, and the eagle has been rearranged so as to spread over the vacant territory. Aquila is bounded by Sagitta, Delphinus, Equuleus, Aquarius, Capricornus, Sagittarius, and Ophiuchus.

To strike the wily serpent's heart,  
A line from Altair wield,  
To just below Ras Alague,  
Across th' Arabian Field :  
And when as far again you've gone  
As those two stars may be,  
The middle of these brilliant gems  
Serpentis Cor you'll see.

Ophiuchus, the serpent-bearer, formerly called Esculapius, Hercules II., or even St. Paul and the Viper, is a very large constellation containing but few important stars. Across it runs the asterism of Serpens, and the two together are bounded by Hercules, Aquila, Sagittarius, Scorpio, Libra, Bootes, and the Northern Crown. Ophiuchus is an upright figure with very weak legs in a rather uncomfortable position; across him in his hands there coils the Snake, and the Scorpion over which he stands is going to nip one foot and sting the other. His principal star is Ras Alague, in his head. The principal star in Serpens is Cor Serpentis, or Unukalkay. Scorpio, the next zodiacal sign to Libra, is at the serpent-bearer's feet, and, though a small, is a very brilliant constellation with two well-known stars, the deep-red Antares, revealed by

drawing a line from Vega through Ras Alague, and Iklil.

From Virgo's spike to E.S.E.  
    Direct the seeking eye,  
And travel through the Libra stars  
    To where Iklil doth lie.

This is the scorpion which bit Orion, and was placed in the sky by Jupiter to remind the giant for ever of that very unpleasant experience. He is a brilliant object at the top of the southern plate, low down on the horizon, in which we get Achernar and the glorious Canopus in the rudder of the good ship Argo. The Southern Cross shuts off the ship from the Centaur, and Lupus divides the Centaur from the Scorpion.

Humorists have made a good deal of capital out of Seorpio. Their "general idea" is sufficiently indicated by Ingoldsby in his account of the confusion and wrack produced by his friends in the Zodiac:

They kissed the Virgin and filled her with dread ;  
They popped the Scorpion into her bed ;  
They broke the pitcher of poor Aquarius,  
They stole the arrows of Sagittarius,  
They filled the Scales up full and full,  
They hallooed the Dog-star on at the Bull,  
And pleased themselves with the noise.  
They set the Lion on poor Orion ;  
They shaved all the hair off the Lesser Bear ;  
They kicked the shins of the Gemini Twins—  
Those wonderful Siamese boys !

## STRANGER THAN FICTION;

## OR, STORIES OF MISSIONARY HEROISM AND PERIL.

## I.—THE APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS.

"**W**ERE I sure to go to heaven to-morrow I would do what I do to-day!" What a flood of light that little speech lets in on the life of England's earliest missionary! The old Puritan spirit, in its endeavour to make this world a temple of the Most High, never found a truer or more kindly exemplar than brave John Eliot.

Born at Nazing, near Waltham, in Essex, in 1604, he began life as assistant to John Hooker, then a schoolmaster at Little Baddow, in the same county. Hooker was one of the Puritan leaders, and Eliot, having passed at Cambridge in high honours in classics and theology, gave promise of eminence in the party could he but get licensed to preach. The war between the Puritans and the Court had, however, begun, the tests proposed by the bishop could not be accepted, and as the king's measures became daily more arbitrary, the Baddow establishment, like many others, was broken up. Hooker went to Holland, Eliot to New England.

He sailed in the Lyon on the 3rd November, 1631, and on arrival at Boston fulfilled the duties of the regular minister, who was then away. In a year the young lady to whom he had been engaged journeyed out to be married to him, and with her went many friends to whom Eliot when in England had offered to become pastor if they founded a settlement in Massachusetts. Roxbury, near Boston, was chosen for the site of the colony, and there Eliot entered on his charge.

In a few years it kept him sufficiently occupied. Gradually, however, he began to take an interest in the neighbouring Indians, and then the idea of evangelising them deeply influenced him, and he began to learn their language.

On 28th October, 1646, fifteen years after he had arrived in the colony, he made his first great appeal to them. He went to Nonantum, and entering the wigwam of one of the sachems, preached a sermon from Ezekiel xxxvii. 9, 10.

The success of the sermon was most unlooked for. By a strange coincidence, the name of the chief who owned the wigwam was Waban, which means "the wind"! And the text from that majestic vision of the valley of the dry bones struck home, for the Indians heard it, "Prophesy unto Waban, prophesy, son of man, and say to Waban." The personal application, unsought it would seem by Eliot, was unmistakable, and Waban became the first convert.

This first sermon was preached in English, and translated to the audience, but on the next occasion Eliot had fuller confidence in his powers, and gave his address in the Indian tongue. It was, indeed, necessary for him to do so, as his first hearers had gone away with the idea that to pray successfully to the white man's God the prayer must be in the white man's language. This second preaching took place on November 11th. The Indians listened gravely to all that Eliot had to say, and the children, kept quiet by gifts of apples and cake, had a few words addressed to them. There were several converts, and at the fourth meeting, on the 9th of December, these brought their children for Eliot to educate. A school was started, wigwams were built, and a separate settlement of so-called "Praying Indians" was formed.

Five years afterwards the ever increasing colony of Praying Indians removed from Nonantum to Natick, on the Charles River. Natick was laid out in three streets, two on one side of the stream and one on the other, and it is told with pride how the Indians for the first time set to mechanical work and built the bridge across. The town was regularly measured off into lots, apple-trees were planted, a circular block-house was built—the lower part of which served for a

church—and the community, divided into hundreds and tithings, started with every prospect of success.

Eliot continued indefatigable in his efforts for the welfare of his converts, and commenced translating the Bible into the dialect of Mohican spoken by them. In 1661 he published the New Testament, whose strange title reads :

"Wusku Wuttestamentum  
Nul—Lordumuu Jesus Christ  
Nuppoquhussuaenunum."

In 1663 the Old Testament was issued, and bound up with it were the Catechism and the Psalms of David in Indian metre. The book, now one of the rarest in the world, was dedicated to Charles II., "such a work and fruit of a plantation as was never before presented to a king."

One of the pressmen, James Printer, was an Indian by birth. It was the first Bible ever printed on the continent of America. A century elapsed before another Bible was printed there, and that, an English one, bore a London imprint to avoid the copyright penalty! Eliot is said to have written the translation throughout with only one pen! The edition was not a large one; a second edition followed, and then the types were distributed, never to be used again. There were no Indians left to read it; the language had become extinct.

Little did Eliot imagine that by the disappearance of the redskins his labours would bear so little fruit. No sooner had he issued the Bible than he translated into the same tongue Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted"; then there followed Lewis Bayly's "Practice of Piety," a wonderfully successful book that in England had run through over seventy editions; and then came Shepard's "Sound Believer," and the "Sincere Convert," and an Indian Primer and Grammar.

Notwithstanding this missionary work, he never neglected his congregation at Roxbury, but continued his ministry to the satisfaction of all. Many are the anecdotes told of the good pastor's fervency and charity. One, quite famous in its day, tells how when the treasurer gave him his quarterly stipend and tied it up with many knots in a handkerchief to prevent his giving it all away before he got home, Eliot on his road calling in to pray to a poor sick family, was so much touched at their poverty that he pulled out the handkerchief to find some money to offer them, and after trying in vain to untie the treasurer's knots, handed it over to the woman with, "Here, my dear, take the lot. I believe the Lord designed it all for you!"

And many are the stories of his Indian converts. One of the most affecting tells how when the first Christian baby died the father came to learn the English mode of burial, and how, rejecting his own customs, he got some boards and made a little coffin, and then when he thought no white man was watching he took and buried it, while some forty of his companions came and looked into the tiny grave, and then moved off to a short distance and prayed and wept.

There is something strangely pathetic in the figurative language in which the sermons were couched, and the questions of the converts asked and answered. Nothing, for instance, could well be more picturesque than Wannalancet's "You have been pleased in your abundant goodness, for four years past, to exhort me and my people, with much persuasion, to pray to God. I acknowledge that I have been used all my life to pass up and down in an old canoe; and now you wish me to make a change, to leave my old canoe and embark in a new one, to which I have been unwilling. But now I give myself up to your advice, enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter."

Or Eliot's answer, that "while he went in his old canoe, though the stream was quiet, the end would be destruction; but that now he had embarked in the new canoe, though he should meet storms and rough passages, yet he must take courage and persevere, for the end would be everlasting rest."

For a time all promised well. Of Praying Indians there were seven old towns, seven new towns, and two churches, when in 1675 came the war with Philip, and the work was checked. The Natick people were removed to Deer Island, the colonists refused to discriminate between Indians converted or unconverted, and a most unreasoning persecution began, which ended in the complete dispersal of the frontier tribes.

When the old man died, in his eighty-fifth year, he had seen the failure of his hopes. He had done his best to mediate, but all was in vain. His parting oft-quoted words were, "Welcome joy," but just before he breathed his last he was heard to whisper,

"Alas for human nature! I have lost everything; my understanding leaves me; my memory fails me; my utterance fails me; but my charity holds out still. All fails, but thou growest and endurest for ever!"

## CRICKET AVERAGES.

How do you count a "not out" in the average? is a question that would seem to occasion some difficulty to our younger readers, although nothing can be simpler than the method of calculation. To find a batsman's average you add together the runs he obtains and divide by the number of innings he completes.

Thus Mr. Jones makes in matches through the season, as shown by the score book, 10, 0, 3 not out, 6, 5 not out, 2 not out, and 51. Now  $10+0+3+6+5+2+51=77$ , and dividing this by the number of completed innings, 4, we find his average to have been 19 and one over. The only difference that exists in the method of calculation is in respect of this overplus, some compilers reading it as a remainder, while others reduce it to decimals, so that one school would give Jones's average as 19.1, while the other would chronicle it as 19.25.

In order that there may be no mistake about the matter, let us take a few more examples. Say Mr. Brown has 9, 14, 16 not out, 104, 0 not out, 0 not out, and 1. Then  $9+14+16+104+0+0+1=144$ , and  $144 \div 3 = 48$ . Take Mr. Smith with 39, 21, 10, 15, and 50, and no not outs, here  $39+21+10+15+50=135$ , and  $135 \div 5 = 27$ . Take the particularly fortunate Mr. Robinson, who, going in last, managed to carry out his bat on each occasion, his score standing 1 not out, 3 not out, 0 not out, 10 not out, 14 not out, and 0 not out; then  $1+3+0+10+14+0=28$ , and  $28 \div 0$ , the number of his completed innings, = 28, or a better average than Smith, who, going in first, took the edge off the bowling and made some really respectable scores. Such, however, is the fortune of cricket, and the last man in, as far as the averages go, gets the best of it.

In comparing one team with another the average is got either by stopping off the units of the gross score or by dividing the gross score by 11. In the first method it is assumed that ten wickets have fallen, and produced so many runs, including the uncompleted innings of the not-out man; in the other, that the team trying their best could not get together more than that number of runs. Thus if a team were to total 341, and the not-out man were to make 49 of them, some of our cricket statisticians would include the 49, and yet average the eleven at  $341 \div 10$ , or, what is the same thing, 34.1, while others would take it as  $341 \div 11$ , or 32.9. Strictly speaking, the extras should be deducted in such cases, as they are only the measure of your opponents' incompetency, but this is very rarely done. It must, however, be admitted that as these team aver-

ages are only used for hasty and generally futile generalisations, and are all in the same review obtained on the same principle, the systems never clash, and their value for comparative purposes is unimpaired.

To find the average per season, the totals are added together, and divided by the number of innings. Thus if in three matches a club make 41 in the first innings, and 94 in the second innings of the first match, 110 in the first, and 40 in the second of the second match, and 150 in the first innings of the third, and win thereby, the average innings is got from  $41 + 94 + 110 + 40 + 150 = 435 \div 5 = 87$ , and the average runs per match from  $41 + 94 + 110 + 40 + 150 = 435 \div 3 = 145$ .

Fortunately, as in the preceding case, this is only fancy averaging, otherwise the absurdity of counting a single-innings win as if it were a match with a cipher gross total would soon be abandoned, and the truer method of taking the

average of the individual averages and multiplying by 11 would be adopted. Thus if a club play fourteen of its members and their averages are added together, say  $9 + 10 + 5 + 13 + 12 + 3 + 2 + 20 + 7 + 18 + 15 + 6 + 19 + 1 = 140$ , then  $140 \div 14 = 10$ , the average of the individuals, and this  $10 \times 11 = 110$ , which is the average innings of the team.

Bowling averages are equally easy of calculation. The number of runs made off the bowler is divided by the number of wickets he has taken. Thus the runs off Black's bowling were during the season say 168, and the number of wickets taken by him was 14, then the average will be worked out at  $168 \div 14 = 12$  runs per wicket; had only 84 runs been made off his bowling the record would have been  $84 \div 14 = 6$  runs per wicket.

It matters not if the wickets be taken by bowling or catching or stumping; so long as the bowler has the credit of assisting in the striker's

downfall, so long does he get the benefit of the wicket in his average.

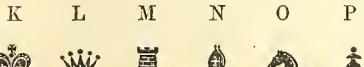
In all cases the average should be obtained from the score-sheet, and this score-sheet should be completed at the close of the match, and no questions as to its accuracy be entertained at any subsequent period. In all averages it is assumed that the score is correct. The knowing how to score, however, does not necessarily imply the knowing how to find the average.

In our notes on the scoring-sheet in the elaborately illustrated cricket articles in our second volume, beginning in July, 1880, we went thoroughly into the matter of how the extras should be registered, and the reasons why some tell against the bowler and others do not. To those articles we would refer such of our readers as desire to pursue the subject further, for we have here said enough as to the methods in vogue in this country and the colonies in the extraction of the mysterious "averages."

## CHESS.

(Continued from page 463, Vol. VI.)

### THE UNIVERSAL NOTATION.

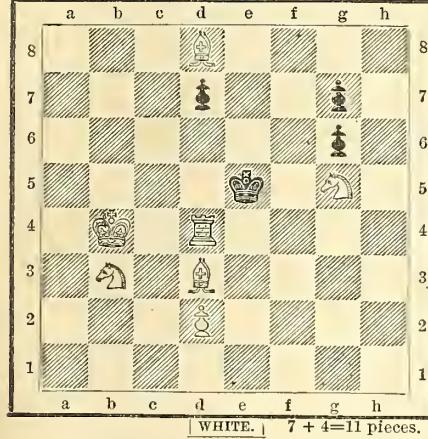


### THE ENGLISH NOTATION.

#### Problem No. 77.

By F. MÖLLER.

[BLACK.]



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

### SOLUTIONS.

(Continued from page 528, Vol. V.)

PROBLEM No. 74, page 647.—1, R-Kt 4, K  $\times$  R (or *a* and *b*). 2, R-Kt 5 (ch.), K —. 3, B mates accordingly at Q 2, Q 8, Q B 3 or Q B 7.—(*a*) K-B 4. 2, B-K B 3 (dis. ch.), K-Q 3. 3, B-B 7 mate.—(*b*) P-Q 7. 2, B-Q B 7 (ch.), K-B 4. 3, B-B 3 dis. mate.

PROBLEM No. 75, page 766.—1, Kt-Q 2, K  $\times$  R (or *a*, *b*, *c*). 2, B-B 6, mate.—(*a*) K-Q 3. 2, Kt-B 4 mate.—(*b*) Kt-B 3. 2, R  $\times$  P mate.—(*c*) P-Q 3. 2, Kt-B 3 mate.

No. 76, page 443, Vol. VI.—Position No. 1. —1, Q-Q 7 (ch.), K-B 8. 2, Q-Kt 5, P-B 7. 3, K-K 5, K-Q 7. 4, Q-Kt 2, K-Q 8. 5, Q-Q 4.

(ch.), K-K 7. 6, Q-B 3, K-Q 8. 7, Q-Q 3 (ch.), K-B 8. 8, K-Q 4, K-Kt 7. 9, Q-Q B 3 (ch.), K-Kt 8. 10, Q-Q Kt 3 (ch.), K-R 8, and White can only draw, for if the K approaches, then Black makes a Q, and if White plays 11, Q takes P, then Black is stalemated.—There are only four more squares, on which the white K can stand, to enable Black to draw, namely, on K 7, Q 6, 7, or 8; for with the K on K Kt 6, White would play 1, Q-Q 8 (ch.), K-B 8. 2, Q-Kt 5 (ch.), and win. With the K on K Kt 5, White would play 1, K-B 4, P-B 7. 2, Q-K 3 (ch.), K-Q 8. 3, Q-Q Kt 3, K-Q 7. 4, Q-Kt 2, K-Q 8. 5, K-B 3, K-Q 7. 6, K-K 4, K-Q 8. 7, K-Q 3, P-B 8, Q. 8, Q-K 2 mate.

POSITION No. 2.—1, Q-Kt 7 (ch.), K-B 8. 2, Q-Kt 3, P-B 7, and the best moves to follow are those just mentioned under No. 1.—With the K on K Kt 8, White would pin the P by 1, Q-K R 8, and win, thus: K-Kt 6 (or *a*). 2, K-B 7, P-B 7. 3, Q-Q R. sq., etc.—(*a*) K-B 7. 2, K-B 7, K-Q 7. 3, Q-Q 4 (ch.), K-B 7. 4, K-K 6, etc.

POSITION No. 3.—1, Q-Kt sq., P-B 7. 2, Q-Kt 2, K-Q 8, as before.

POSITION No. 4.—1, K-Kt 5, P-B 7. 2, K-Kt 4, P-B 8, Q, and Black draws.

POSITION No. 5.—White cannot do any better than in No. 1.

POSITION No. 6.—1, Q-R 2, P-B 7. 2, K-B 6, K-Q 8, and draws.—With the K on Kt 6 he wins thus: 1, K-B 5, P-B 7. 2, Q-R 2, K-Q 8. 3, K-K 4, K-Q 7. 4, K-Q 4, K-Q 8. 5, K-K 3 (see note *a*), P-B 8, Q (ch.). 6, K-Q 3, Q-B 6 (ch.). 7, K  $\times$  Q, and mate in two more moves. If 6, Q-R 6 (ch.), then 7, Q  $\times$  Q, and mates also in two more moves.—(*a*) Not 5, K-Q 3, for Black would make a Kt, win the Q, and draw.

POSITION No. 7.—Either 1, K-K 5, or Q-R 6 (ch.) or Q-Kt 7, but White cannot win; if, however, 1, Q-R sq. (ch.), K-Kt 7. 2, Q-Kt 7 (ch.), K-B 8, then 3, K-K 5, and wins.

POSITION No. 8.—1, Q-Q 4, P-B 7. 2, Q-R sq. (ch.), K-Q 7. 3, Q-Kt 2, K-Q 8. 4, K-Kt 2, P-B 8, Q, and the white K is one square too far away for winning. White wins with 1, Q-Kt 5.

POSITION No. 9.—1, K-Q 4, P-B 7. 2, Q-Q 3 (ch.), K-Kt 8. 3, Q-Q 3, K-R 8. 4, Q-B sq. (ch.), K-Kt 7. 5, Q-K 2, K-R 8, etc. (if the K had moved to Kt 8, White would have won by 6, K-B 3, P queens (ch.). 7, K-Kt 3, and White mates in three more moves).

There are other positions in which the Q can only draw against a P on B 6, but the above are all the essential ones and explain one of the elementary principles, which hitherto had remained unnoticed.

### OUR OPEN COLUMN.

#### WORDS OF CHEER FROM NEW ZEALAND.

The Rev. FRANCIS A. HARE writes from Christ's College, Christchurch, New Zealand: "I think I shall only express the feelings of every one who, like myself, is engaged in school-work, if I tender you my heartfelt thanks for the work you are doing in the BOY'S OWN PAPER."

#### "MONS MEG."

Referring to the drawing which we gave some time ago of this well-known Edinburgh gun, a correspondent writes: "I recognise at once the drawing of the cannon 'Mons Meg,' and was curious to see if the old romance as to its construction still survived, and I found it did. And no wonder. I suspect the Castle guides still sell a note-book with the old story, which Sir Walter Scott believed, of the gun being made by a Galloway blacksmith, and named after his wife Margaret, 'Big Meg.' It is thirty years since my late friend, Mr. Joseph Robertson, LL.D., of the Scottish Register House (a great antiquarian), utterly exploded that story. He found in the Register Office the whole accounts regarding that large gun. In particular he found an account of the expenses connected with the sending of it from Edinburgh to the siege of Threave Castle and back again. In its outward journey it went by Linlithgow, where it broke down a portion of the town gateway, for which a sum (I forget the amount) had to be paid. The gun balls I have no doubt were made in Galloway, as they seem of the granite of the district. The gun was, no doubt, made in the town of Mons."

#### WAYS OF WORKING.

A Dumfries correspondent writes: "It will be no thing new for you to be told what a good paper the B.O.P. is. I have read it from the first. The Sunday-school I attend is a poor one, and as we have no library, I thought I would give the boys in our class the B.O.P. So I stitch four in a cover, and they change them every week. Now the girls read them too, and we all enjoy and benefit by them."

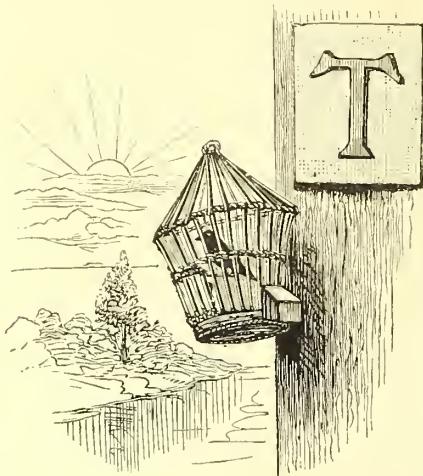
#### Another correspondent writes:—

"Seeing a large bundle of odd numbers of the B.O.P. on a bookstall in Bristol, I bought the lot, and got on board a rather lubberly dinghy lent me by an old skipper, and cruised about the harbour among the shipping. You ought to have seen how glad the young sailors and steam-ferry boys are to get these old papers. I am far too deaf to hear the remarks of the boys, but I notice they always pick out those charming sea views and water-side sketches for special notice. I think those of your readers who live in seaport towns or on a canal-side have it in their power to do much good in a quiet way, while still enjoying the fascinating pursuit of rowing and sailing, by sowing the good seed of pure literature—of a healthy, manly tone—among our boys, no matter how humble their calling may be. 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones,' said our Master, who had such tender pity for the poor."

#### Summer Number.

\* \* \* Don't forget at once to order the SPECIAL SUMMER NUMBER, now nearly ready, price 6d., of all booksellers. This SUMMER NUMBER cannot be reprinted, and it will not be included in the bound volume.

## Correspondence.



E. SAXBY (Edinburgh) is in grief because two turtle-doves he has "always fight when together," and are "miserable apart." They must be Irish. If a big cage and plenty to eat do not serve to mend matters, let them part to meet again never more.

DICK HARDEN.—Leave the linnet to bring the bird up in her own way.

JOCK has a blackbird that he feeds with "whatever is on the table." The blackbird has lost all its head and neck feathers, and "looks queer." No wonder, Jock. A blackbird must have a bath when he wants it, a big cage, and, if possible, exercise out of the cage. Give him bread and milk, "fig-dust" and milk, and also lean raw meat scraped, grocer's currants, a morsel of fig, and garden insects, grubs and worms, plenty of water, and gravel. All bird-loving boys should note this answer.

W. A. L. H. has a parrot and a hawk, and wants to know what to feed them both on. Well, the hawk would gladly feed on Polly, which would be a pity. Give him dead mice, or rats, or birds now and then, but let his principal food be butcher's scraps (*not lights, though*), and heads and garbage from poulters. Feed from hand. Do not give Polly so much hemp or Indian corn, but bread sop with milk, nuts, biscuit, and seeds that other birds eat. No bones or meat.

MAZEPPE has the rat fever. We answer his questions *in extenso*. 1. Put wood shavings or nice dry hay in bottom of cage, and change frequently. 2. No necessity for whitewashing the cage inside, just keep it clean and dry. 3. The "best diet for rats"? They will eat almost anything, from a twopenny loaf to a farthing dip. Give bread-and-milk and dry bread, bits of biscuit, seeds, a little green food, apples, etc.

E. G. B. is possessed of a tabby cat that is "very knowing," and "knocks respectfully at the door when she wants to come in." But for all that, this tabby cat is losing its fur off the ears. Get a little Sanitas ointment, mix with a teaspoonful or two of sulphur, and anoint with that. Give more milk and less meat.

R. H. suffers from chilblains, so do many more boys. He must wear warm clothing, take plenty of exercise, never put his hands or feet near the fire, take from five to ten drops of tincture of iron thrice a day, and rub the chilblains, when not broken, with a mixture of equal parts of soap liniment, camphor liniment, and laudanum.

FIGARO.—The feeding of your fowls seems correct enough. But try ordinary oats and cheap rice, and give a few handfuls of hemp-seed now and then. Keep them in a dry place. We suspect that damp alone is the cause of the illness among them.

"EX ADE CHRISTI."—We have looked into the matter, but fear the suggestion is hardly practicable.

F. LUCRETIUS.—1. The stone of the Australian cherry is on one side of the fruit. It does not completely surround it like the shell of a nut. 2. The colours of the spectrum all shade off one into the other—the green is between the yellow and the blue, the violet between the blue and the red, the orange between the red and the yellow. No man can say where one leaves off and the other begins. 3. For the Northwest Passages, and all about them, read "Thrones of the Ice King" in our fifth volume.

E. A.—We are much obliged to you for sending us from Australia the particulars of your invention for propelling balloons; but, alas! the idea of generating gas under pressure, and using it directly in a jet, and indirectly in an engine, has been tried before. The fireworks notion is too crude. What size rocket do you think you would require to drive a balloon against a breeze for a dozen miles or so?

## FISHING FOR THE MONTH.

JUNE.

ON the 16th day of the leafy month of June the season for coarse fish opens—i.e., fish other than the Salmonidae—and it is that date which most of our readers will consider to be the beginning of their season, inasmuch as trout and salmon are beyond the reach of the majority. For boys this date is particularly opportune, as, though the fish in some cases are ready for capture and in good condition somewhat earlier, most of them are in primest order if anything rather later—at any rate, during the Midsummer holidays they are likely to give the best sport of any period in the whole year. The Fresh-water Fisheries Act was probably framed rather to suit the spawning-time of the fishes than to chime with the holidays of boys; but, anyhow, the date falls capitally in the right spot of the calendar, and the reader ought not to neglect the sport thus afforded him. Previous, however, to starting for the river-side there ought to be a few days' preparation of tackle and baits; and the perusal of some practical work on fishing, if only to rub up one's recollections of the various dodges resorted to by the "senior (wrangler)" will not be amiss. Those who possess the "Boy's Own Annual" will find in Vol. IV. terse and succinct hints on the subject, embracing all the tyro is likely to want to know, and if these be read side by side with those we are about to give month by month, there will be no doubt but the pescator in embryo will presently blossom forth into an angler capable of catching any fish that swims.

The month of June generally presents us with brilliant sunshiny days, and evenings and nights of calm beauty, which to the angler bring sport and peaceful content in proportion to his appreciation of the bountifulness and pleasure with which each scene teems to overflowing. Probably—certainly, if he be wise—he will seek to lure some of the lesser inhabitants of the stream before he tries his yet unused hand on the larger, such as pike, barbel, or chub. Though it is by no means absolutely necessary that he should begin with roach, rudd, and dace, yet these fish will be found probably more accessible than others at this season, and a few words referring to preparations for their capture may be therefore said.

The rod is of course your first consideration. Now it is very pleasant to be able to buy one, spending four to ten shillings on it; but when it is borne in mind that such a rod, however beautifully finished and pretty to look at, does not infuse the biting of the fish—the skill of the user does that—and that the money might be better laid out in purchasing other parts of your tackle which you cannot make yourself, such as gut, silk lines, hooks, etc., I think you will agree that if it be possible to make the rod yourself it is better to do so. Besides this, the making of your appliances is helpful to you in every way. It produces reliance in your tackle, and specially in your own resources. The writer has more than once cut a stick, and fashioned an impromptu rod and line, and caught a fish—ay, and cooked and eaten it, too—when far from any habitation.

Do you want to know my way of cooking without pot or pan? This is it, told me by an old American hunter and splendid angler. *Catch your fish first*. Suppose it is a trout; having built your fire, roll your trout up in a newspaper, screwing it up tightly; dip it thus in the stream till the paper is saturated, lay it then in the embers, and cover it over. When the paper is charred through the fish is done, and if you are hungry—hunger is a good sauce—it will be found one of the most delicious "snacks" you ever tasted.

To return to the roach-rod, however. Go into the nut copse and cut a stick, as thin towards the upper part as you like; let it be not less than ten feet long. Properly speaking, it ought to be cut early in the year, before the sap has ascended, but the matter is not of great consequence. Having stripped it of leaves, etc., bring it home, and if it is not quite straight hang it up by the tip in some dry situation, say from the ceiling of a barn, with a weight suspended from the lower end. It should remain like this for, say, a fortnight, or until the crookedness is taken out of it, and the bark has become hard. Then take it down and examine the top of it. If this is too sappy or thin, and consequently weak, you must make another. Nothing for this beats a piece of whalebone, but it may so happen that there is no old whalebone-ribbed umbrella available, and so you must seek something else. This will be found in the top of an ash-plant. Don't use an ash stick growing out of an old ash stock, but endeavour to get the top of one which has seeded itself and is growing up into a tree, it being much more tough. Dry this in some warm corner, and don't take the bark off. When the two rods are dry enough, cut off just so much of the nut-stick as seems advisable, and then cut off a corresponding length of your ash-plant. Do not let the ash be longer than the piece of nut cut off, because it is a heavier wood, and if the top be disproportionate you will find the rod will be top-heavy, and this is a most unpleasant fault in any weapon. The next thing to do is to join the pieces. With your knife cut each end slantwise, and take care that this slant be not less than three inches in length, both on the rod and on the ash-top. Take a piece of sandpaper or a rasp, and rasp the segments evenly, so that when they are fitted there is perfect trueness in both surfaces. The slant surfaces should then be made to *belly* slightly, so that the small ends, when bound together, by their spring or resistance may render the joint additionally secure. A strip of quill may be softened in warm water and bound over the ends of the joint; this gives still further security.

The binding, or, as it is technically termed, whip-

ping, is done with silk, and this should be waxed—with cobbler's wax. After it is done a varnish of shellac dissolved in methylated spirit is painted on; it soon dries, and another coat will finish off the job. If this top be put on properly, you have now a rod of ten feet of good taper from butt to joint. If you choose you can smooth the rest of it with sandpaper, and varnish it over with the varnish aforesaid, or with coachmaker's varnish—this latter is the best, but far more expensive than the other. A ring of copper or brass wire is now fixed on the top of the rod, and this should be of the shape shown in our previous articles. It is easily made by twisting a piece of wire round a slate or cedar pencil, and must be whipped on with silk. Other rings are desirable at regular intervals throughout the rod, which must increase in size as their position approaches the butt; at that point the ring should not be less than will admit the passage of a sixpence.

This, therefore, is a home-spun rod for roach, rudd, and dace fishing; and, indeed, it will last a long time for other fish if used with care. The reel is, of course, best bought. You can get one from any tackle-maker for a trifle, but one can improvise even this article from a tailor's twist reel, supposing a little ingenuity to exist in the angler. The line should be silk twist, and this is very low-priced. Mr. Martin, of 4, Northern Buildings, Lovers' Lane, Newark-on-Trent, makes a speciality of such things, and will completely fit you out with every requisite for bottom-fishing for 12s. 6d.—rod, reel, line, floats and all, if you can spare the money; in any case, you can get your lines, etc., as cheap and good from him as from any one. Where expense is the great object, a horse-hair bottom line is a good substitute for gut; but when you can buy from Mr. Eooth, of 13, Chariot Street, Hull, gut bottom-lines from 1s. 3d. per dozen ready made, it is not a saving to employ hair, because, until you get used to being very careful in striking the fish, a great many will break your line and get away, it not being strong enough. The best hooks are the "Crystal" hooks; and if you have duly noted what has been said in Vol. IV. about binding them on the gut, this part of the operation of getting ready is easy. There is a very convenient hook now made with an eye like a needle somewhat, which obviates the binding. Any tackle-maker will order you a hundred. For your roach, etc., outfit you will require also split shot and a float. This latter is easily made from a swan or goose quill, and thus the cost of your outfit may be estimated in this way:—

Wood for rod (Will cost a little time and patience)	
Binding silk	1d.
Wax	old.
Varnish	about 6d.
Wire for rings	6d.
Reel	1s. 3d.
Line (20 yards)	9d.
Gut (1 doz. yds.)	1s. 3d.
Hooks (1 doz.)	1s. 0d.
Total ..	5s. 4½d.

The varnish will last for the entire season, so will the gut with care, and the hooks will be sufficient for months. The line will endure for years if it is carefully dried after using; and thus you have a quite sufficient rig-out for a trifle over 5s.

Now comes the subject of baits. Provide yourself with your own gentles in this way: Hang up some flock's liver in a sheltered spot, where the blow-flies can get at it. When it is thoroughly "blown," place it in a tin or other receptacle, and sprinkle a little bran down by the side of it. The gentles will speedily come to life, and grow; and when they are full-grown you must remove them, and place them to scour or cleanse themselves in some bran or fine sand. They will become of an ivy whiteness, and are much relished by the fish—in fact, they are the bait for roach and his cousin the rudd. Caddis, which are worms—or rather the larva of fly—inhabiting cases like bits of stick, are also capital bait: worms from a rotten manure heap are also good baits. Of worms you will see more anon, for they require special treatment. You can begin roach and dace fishing with what information you have gathered from the above; and in next month's DOINGS I will tell you some little secrets of how the fish are most effectually enticed.

J. H. K.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SIXTH SERIES.)

## Horn, Bone, and Shell Polishing.

IT will be remembered that, in connection with this subject, we offered Three Prizes, of Two Guineas, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea respectively, for the best specimen of work in the several classes that might reach us. The full details of the competition will be found on page 119.

Our Award is as follows:—

SENIOR DIVISION (ages 18 to 24).

Prizes—One Guinea each.

JAMES B. OLD (aged 19), Handsworth, Birmingham. G. W. FROST (aged 18), 1, The Park, Lincoln.

Extra Prize—Fifteen Shillings.

GEORGE E. SNELL (aged 20), Stainsby-by-Heath, Chesterfield.

Certificates.

GEORGE FISHER, 45, South Parade, Aubaly Road, Hull.

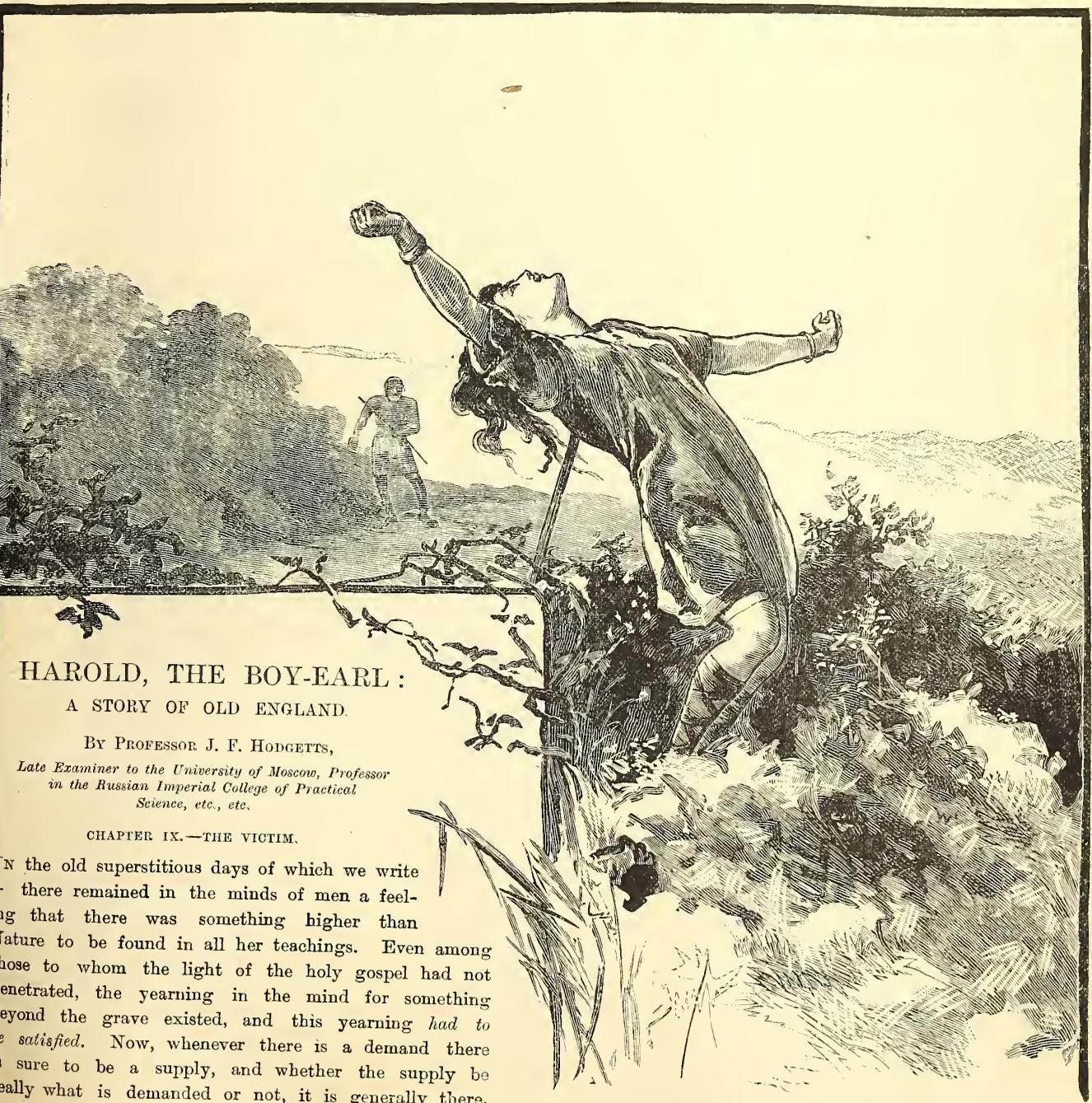
FREDERICK HONOR, 171, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, E.

# THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 284.—Vol. VI.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1884.

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## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

*Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor  
in the Russian Imperial College of Practical  
Science, etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER IX.—THE VICTIM.

IN the old superstitious days of which we write there remained in the minds of men a feeling that there was something higher than Nature to be found in all her teachings. Even among those to whom the light of the holy gospel had not penetrated, the yearning in the mind for something beyond the grave existed, and this yearning had to be satisfied. Now, whenever there is a demand there is sure to be a supply, and whether the supply be really what is demanded or not, it is generally there.

"The missile flew and pierced the fugitive."

The demand for satisfaction on points relating to the world of spirits was met in the dark ages just before, and for some time after, the revelation of Christian truth by a confused mixture of dim traditions referring to far back times (when the world of the soul was not quite unknown to the world of the body), and mere deceptions practised by the unscrupulous upon the credulous. Thus, in the early ages of man upon the globe, in prehistoric times, he knew and loved his Maker, he knew that the bright forms of Nature all around were only manifestations of God's power. But when man became evil and turned away from God two curious things took place. The memory of the truth of one great God could not be utterly destroyed, and lurked concealed in all the subsequent forms of mythology. On the other hand, however, the numerous qualities which were known to exist in the Divine Being came to be regarded as separate gods, and eventually all the manifestations of His power were worshipped as separate deities. Thus the thunder, the wind, the forest, the ocean, the river, the spring or well, were all more or less worshipped. Taking advantage of this, there were not wanting priests and priestesses of the faith, and because the stocks and stones and waters could not answer prayer, all kinds of juggling were resorted to in order to give the superstitious such answers as they sought.

We have spoken of the trick played by the vala on Edelgitha, the noble wife of grim Earl Rolf, when she caused one of her maidens to dress (at least, partially) like young Harold. Her image was reflected from a mirror of steel concealed in a niche in the side of a well, and thrown on another steel mirror made to represent the surface of the water. This trick appears to have been common to all nations of antiquity. The Saracens used it, so did the Romans, and from them the Britons obtained it. The English do not seem to have practised it before they came to England, but there seem to be records of faces seen in wells by magic art evidently produced in the way we have seen our friend the vala act. Myrdhyn, the British sorcerer, was an adept at all kinds of deception, and freely made use of any kind of superstition, creed, or tradition that could be made to bring him in the means of subsistence, and, being greatly patronised by Llewellyn, he was much sought after by the whole of that country side. He was acquainted with the curious traditions of the Christian fathers which had sprung up into a sort of Christian mythology side by side with the true faith. Into this debased Christianity he wove traditions handed down to him from the race of Druids from which he claimed to be descended, and added stories from the Roman mythology with which Britain had been made acquainted by her former lords. Of late, too, some of the wild and wonderful tales of the Northern or Scandinavian mythology had crept into the wonderful jumble of creeds and stories which filled the wizard's brain. And knowing that Llewellyn was about to seek his den, he determined to play off upon him a modification of the same sort of trick as that resorted to by Thorgerd Herdabrud. He determined to prevent him if possible from continuing the war against Powis, and to direct him against the English. For this purpose he conceived it would be well to alarm him on the score of the English boys, and present to his view the image of Harold in a

dark opening in his cavern into which light was to be suddenly thrown revealing Harold in a threatening attitude, while by his own remarkable powers as a ventriloquist, voices from different parts of the cavern were to utter mysterious prophecies.

As at the present day, when a boy's part has to be played in burlesque or pantomime, so in these early ages, girls were often used to perform such service, although in the later theatrical performances boys alone were allowed to appear even in female characters. The reason why girls were occasionally employed at the period under notice to represent boys and young men, is that they were more tractable and fell more readily into the part assigned them than boys did, and also that boys were chiefly employed in military exercises or in acquiring fresh strength and vigour by athletic feats. Among the Britons, too, manhood was supposed to commence much earlier than among the English, and what were really mere boys were often admitted to the honour of bearing arms.

We have seen a young girl exciting Myrdhyn's anger by offering him refreshments. This girl was now standing before him at the entrance to the cave, urgently beseeching him with upraised hands.

"Pray do not force me to use that hated dress. I will do all I can to serve thee, but spare me that disgrace. I never hesitated yet to do thy bidding, Myrdhyn, but spare, oh spare me this! Upon my knees I beg thee! It is shame to use the garments of a boy. Dress me to seem an English girl, and I will do my very best to act the part, but not a boy, good Myrdhyn, not a boy!"

The answer was a blow from a switch which he held in his hand and a call for Urgan. The urchin quickly came upon his master's summons.

"Urgan, go and call Veronica, and say I need her presence instantly." The boy disappeared in a moment, but soon returned, bringing with him a strange specimen of humankind. A woman by her dress and general appearance, but taller even than the usual race of English, and quite a giantess among the smaller Britons. Huge of limb and cruel of aspect, her elfish locks had once been black, but were now so plentifully mixed with white as to have assumed a raven-grey hue. She had lost all her teeth save two projecting tusks that protruded from her mouth in a most hideous way. She was clad in a long loose gown or tunic, without sleeves, and, in fact, without fashion, being just bound round the waist by a belt or girdle of leather. The colour of her tunic was black, which added greatly to the unprepossessing appearance of the whole woman.

"Take this girl," said Myrdhyn, "and flog her soundly in thine own skilled way"—the poor girl writhed—"then dress her in the guise of those same English boys that we have seen as prisoners in King Llewellyn's house. If she does not consent to play her part within the mystic chamber, as I taught her, then try thy best at torture, but I will be obeyed. Be gone!"

In vain the girl flung herself at the feet of the wizard and implored mercy. She was dragged off by the hair and forced to assume the hated garb. Still, her mind recoiled from exhibiting herself in this dress before the king and perhaps before his attendants, and, worse than all, to

deceive him from whom all their comforts were derived. Her plan was suddenly matured. She promised Veronica implicit obedience in all things, and looked so touching in her boyish dress that the old harridan chuckled to herself as she said. "There is only one way to tame dogs and girls; this girl will do all we wish. I must go and tell the 'master' of this victory."

So she left the girl alone and sought the wizard at the mouth of the cavern, where he and she and Urgan carefully arranged their "programme" for the bewilderment of the king.

Meanwhile the boy-clad maiden fled, and was at first not missed by these conspirators.

Llewellyn left the villa after his parting with Octavia. He took his javelin and spear and strode on foot the nearest way towards the Druid glen. Just as he left the grounds he met his henchman, Evan, who told him Myrdhyn would expect the king and fain would give him counsel.

"Hie thee home, Evan," said Llewellyn then, "and watch well yon pagan boys. I fear their love of boundless liberty will bring some sad disaster. I alone will seek the wizard's cave."

The henchman bowed and hurried to the villa, while King Llewellyn strode towards the glen. Arrived at near the centre of the pass, he thought he heard a rustle in the boughs. "Another wolf!" he cried, "and this time without dogs to aid my arms. Still, I will risk it. Never shall men say that King Llewellyn turned his back in fear. Thus saying, with a bound he sprang right full into the thicket. Farther still he made his way by cutting down the branches with his Roman sword. Thus he came to a comparatively open glade. Just as he emerged from the last thicket he espied a slight form dressed like Harold striving to part the bushes at the other side. Enraged at the disobedience of the boy in leaving thus the guardianship of those to whom he was entrusted, Llewellyn launched his javelin. Too sure his aim. The missile flew and pierced the fugitive, who fell at once to earth. At first the impulse was to run across the open space and then withdraw the weapon. But a sudden reverse of feeling made it impossible for him to behold the boy. He turned and then retraced his steps into the usual path. "Accursed fate!" he muttered to himself, "that I should slay the stripling! Already war with Powis is enough to fill my mind with anxious boding cares, and now this death of Harold—that means war with Rolf—war to the death with England. Fool that I have been! rash and impetuous always! That's my British blood; the English are more tutored. How shall I stave off ruin?"

At length he gained the entrance to the cave and found the wizard seated on his couch where we have seen him rest. As the king entered on the scene the master left the couch and bowed in salutation. Perceiving by his heightened colour that the king was greatly in excitement, he said nothing, but motioned towards the cavern. They entered; neither spoke nor made the slightest sound. By the dim light of a cresset a fissure of the rock was shown in which a vast black curtain hung. The wizard motioned to the king to sit upon a sort of couch on which the skin of a huge wolf was spread. But scarcely was he seated when a piercing shriek was heard far in the deepest den invisible in gloom. The wizard started, and Llewellyn rose excited to his feet.

"What means that cry?" he said.

"My lord, I know no more than thou," exclaimed the seer; and then recovering his wonted calm, he added, with a smile, "It is no earthly business. But be pleased to mark the sight that shows itself there where thou seest the arras. First I will show thee how young Harold fares."

Llewellyn started.

"Sport not with me, Myrdhyn, or by the saints above us—"

Here an awful crash seemed to rend earth asunder. The black veil that hung before the fissure, torn in twain, revealed a sudden vision. Through a hole cut in the solid granite (an oval fissure four feet high by three feet at the broadest) there was revealed, as if seen from afar, standing upon the fragment of a rock, and lighted as by sunshine—the form of grim Earl Blue-tooth, fully armed for war, the eagle pinions on his gleaming helm, a lance poised in his hand directed at the king. A sudden clap of thunder shook the cave, and all was dark as pitch!

"What in the name of Heaven does this mean?" shrieked out Llewellyn, starting to his feet. But Myrdhyn made no answer. The dim lamp that through that pitchy darkness shed its ray showed no one in the cavern. In a rage Llewellyn drew his sword, when from the depths below there came a voice that cried in piteous tones,

"For Britain's sake beware! Advance not. If thou movest forward but a foot a living grave is thine, and Powis holds thy land. The fate is now accomplished as foretold.

The days of thy daughter are number'd and sped,  
And the hand of Llewellyn with blood is now red;  
But the Bulwark of Britain sleeps not with the dead,  
So the dangers still threaten that hang o'er thy head."

In a towering rage Llewellyn seized the boar-spear which he had retained in his hand after flinging his javelin at the flying figure in the glen, and rushed forward, holding the weapon by the centre of the shaft. And well for him he did so! For as he sprang he fell into a chasm whose depths he could not guess at. Wildly he struck out at the chasm's side with that well-tempered spear. Great was his joy to find it strike in earth, affording him a hold to break his fall if not to save his life. His grasp at once was shifted to near the iron head, which his tremendous blow had buried in the earth. Scarce was his fall thus stayed when dazzling light illumined all the cave. Down the pit's mouth it shone, and showed him where a shelf, a foot or two above his weapon's place, was cut within the rock. So by degrees he raised his stalwart frame and leaned upon the spear-shaft. Dexterity in warlike exercise taught him to seize the chance. From leaning on the horizontal staff, now every moment tending towards the depths, he came at last to standing. With his sword he made another footing as the boar-spear bent and threatened his destruction. But at last he gained that shelf we spoke of in the rock, and now had

time for breathing. Then a voice spoke from the cave above him. "Hold thine own until the car descends, then take thy seat in safety." At the words a sort of box was lowered by a chain, and when the box arrived at where Llewellyn stood breathless and chafing on the shelf of rock, it stopped for him to enter. It was lined with cloth of purple richly worked with golden threads and gems. The seat was like a throne. Despite his rage and

terror (for in truth the king for once was frightened) he could not but admire the royal state he saw. He stepped in fearlessly, and the car rose up. When it had reached the mouth of the deep pit he found the wizard senseless, lying on the ground. This sight disarmed his anger.

"What!" he cried. "What ho, there! Help! Myrdhyn lies dying! Help!"

Then on a sudden that strange boy was seen whom we have heard called Urgan. In his hand he bore a quaintly fashioned Roman cup of gold full of some draught of power. He placed it, without noticing the king, close to the wizard's lips. Slowly the seer revived, and his first care was then to ask whether the king were safe.

"Yes," Urgan said, "and well. He called me to thine aid."

"For that the saints be praised! But it was fearful work!"

"Now," said Llewellyn, "hear me. Had I not found thee lifeless on the ground my sword had spilled thy life's blood when I rose from that abyss down there! Now tell me, or it yet shall cost thee dear, the meaning of these riddles."

The wizard raised himself and leant upon his elbow, while a voice from a distant cavern answered thus:

"The riddle is already read,  
Llewyd the prince is not yet dead;  
Thy daughter's blood by thee is shed—  
The sacrifice in vain is sped;  
And dangers hang about thy head,  
Hear the advancing legions' tread!  
Think thou on England's power with dread,  
And Powis meet e'er time be fled!"

"By all the saints in heaven! for that last piece of advice I forgive thee all this folly, for I shrewdly suspect it is but a juggle. Yet why? How could he know that I slew Harold? It is clear he did not, for he intended to show me the lad in the magic mirror. Of course, he could not show him, being slain, and in his stead the grim Earl Rolf appeared! Of course, he could not know it. Myrdhyn, thy hand! Arise, my faithful friend! pardon my doubts. But I am very anxious. There is no time for more. Thou knowest by thine art already that I have slain the youngster. The father comes in arms; he threatens me; I meet him point to point. What is the pagan sword against our Christian arms? Ha! that's a watchword to inspire my troops! And if I slay but Powis on the field I'll win his legion by it. Quick, boy! descend yon chasm and bring my boar-spear hither!"

Like a flash Urgan had seized the cordage by which the car was lowered, and, leaping down the chasm, grasping the rope securely, had vanished in a moment. In short space he returned, bearing the boar-spear with him, the edges sadly blunted.

Snatching the weapon from the boy, Llewellyn left the cave, and, striding down the glen, was soon concealed from view.

"Now tell me, Urgan, what this folly means," exclaimed the wizard, starting up in wrath. "Send for Veronica! Where is the girl? Why standest thou thus idle? Answer my demands!"

"At once I cannot answer all," he said. "Veronica is waiting in the cave. Come hither, Dame Veronica, and tell the master what has really passed—that is, if thou *canst* tell. It passes me to guess what may have happened!"

Thus appealed to, the old hag approached, and, seemingly in fear, commenced her weird narration. "Thou canst never tell the trouble and the torment that it cost to make her wear the tunic!

At last she seemed contented, gave good words, and promised me obedience. Just before the time when yonder caitiff king was here expected I thought I heard thee call me. I came to do thy bidding, and found thou hadst not called me. I hurried back, but she was gone—vanished. I sought all round the chamber. There is no door but one—she must have fled the cavern just as I left the chamber."

"How?" cried the wizard; "left in boy's attire, dressed like an English noble?"

"Even so!"

"Then those wild words which I thought merely nonsense were full of fatal truth. He killed his youngest daughter instead of Blue-tooth's son!"

"Just as thou sayest is the very truth, and so I framed that doggerel without thought; but he will honour our mysterious sayings when he finds his daughter slaughtered and the boy unscathed. Well, when I found no Harold, nor any dress like his, I thought it would be better to clothe yon urchin there in arms like those of Blue-tooth. Quick I bound those eagle feathers on the helmet which I found last summer near the frontier. The rest was easy, and for his small size I set the scene for distance. Was it well?"

"I could not have done better had I tried, so great is woman's wit in time of sudden need! By all the gods of Britain, thou art one without thy mate for cheating! Well, for this I must reward thee royally. That huge bracelet, all of gold, Llewellyn brought from England shall be thine, the ring he gave me lately, with the gems and the gold chain beside."

"Nay, that is more than ever I could hope, and I must thank thee now and hold myself thy debtor. Shall we go and see if he have slain the girl or not? Thou mayest be sure, when he finds Harold well, he comes to seek the Harold whom he slew. Come, let us seek the body."

Then the crone, together with her master and the boy, descended to the glen. When they had reached the spot where King Llewellyn tore aside the boughs they found them cut and trampled down. They followed up the traces which had thus been made until they reached the open glade, which they crossed, and found the body of the poor child, already cold. The javelin had done its deadly work.

"Llewellyn's hand is strong; Llewellyn's eye is true!" exclaimed the wizard, as he knelt and tore the weapon from the wound.

With great difficulty they bore the body to the glen, and then the boy was sent before to fetch a rustic servant from the cave to bear it up the path. When he arrived a kind of bier was made of rough stakes cut from the underwood and boughs torn from the trees. Slowly and painfully the four toiled up the narrow way that led them to the platform before the cavern's mouth. Here they set it down, and here Veronica expressed some human feeling hardly to have been expected from her usual careless, almost savage strain.

"What a hard fate for a king's own daughter!" she exclaimed. "The blood of the Cattaeths descending to a slave! She who might have worn a crown bore blows and harsh reproof; she who should have been the light of all men's eyes now lies as low in death as the mean hind that falls and dies while ploughing!"

We must leave these "worthies" and return to King Llewellyn on his way back to the "hold." The time of noon was

come, and he must meet his nobles and the English. He strode along with rapid strides, thinking on all his wife had told him of the seer, and angry with himself for his credulity. He gained his home at last. Scarce had he entered at the portico, when Wynn, to whom the boys had been entrusted, met the king's glance in passing. Full of rage he strode into the atrium, and beckoned Wynn to follow. He passed on quickly to the very door through which Octavia entered when we first began our story, and entering the well-known room, which now was empty, said, in tones of high displeasure,

"When I left this morning thou hadst solemn charge to guard the young Earl Harold! Where is he? I demand his presence here; quick, on the instant!"

"Good my lord," replied the startled soldier, "in as short a space of time as I may go and fetch him he is here."

Llewellyn smiled a most unpleasant smile, but added only,

"Be sure of what thou sayest, for if thou bring him not with thee, thy head shall answer for it!"

Wynn made the customary obeisance, and was gone. In a few moments he returned; but who can paint Llewellyn's surprise and horror at seeing that he was followed by Harold? after whom came the other boys looking remarkably well, having just been engaged in their favourite game of English and British, for in accordance with the orders of the king they had been allowed great freedom in their sports, though always under trusty guardianship, and in a portion of the grounds far removed from where the English messengers were lodged.

Greatly disturbed and seriously frightened, for we have seen how superstitious King Llewellyn was, he stood in stupid wonder gazing at the boy, who, after looking fully at him, burst into a most uncontrollable fit of laughter, which soon brought King Llewellyn to himself.

"How now, thou saucy knave!" he cried. "Dost thou mock me? Have a care!"

It struck him now for the first time that Harold could not understand British; so he went to the arras, behind which Owen ap Gwynn had concealed himself, drew it aside, and opening the door which it concealed, desired a female attendant to request the presence of the Domina.

During this time the boys were talking eagerly together. They were hugely delighted with the evident fear with which Harold had inspired the king, and wondered with might and main what was going to happen next.

"How the *nithing* paled before me!" Harold cried. "I wonder what his coward heart could find in me to frighten him so hopelessly. Poor wretch! A coward king! What thinkest thou, Beorn?"

"In Norway," answered Beorn, "men would have crushed him with their shields, and over his carrion corpse have flung some unhewn stones, enough to hide him and no more; but here in Britain is this coward king. Ha, Kenulf, what brave folk are they whose kings turn pale at boys!"

"It irks me," answered Kenulf, with a frown, "that we have pledged our word not to escape their craven hold. I would that we withdraw it! When the good Domina comes back I mean for one to tell her that I seek to fly the hold, and give her lawful notice."

"No," interrupted Hugo. "That will never do. Our word is pledged, we must abide by it."

"Not so," said Kenulf. "When we pledged that word we thought we were with warriors, men of might and honour; but they are nithings, and with such no faith holds good, so that if even now we fled to England good Earl Rolf would think we served these rascals as we should serve a fox or any other vermin! But—now don't look so indignant, Harold—I am an English boy as much as thou, and never would advise a breach of faith. I only say there would have been excuse if we had fled, but this we could not do before, as we are boys of honour sent on special work, for had we fled after our word was given, that work had not been done, at least not done by us. Now mark me, boys. The *Æthling* is not here, of that I feel quite certain. Wherefore then remain? There is no work to do. Next, we have seen some things among these British which good Earl Rolf should know. I therefore hold that it were best for us to ask the Domina to tell these churls that we withdraw our word. This may be done, because my father did so years ago, and good Earl Blue-tooth said that he did right. Lads, I have said my say."

This speech was so well received by the youngsters, and tallied so fully with their simple ideas of honour, that they expressed their satisfaction in a loud and unanimous "Hurrah!" which was uttered just as Llewellyn and Octavia entered the room. Again was the British king dismayed, and mechanically clapped his hand upon the short *gladius* which he wore, for he had not yet assumed the *toga* to meet his own chiefs in council and speak further with the English messengers.

At his evident fright the boys laughed loud and long, until the Domina, advancing with a look of extreme displeasure, warned them that their reckless merriment was as ill-timed as it was ill-placed. So, stifling their laughter, they drew themselves up in a stiff military attitude, intended by all the Germanic race as a sign of respect and obedience as well as of defiance—according to circumstances.

"What! Harold, what means this conduct?" said the Domina, severely. "How canst thou show such insolence? What is the meaning of it?"

"Nothing, dear lady," said the laughing boy. "It makes us laugh when any one is frightened, and you king seemed to have fears of me. At that we laughed, and so would any one, but if thou wishest we will laugh no more."

"Thanks, my good Harold. They are English boys," she said, addressing King Llewellyn, "and they laugh at things which move not us to laughter."

"Nonsense, Octavia; ask that braggart fool why he presumed to wander from the park? I saw him in the Druid Glen."

Octavia turned to Harold, and explained to him that King Llewellyn having seen him far beyond the bounds assigned him by the king, his liberty should be withheld, and he should be a prisoner like any other taken as a prize.

All signs of merriment were banished at these words; a glance of haughty indignation passed from each to each among the sturdy group.

Then Harold spoke.

"That king, although thy husband, Domina, is a base nithing and a lying knave. I never left the homestead, as thou knowest, and this man Wynn knows too.

I and my fellows had our sports within the very yard yon king himself appointed. This officer, the soldiers of the guard, and other men, all saw us, and can safely say that I was never once away absent from my companions. Were I man, I would demand a meeting sword for sword, or else with Danish axes, just to prove me right. He thinks to triumph over me as a mere child; but tell him this from me, I am no child, and soon shall be a man, then, if he live, I wipe off this disgrace in his base blood. To dare to tell me that I broke my word! I only wish my father would arrive, and he would tell him what my word is worth! And, further, Domina, as he has doubted my good faith to him and would imprison me, the bargain that I made is broken. I withdraw my word. Tell him I will break prison now, and fly and seek my father's aid to rid the earth of that foul nithing Briton."

Astonished at this fierce outbreak of indignation from Harold, whose pride had hitherto manifested itself in haughty coldness of manner, expressive of supreme contempt for everything not according to his ideas of right and wrong, Octavia could for some moments say nothing to Llewellyn of what the boy's speech had been. At last, seeing the rising impatience getting the better of her husband, she explained the matter to him as well as she could, assuring him of her conviction that Harold had not left the grounds, that she had seen him with his fellows at play some time after Llewellyn's absence, that Wynn had only just been relieved by another officer some minutes before Llewellyn's arrival, that he had never allowed one of the lads to quit the playground assigned to them. She sent for Wynn, the inferior officers, guards, and servants, whose combined testimony proved that Harold could not have left the precincts during Llewellyn's absence. She explained the bold withdrawal of "parole" made by the boys themselves.

Puzzled, annoyed, and angry with himself, the boys, and everybody else, Llewellyn's mood was not improved by warnings from Octavia that the declining sun had long since shown the hour of noon. A signal given by the officer on guard showed that some person sought audience of the king, and this still more annoyed him. First he ordered Harold and the boys back to the keeping of the guard. When they had left the chamber he whispered hoarsely to his wife,

"Octavia, this is no mortal business. I slew young Harold not three hours ago! I saw him fall beneath my javelin. Hush, not a word! Admit the messenger!"

An officer in full war panoply entered the chamber, and, saluting the king and Octavia, said that he had been dispatched to tell him, from the council, that the hour of noon was past, and then to ask him whether it were his good will and pleasure that they should wait his coming still, or had he changed his mind upon the subject?

"Tell them from me I grieve they should have suffered tedium in my absence. I shall be there anon. Command me to the council."

As the messenger left, Llewellyn also quitted the chamber by another door leading to his own apartments, where he rapidly exchanged the tunic for the *toga*, and was, as far as the externals go, every inch a king.

We have already described the hall of

audience, the council-chamber, and the banqueting-hall, so that we need not weary our readers with the scene that now ensued. The meeting was stormy, but it was agreed that all possible exertions should be made to crush King Powis and his force; but with regard to Blue-tooth and "his brats" (or whelps would better represent the British word they used), some thought the boys should straight be given up to the grim earl along with his three messengers, in peaceful, courteous guise. On this Llewellyn spoke:

"Princes and chiefs of Britain, I thank you for your warm approval of my designs on Powis. Time is short. In three days hence we march to meet him. As to the earl, we cannot now yield up the boys, because I have denied their presence here. I therefore shall decide to send those messengers from hence with costly gifts, and keep the boys in secret. After success with Powis we shall have time to deal with them. Admit the English messengers."

Though many a glance was cast to-

wards Llewellyn, and though a murmur passed through the assembly, yet was there no man present durst oppose Llewellyn in his fierce angry mood.

The messengers arrived. With haughty mien the king bade them be seated. They obeyed, and thus the king addressed them:

"Warriors of England—for although ye come to seek us here in Britain clad in weeds of peace, your bearing and your glances tell that ye are warriors tried and skilled in arms—of right I should dismiss all thoughts of peace in speaking with the English, who are invaders of our shores and traitors in their trust; but grim Earl Rolf has made a truce with me and well has kept his word. The truce was made, however, not for me but by me for another. I, as the marshal of Penruddock, spoke as he ordered me. That king has ceased to reign; I, in his stead, may bind myself or not to any contract that he chose to make through me. But without notice on my part or England's I deem it shame to war. I, therefore, in consideration of being king in Britain, renew the truce of Morwen, if

so the good earl will. You have yourselves informed me that Gwenwynneth and her grandsire are both the guests of Blue-tooth. I first did think it best to claim of you that two should stay as hostages for Morwen and his grandchild, but by advice of my good counsellors and friends I do release all threc, free to depart in peace; but yet I pray you of your courtesy to rest a day or more at ease in our poor court and see our preparations for war with Powis ap Cwealdor."

This cunning speech was duly translated by Lyrach Hen into English, and at the command of Llewellyn some valuable gifts were presented to the messengers, who received them with that graceful "curtesy" of which we have already spoken as being much in use among the Anglo-Saxons. The council broke up and the banquet followed. We shall, however, turn towards our heroes, this story having more to do with the actions of the boys than with those of the men, although it is necessary to understand both.

(To be continued.)

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET,

*Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER XVII.—THE CAMP IN THE ARMOUDJAN.

THE kingdom of Mahavellipore makes rather an imposing figure on the map. Extending along the south of the great River Nirbada, it embraces within its winding frontiers a very large part of Gondvana and adjoins Bearar. Notwithstanding its area, however, it is only one of the secondary principalities of Central India. In fact, with the exception of a few fine fertile valleys, such as that in which the capital is built, the surface is rugged and mountainous and ridged with the crests and escarpments of the hill mass of Mahadeo, which forms one of the nuclei of the backbone of the Peninsula. These superb mountains are hidden beneath a thick mantle of gloomy forest, where wander half-naked savages who have no other weapons than bows and arrows with which to contend with the innumerable beasts of prey. The savages are the ferocious Gonds, the ancient masters of the country, and little by little they have been edged back into these solitudes by the patient invasion of the Hindus who have colonised and cultivated the richest of the valleys.

It is hardly a hundred years ago since the ancestor of the reigning sovereign established himself in this wilderness. He was one of the Mahratta warriors who profited by the decay of the Great Moguls to give the empire to fire and sword. He was the Peishwa's general, and followed the example of most of his colleagues—that is to say, when he considered his booty sufficient, he handed in his resignation, and retired with his treasures into this mountain stronghold, where none could dispute with him. An able politician, he then threw in his lot with the English, whose power was ever on the increase, became their friend, and under their protection was confirmed in peaceable possession of the fruits of his robberies.

And that is how Goulab Sing, his grandson, found himself the very rich sovereign of a very poor country.

Adored by his subjects, whom he left alone, having, thanks to the paternal forethought, no occasion to tax them, the prince ought to have been the very happiest of maharajahs. Something, how-

wished, like his powerful neighbours of Bhopal and Scindia, to attract Europeans to his court, and to give himself the satisfaction of dazzling them with his Oriental luxury. But travellers passed on without turning aside to visit Mahavellipore, and the British Government, knowing the principality to be tranquil and well ad-



"And thus they made their entry."

ever, was wanted to make his happiness complete.

Isolated in this out-of-the-way corner of a savage country, he knew not what to do with his immense revenues. The idea never occurred to him to devote at least a part of them to the improvement of his kingdom or his subjects; such a preposterous notion never enters the head of the best of Indian princelets. In vain he expended his wealth whenever possible in keeping up a pomp and ceremony quite Asiatic; but one thing was wanting, and that was spectators more worthy of appreciating these wonders than poor brutish Gonds or timorous Hindu traders. He

ministered, seemed to have quite forgotten its existence.

The brave Goulab Sing was preparing to resign his crown, and, putting his wealth into a portmanteau, start off for Calcutta, to find there a theatre more worthy of his glory, when his peace of mind was troubled by the appearance on the scene of the terrible King-of-the-tigers.

This gigantic animal had one fine morning left his cave in the mountains, and taken up his abode in a valley close to the capital. Soon his depredations extended up to the very walls of the town. The luxurious maharajah could from the depths of his palace hear the terrible roars of the maneater.

Vainly, as stated in the proclamation, had the prince done his utmost to rid his subjects of the monster. Everything had failed, and Goulab Sing anticipated the day when he would not even be able to leave his apartments. In his agony he no longer knew which he ought to invoke of the innumerable tutelary divinities of the Brahmanic pantheon.

And so he actually threw his arms round the neck of his prime minister, Nam Rao, when that wise counsellor suggested the idea of calling the sportsmen of India to his aid. The notion gratified at once all the prince's aspirations, all the most cherished



hopes of his life. In the first place he would deliver his subjects from a terrible scourge—perhaps this was not, strictly speaking, in the first place, however—in the next he would free himself from a constant source of alarm; but above all he would attract to his court the cream of European society, and would have it in his power to exhibit all his pompous extravagances before the spectators of his choice.

One of the first effects of the maharajah's proclamation—and a very strange one—was that the tiger immediately moved off from the environs of the capital. Did he scent the doom that was coming, or did he wish to change his diet, having eaten townsfolk enough? The fact remained that he had transferred his field of operations back to the mountain.

The maharajah feared every moment that he would clear off altogether; and that would have deranged his plans. For from all parts of India there daily arrived letters and newspaper articles announcing to Goulab Sing that the most celebrated sportsmen intended to respond to his appeal. And, in short, in the middle of July competitors began to arrive and were received in great pomp by the maharajah.

The Armoudjan Bagh, a magnificent garden of great size situated just outside the walls, had been reserved for the visitors, and its pleasant shades were soon crowded with the tents of the sportsmen.

The maharajah superintended the preparations with quite a childish joy. Every morning Nam Rao presented him with a list of the personages arrived the evening before, accompanying each name with a few words of introduction.

In this way the minister had informed him of the arrival of General Butnot "and family," of Mr. Deputy-Commissioner Whatafter "and family," of Mr. Chief-District-Magistrate Peernose "and family," of Colonel Shaughnessy "and family," of Captain Beynon "and family," of Mr. Political-Agent Waytown "and family," of Dr. Cunningham, the Rev. Mr. Shortbody "and family," etc., etc.

Every branch of the army and administration in all their grades and functions were represented in this brilliant gathering. And the constant appendix "and family"

with which the minister accompanied most of the names, showed that, according to the usual custom of the country, the gallant sportsmen had brought with them their wives and children.

And so on August 1 the strange colony found itself complete. Goulab Sing ran his eyes down the list with visible satisfaction.

"And the celebrated Dr. Holbeck, whose visit the newspaper led us to expect," he exclaimed, all of a sudden, "has he not come? I do not notice his name in this list of distinguished guests."

"I pray his sublime highness to pardon his devoted slave," said the minister, with a low bow; "the illustrious doctor arrived this very morning, and I inadvertently omitted to add his name."

"Dr. Holbeck, the most learned representative of European science, arrives in my dominions and you do not immediately inform me of it!" said the king, with a terrible frown.

"The doctor only arrived this morning," said Nam Rao, in confusion, "accompanied by Mr. Barbarou, of Marseilles, and Mr. Everest. I have only just been informed of it. In accordance with the commands of your highness the illustrious stranger was received at the entrance to the capital by the kilidar in person. When asked by the kilidar what honours he claimed, the doctor replied that he left it entirely to him, and, owing to the doubt under the circumstances the commandant of the fortress gave him a salute of nine guns. I think that your sublime highness—"

"You should have given him eleven," said the king. "The learned are the equals of princes. We will repair the oversight on an early occasion. Contine-

"The kilidar conducted the doctor and suite to the Armoudjan Bagh, and he himself saw that the tents were placed in a position suitable to the dignity of the noble visitor between those of General Butnot and Colonel Shaughnessy."

"It is well," said the king, "I am satisfied. At the first durbar I will do honour to this man. His reports will make my magnificence known to the peoples of the earth."

And so the doctor's modest arrival had been transformed into a triumphal procession.

Holbeck had been much surprised at the splendour of his reception, and had timidly endeavoured to protest against all this pompous display; but seeing that the more he protested the more the rajah's people thought he was discontented and redoubled their bowings and scrapings, he thought it best to submit.

"Waste your powder as you please," he said. "If it amuses you it don't hurt me."

Barbarou was literally beside himself with the purest joy. At length he had discovered a country where he was appreciated according to his merits; and proudly bestriding his steed, with waving plume and hand on hip, he caracoled along by the doctor's white mule.

Everest thoroughly entered into the spirit of his part, and modestly followed as if eclipsed by the two glorious figures that preceded him.

And thus they made their entry into the camp of Armoudjan.

The appearance presented by the camp was such as to strike any one not initiated into the luxurious surroundings of our

Indo-Britannic officials. The tents, in all their grandeur and elegance, stretched in long lines down each side of a wide avenue. With their outbuildings of all sorts, kitchens, bath-rooms, stables, rooms for servants and for baggage, they displayed a brilliant city of nomads, but of nomads refined and civilised. Native servants in livery, pages, grooms, quite a crowd of sepoys, shikaris, and domestics thronged the principal avenue, while the neighing of the horses and the barking of the dogs were heard above all, and the smoke wreaths from the fires rose among the orange-trees, citron-trees, myrtles, and palms which filled the garden.

"You might call it a huge pleasure fair," said Barbarou, admiringly.

"Your comparison seems somewhat trivial," said Holbeck. "I think the view is one of the most curious and charming I ever saw. Call it a fair? It is a canvas town in an enchanted park."

The arrival of the travellers seemed to have attracted no attention from the guests in camp. They took possession of their tents in peace after having dismissed the representative of the maharajah.

But such a number of neighbours rather embarrassed them. Who were these people? How would they get on with them? Would they be received well or otherwise? Everest in particular had a vague feeling that his true position would be discovered.

After their breakfast, while enjoying a smoke, they debated these important questions.

Holbeck sagaciously concluded,

"What is the good of our thinking about what is going to happen? If these people receive us coldly we can turn our backs on them. We have not come here to pay visits, but to see a curious country and relieve the poor rajah of his tiger. After all, you are abusing your compatriots, Mr. Everest. All those I have met on my travels have been the most agreeable fellows in the world."

It is impossible to say what would have been the young man's reply, for at the moment Latchman entered bearing a tray, which he presented to Holbeck. The doctor picked up the card that was on it, adjusted his spectacles, and read,

"Colonel Shaughnessy, v.c., c.s.i."

"Already!" exclaimed Everest, while the doctor calmly turned to Latchman, and said,

"Ask the gentleman in."

The curtain which formed the door of the tent was immediately drawn aside, and allowed the visitor to enter. He was a tall, fine-looking man, well built, and wearing a brown silk lounging-coat. His good-looking, good-humoured face bore an immense beard, which reached down almost to his belt, and was quite white, contrasting well with the healthy colour of the skin bronzed by the Indian sun.

The colonel halted, and politely inquired,

"Dr. Holbeck?"

"I am he," said the doctor, advancing and clasping the hand which the officer cordially held out to him.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance," said he. "And these gentlemen?"

"Mr. Barbarou, Mr. Everest," said the doctor.

The colonel bowed, and in turn shook hands with the sailor and the young Englishman. "You will pardon me, gentlemen," said he, "for having allowed so short a time to elapse between your

arrival and my visit. But for some days we have been expecting you. I have hastened to acquit myself of the mission with which I have been entrusted."

"A mission!" said the doctor, with surprise, and he invited the officer to sit down.

When he had seated himself, he continued, "The gracious invitation of the Maharajah Goulab Sing, our host, has brought together in this garden a large number of sportsmen from all parts of India to join in an enterprise which, you will allow me to say, is one of the purest philanthropy. Community of sentiment has inspired us with the idea of meeting together in a brotherly way so as to more certainly attain our desired object, and also"—and here the colonel gave a significant smile—"to pass the time as agreeably as possible under the circumstances. For this purpose we have started the Tigerslayers' Club of Mahavellipore, composed of all the sportsmen here present and their families. We heard from the newspapers that you were thinking of paying a visit to the town, and we thought perhaps you would not object to become an honorary member of our club. As being the oldest of those here, I have been elected president, and in that position I have been asked to acquaint you with the decision of my colleagues, and to express the hope

that you will do us the honour of accepting the invitation."

"Believe me, sir," said the doctor, "I feel very greatly honoured. My humble scientific works—"

"Are appreciated by all at their true value," interrupted the colonel, in his most affable tone. "Our friend Cunningham told us the other day that he had been reading your famous paper which you sent to the Royal Society on *Cryptocerus atratus*."

"I am quite overpowered," stammered the doctor, to whom this was something like a surprise.

"Then, my dear doctor, it is understood? As for these gentlemen, may I, as they are sportsmen, propose them as ordinary members of the club? We can none of us ignore the exploits of Mr. Barbarou."

It was Barbarou's turn to make a profound bow.

The colonel did not dare to say anything about the exploits of Everest, as he very justly concluded that they did not extend beyond those mentioned in the article in the "Times of India."

"This evening," continued the colonel, "we begin our family parties in the pavilion. We expect you to turn up to dinner. Seven o'clock, sharp!"

And as the doctor was beginning a ges-

ture of protest the colonel arose and checked him with, "No excuses, they are not allowed. The ladies made me promise that I would bring you with me, dead or alive. Besides, it is only a friendly meeting of brothers in arms. No ceremony. You can wear a frock coat, doctor, and your friends can mount a dress-coat and white choker. You need not make any fuss;" and, lifting up the door, he disappeared, leaving the travellers somewhat surprised at this abrupt invitation.

Barbarou was the first to find his tongue. "No ceremony!" he growled; "simply a white choker! Does the old soldier fancy that I go about with the ribbon of the White Elephant and the green cross of the Lizard? A swallow-tail coat, eh? I haven't got one with me!"

(To be continued.)



## DIVERS AND DIVING.

HERE is an old legend of a mediæval Captain Webb, which in its modern form is responsible for a good many of our exaggerated notions as to the time it is possible for a man to spend under water without scientific aid. Nicholas the Fish, so runs the story, was so much at home in the water that he would frequently remain in it for five days at a stretch, and trust for his food to the fish he caught with his hands as they swam past him, and which he greatly relished—raw. He was many times met with far out at sea even in the stormiest weather, and was never known to enter a boat if he could help it.

As this merman of the Mediterranean seems to have lost no opportunity of advertising himself, his performances eventually reached the ears of King Frederick. As Frederick was rather anxious to know what the bottom of the whirlpool of Charybdis was like, he resolved to combine a little instruction with his amusement; and on a certain occasion—exact date not given—the monarch and his retinue walked out to the cliffs above the whirlpool, and throwing a handsome goblet into the sea, he invited Nicholas to go and fetch it, and make a few geological observations as he did so. Nicholas took a header off the cliff into the whirlpool, and, after an absence below of three-quarters of an hour, returned to daylight with the goblet; but as his scientific notes were not considered full enough by the monarch, notwithstanding the time spent over them, the goblet was again thrown in, and Nicholas braved Charybdis once more, and disappeared for ever.

Schiller took this story, and altering it in detail, gave it new life in his magnificent ballad of "The Diver":—

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,  
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?  
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,  
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;

Whoever to me may the goblet bring,  
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

\* \* \* \* \*

"They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,  
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!

Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell,  
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,

Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,  
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!"

Of course the whole thing is a myth. Even in these days—and in feats of endurance in the water as well as on the land we are in no way inferior to our ancestors—no man can remain beneath the waves for more than a tenth of the time said to have been taken by Nicholas.

On April 6, 1882, J. B. Johnson is credited with a dive said to have lasted 4min. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. Johnson is well known as one of the actors in the London Bridge episode, where a man falling off a passing steamer was seen to be drowning until a passer-by took a header off the stone balustrade to rescue him, the said steamer-man and bridge-man being two brothers who had "arranged" this somewhat sensational entertainment. This 4min. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. is not only the best time chronicled in athletic annals, but it surpasses that of all other divers, ancient and foreign, whose efforts have been properly vouchered for. Even Lurline, the Queen of the Ocean, did not make such a lengthened stay on her tank floor as this; and the Hawaiians, who have the reputation of being the best divers in the Pacific, have never been timed to exceed the four minutes, although in that interval they have brought up objects from a depth of fourteen fathoms.

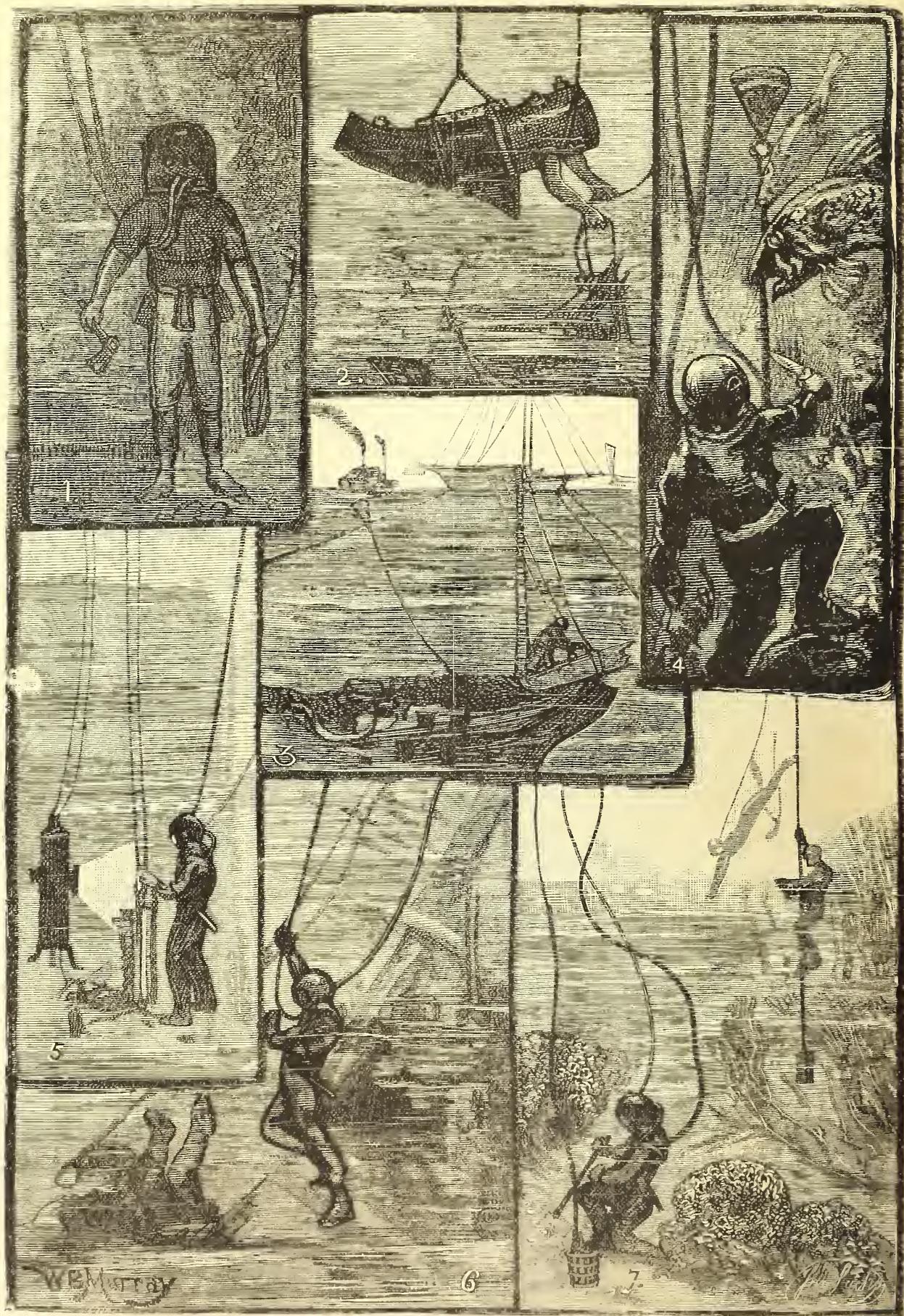
Most extraordinary stories of the length of time spent in and under the water are still to be met with, but whenever the watch is brought into play they collapse. The divers of the Archipelago, whose ancestors led Alexander the Great such a life at the siege of Tyre, when by working under water they damaged the mole with which he sought to block up the harbour—and who first practically threw oil on the troubled waters by taking down in their mouths a greasy sponge, in order that the waves on the surface might be stilled, and thus admit a less flickering light for them to work by—have been credited with five, and even ten minutes, under water, but these by the inexorable watch-holders have been reduced to two or three. Even the Cingalese, who go down sponge and pearl hunting, with a stone between their feet and a net round their necks, have been found to come up to breathe in a little under two minutes.

A dive of one minute, in fact, is a very fair one. When Brunel was building the Thames

Tunnel, the brake prevented the diving-bell, in which he had gone down one day to examine the works, from advancing as far as he wished. Taking one of the cords to guide him back, he dived out of the bell into the water. He was away two minutes. This seems a very long dive under the circumstances, but it is really not so, and the reason why it is not so throws a good deal of light on a practice which some people have had difficulty in explaining. Brunel's diving-bell was at a depth of thirty feet, and the air in it was consequently condensed to about half its original volume, and held double as much oxygen as usual in proportion to its bulk. The great engineer, in fact, started with a supply of compressed air under more favourable circumstances than ordinary bathers do from the bank, for the deep breath taken before quitting the ground is not only to fill the lungs with air, but to compress that air as much as possible.

It is to this increased pressure of the air, however, that the peculiar sensations experienced by professional divers are due; the slight pain and roaring at the ears which affect the novice in the dress as soon as he touches the water being intensified and accompanied by flashes of light as, at the slow descent of a yard a minute greater depths are reached, even by those who earn their living beneath the waters. The abundance of oxygen—and of course of the other gases—in proportion to the bulk of air when under compression, was perhaps never more clearly shown than in the experiments conducted at the great Mississippi bridge, where, at a hundred and eight feet beneath the surface, a candle was blown out and relighted thirteen times in half a minute, and at a hundred feet was burnt in three-fifths of the time taken by a similar candle on the river bank.

The depth at which divers generally work is from thirty to forty feet, but at the wreck of the Cape Horn there were seven descents to two hundred and one feet, when the pressure was eighty-seven pounds to the square inch, and the men were at one time forty-two minutes under water. This is the greatest depth yet vouchered for, but perhaps the best-known achievement is Mr. E. P. Harrington's recovery of the iron safe



Divers and Diving.—See p. 590.

1 and 2. Primitive Diving Dresses. 3. Wreck of the Royal George, from contemporaneous Print. 4. Awkward Work—Torpedo Laying.  
5. The Electric Lamp. 6. An unexpected Plunge. 7. Sponge Diving of the Mediterranean.

from the cabin of the Atlantic, which had sunk in a hundred and fifty-seven feet of water in Lake Erie. At the building of Saltash Bridge the men were at work in seven-hour shifts at a depth of eighty-six feet; at Londonderry Bridge the depth was seventy-five feet; at the new bridge at Blackfriars the diving operations, which attract such a crowd of idlers on the road bridge, are at a very moderate depth. In the investigations in the Firth of Forth into the depth at which herring spawn floats the divers from the Princess Royal went down from ninety to a hundred feet. It was from a boat in the Firth, but not far from the shore, that the lady, as she was dipping her fingers in the water, lost the engagement-ring, which a diver went down for and found on the sea-bed after the position of the boat at the time had been pointed out to him.

Many are the treasures that the divers have brought from the deep. From the Malabar £280,000 was recovered months after she went down; and from the Royal Charter the day after the marine insurance companies had sold the gleanings—as it is their custom to do when their own divers have done their best—a nine-and-a-half-pound gold bar and £3,000 were brought to the surface. The old Rhodian divers were allowed a share of the salvage proportionate to the depth from which it was recovered, an equitable arrangement that now, however, rarely holds.

It is curious what great weights can be manipulated under water, in consequence of its supporting power. There is a story of some South Sea Islanders moving an anvil along the sea bottom until they got it up on to the beach, which is occasionally discredited, although there is no difficulty in accounting for the fact. The diver's greatest power is in lifting. He can hardly pull downwards at all, for, notwithstanding his leaden soles and the plates of lead on his back and breast, he is but a very light and buoyant character, and a comparatively gentle touch will lift him like a bottle-imp.

He cannot walk against a strong tide or current, and he has to be dropped so that the stream will float him towards his goal. Unless he is lashed to the pile every blow he gives with the hammer will knock him off instead of knocking the nail in, and should he when unattached attempt to bore a hole he will turn the auger round and round without having weight enough to make it penetrate.

In our sketches we give two early forms of the diving costume. At Breslau, in 1798, Kleingert contrived the cap and tunic shown in Fig. 1, which cover half the body and leave the legs and arms bare. This is well on the road to our present form, and the advance that had taken place in practical knowledge of the subject may be guessed by comparing it with Fig. 2, in which is depicted Rowe's "diving chest," introduced over forty years before. In Fig. 3 we have copied from a contemporary print a view of the divers, in the modern dress, at work on the wreck of the Royal George, whose foundering at Spithead with Admiral Kempenfelt and the greater part of her crew is one of the famous disasters of the British Navy.

In the operations which took place after the wreck of the Doterel—another naval disaster of recent date—the diving dress showed of what it is capable when used at its best. On the arrival of H.M.S. Garnet at Sandy Point, Lieutenant Dean Pitt volunteered to don the Siebe and Gorman costume and accompany the artificer-diver for the purpose of making a careful survey of the unfortunate vessel. By it he was enabled to learn that the boilers had not caused the explosion, for they were still in perfect condition. In his account of his experiences below, he tells us how the ensign was half-mast high, looking as if it was mourning for the dead, and how he ran it up again, "not caring to work under a half-mast flag." Out of the hundred and forty men who were killed only twenty of the bodies were whole, the remainder were lying about in pieces! Of the whole bodies one was that of his friend and shipmate Lieutenant Creagh, who was sitting in an armchair

under the poop just as if he were asleep, and to all appearance quite uninjured.

One day, as the amateur diver was standing on some wreckage, it gave way, and he was thrown head downwards into a hole, where he was jammed and helpless. The professional diver came to his help and paid a rope down into his hands. He twisted it round the neck of his helmet, and after some minutes he was hauled up uninjured out of the awkward fix shown in Fig. 6. An adventure such as this proves clearly how well the dress acts under even the most unfavourable circumstances.

In Fig. 5 we show the electric light at work beneath the waves, and in Fig. 4 we illustrate the well-known adventure which happened to a diver when searching for torpedoes. Just as he approached one of the submarine mines a large fish came swimming up and deliberately attacked him, when a regular fight ensued, the diver having to defend himself with his knife, and eventually driving off his foe. An awkward position with a furious fish on one hand and a loaded torpedo on the other!

(To be continued.)

## THE SILVER CAÑON:

### A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN,

*Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.*

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE END OF THE RACE.

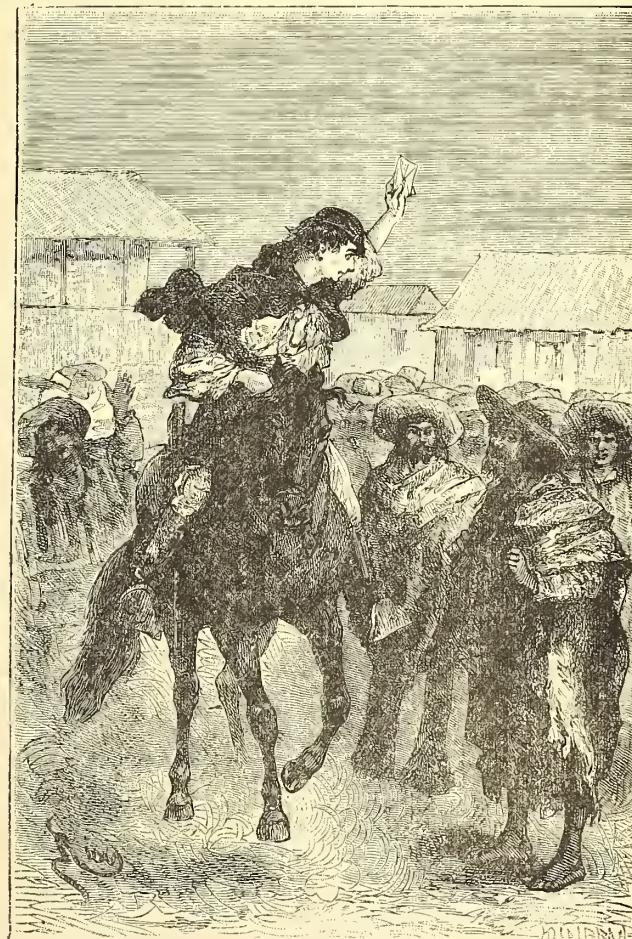
BART had the advantage of his enemies in this, that as long as he could keep well out of sight across the plains he could go on as fast as his horse could gallop, while they had to cautiously track his every step. Then, too, when he came to dry, rocky, or stony portions, he took advantage thereof, for he knew that his horse's hoof-prints would be indistinct, and sometimes disappear altogether. These portions of the trail gave the Apachés endless difficulty, but they kept on tracking him step by step, and one slip on the lad's part would have been fatal.

Fortune favoured him, though, and he

pressed on, hitting the backward route pretty accurately, and recognising the various mountains and hills they had passed under the Beaver's guidance, and every stride taken by the untiring little horse had its effect upon the lad, for it was one nearer to safety.

Still it was a terrible ride, for it was only after traversing some stony plain or patch of rock that he dared draw rein and take a few hours' rest, while his steed fed and recruited its energies as well.

He would lie down merely meaning to rest, and then drop off fast asleep, to awake in an agony of dread, tighten his saddle-



"The letter of which he was the bearer."

girths, and go on again at speed, gazing fearfully behind him, expecting to see the Apachés ready to spring upon him and end his career.

But they were still, though he knew it not, far behind. All the same, though, they kept up their untiring tracking of the trail day after day till it was too dark to see, and the moment it was light enough to distinguish a footprint they were after him again.

Such a pertinacious quest could apparently have but one result—that of the quarry of these wolves being hunted down at last.

The days glided by, and Bart's store of provisions held out, for he could hardly eat, only drink with avidity whenever he reached water. The terrible strain had made his face thin and haggard, his eyes bloodshot, and his hands trembled as he grasped the rein—not from fear, but from nervous excitement consequent upon the little sleep he obtained, his want of regular food, and the feeling of certainty that he was being dogged by his untiring foes.

Sometimes to rest himself—a strange kind of rest, it may be said, and yet it did give him great relief—he would spring from Black Boy's back and walk by his side as he toiled up some rough slope, talking to him and encouraging him with pats of the hand, when the willing little creature strove again with all its might on being mounted; in fact, instead of having to whip and spur, Bart found more occasion to hold in his patient little steed.

And so the time went on, till it was as in a dream that Bart recognised the various halting-places they had stayed at in the journey out, while the distance seemed to have become indefinitely prolonged. All the while, too, there was that terrible nightmare-like dread haunting him that the enemy were close behind, and scores of times some deer or other animal was magnified into a mounted Indian in full war-paint ready to bound upon his prey.

It was a terrible journey—terrible in its loneliness as well as in its real and imaginary dangers, for there was a good deal of fancied dread towards the latter part of the time, when Bart had reached a point where the Apachés gave up their chase, civilisation being too near at hand for them to venture farther.

On two occasions, though, the lad was in deadly peril, once when, growing impatient, the Apachés, in hunting fashion, had made a cast or two to recover the trail they had lost, galloping on some miles, and taking it up again pretty close to where Bart had been resting again somewhat too long for safety, though far from being long enough to recoup the losses he had sustained.

The next time was under similar circumstances, the Apachés picking up the sign of his having passed over the plain close beside a patch of rising ground, where he had been tempted into shooting a prong-horn antelop, lighting a fire, and making a hearty meal, of which he stood sadly in need.

The meal ended, a feeling of drowsiness came over the feaster, and this time Bart did not yield to it, for he felt that he must place many more miles behind him before it grew dark; so, rolling up the horsehair lariat by which Black Boy had been tethered, once again he tightened the girths, and was just giving his final look round before mounting, congratulating himself with the thought that he had enough good roasted venison to last him

for a couple more days, when his horse pricked his ears and uttered an impatient snort.

Just at the same moment there was the heavy thud, thud, thud of horses' hoofs, and, without stopping to look, Bart swung himself up on his horse's back and urged him forward with hand, heel, and voice.

The plain before him was as level as a meadow, not a stone being in sight for miles, so that unless the cob should put his foot in some burrow there was nothing to hinder his racing off and escaping by sheer speed.

There was this advantage, too: Black Boy had been having a good rest and feed, while the pursuers had doubtless been making a long effort to overtake him.

The Apachés set up a furious yell as they caught sight of their prey, and urged on their horses, drawing so near before Bart could get anything like a good speed on, that they were not more than fifty yards behind, and thundering along as fast as they could urge their ponies.

This went on for half a mile, Bart feeling as if his heart was in his mouth, and that the chances of escape were all over. But somehow, in spite of the terrible peril he was in, he thought more about the doctor and the fate of his expedition than he did of his own, for it seemed so terrible that his old friend and guardian—one who had behaved to him almost as a father—should be waiting there day after day expecting help in vain, and perhaps thinking that his messenger had failed to do his duty.

"No, he won't, nor Joses neither, think that of me," muttered Bart. "I wish the Beaver were here to cheer one up a bit, as he did that other time when these blood-thirsty Indians were after us."

"How their ponies can go!" he panted, as he turned his head to gaze back at the fierce savages, who tore along with feathers and long hair streaming behind them as wild and rugged as the manes and tails of their ponies.

As they saw him look round the Apachés uttered a tremendous yell, intended to intimidate him. It was just as he had begun to fancy that Black Boy was flagging, and that, though no faster, the Indians' ponies were harder and more enduring; but at the sound of that yell, and the following shouts of the insatiate savages who tore on in his wake, the little black cob gathered itself together, gave three or four tremendous bounds, stretched out racing fashion, and went away at a speed that astonished his rider as much as it did the savages, who began to fire at them now, bullet after bullet whizzing by as they continued their headlong flight.

The sound of the firing, too, had its effect on Black Boy, whose ear was still sore from the effect of the bullet that had passed through it, and he tore away more furiously than ever, till, finding that the Indians were losing ground, Bart eased up a little, but only to let the cob go again, for he was fretting at being held in, and two or three times a bullet came in pretty close proximity to their heads.

When night fell, the Apachés were on the other side of a long low ridge, down whose near slope the cob had come at a tremendous rate; and now that the Indians would not be able to follow him for some hours to come either by sight or trail, Bart altered his course, feeling sure that he could save ground by going to the right instead of to the left of the mountain clump before him; and for the next

few hours he breathed more freely, though he dared not stop to rest.

The next day he saw nothing of his pursuers, and the next they were pursuers no longer, but Bart knew it not, flying still for his life, though he was now in the region that would be swept by the lancers of the Government.

He did not draw rein till the light-coloured houses of the town were well within sight, and then he was too much excited to do more than ease up into a canter, for his nerves were all on the strain, his cheeks sunken, and his eyes starting and dull from exhaustion.

But there was the town at last, looking indistinct, though, and misty. All seemed to be like a dream now, and the crowd of swarthy, ragged Mexicans, in their blankets, sombreros, and rugs, were all part of his dream too, as with his last effort he thrust his hand into his breast and took out the letter of which he was the bearer. Then it seemed to him that, as he cantered through the crowd, with his cob throwing up the dust of the plaza, it was some one else who waved a letter over his head, shouting, "The governor! the governor!" to the swarthy staring mob; and, lastly, that it was somebody else who, worn out with exhaustion now that the task was done, felt as if everything had gone from him, every nerve and fibre had become relaxed, and fell heavily from the cob he rode into the dust.

(To be continued.)

## STORY OF THE BELL ROCK.

By R. A. M. STEVENSON, M.A.

(Continued from page 587.)

**I**N January, 1808, the season was inaugurated by the purchase of the much-wished-for tender to the works, so that the Smeaton might serve as cargo-carrier, and the Pharos attend exclusively to her duties as lightship. The tender was called Sir Joseph Banks, and was a finely-built vessel, though only of eighty-one tons register. Great attention had been paid to economy of room below, and to the safe stowage on deck of two lifeboats larger and more secure than the former landing-boats. Three new Norwegian prams twenty-eight feet by eight feet six inches were used to unload the stones from the Smeaton and land them on the rock. These were built as a sort of lifeboat and attached to moorings laid down a quarter of a mile from the rock, and whilst the tender was slipping seas, they, despite their small size and a load of ten tons, kept a dry deck and rode at anchor with astonishing ease. The other preparations for the season's work were chiefly the construction of cast-iron railways from the landing-places to the site of the building, pumps to empty the foundation-pit when the tide should have ebbed, and moulds for the different stones of the courses, as well as the collection of granite from Aberdeen for the outer casing of the tower, and sandstone from the adjacent coast for the unexposed interior.

In March all these preparations were pretty well advanced, and the engineer visited the lightship, where he found the crew quite cheerful and healthy. They seemed only to deplore the loss of one Thomas Elliot, a much-prized dancing, singing, and chivalric-acting cook, who had, as the phrase is, seen better days. He had just drawn a considerable balance of wages due to him, and had gone off to the West Indies. His facetious manner seems to have been even more regretted than his culinary powers. In such lonely situations man does not live by bread alone.

The visit to the rock was scarcely a pleasant

one. The thermometer was almost at freezing; snow fell, and many were the unsuccessful attempts to land before they caught a favourable interval between two waves, and dexterously shot the boat into the narrow western creek. The biscuit-chest and the chest of water-bottles left on the top of the beacon were in good preservation, except for the bursting of six bottles through frost, and every one felt that in the ensuing season an accident such as that from which Spink had rescued them would, thanks to the beacon, be robbed of all its terrors.

The tender was permanently moored for work that season on the 26th of May, when all hands lauded, hoisted the lighthouse colours, and drank success to the operations of 1808. The first of these was to mount the smithy on the beacon out of the way of the tide, and foreign vessels passing by often mistook this strange object, which poured forth clouds of smoke, for a ship on fire. The beacon presented a still stranger aspect later on, when the tide had overflowed the rock, for the rest of the men, having nothing to do, were glad to leave the tender for the beacon, from which they hung in a variety of positions, till fishing and the constrained attitudes became tedious.

I have recounted some of the incidents of the first year at a greater length than I can hope to have space for in speaking of those of the following years, not that these latter seasons were less eventful than the preceding, but that I wished the reader to thoroughly understand at the beginning the nature of the life imposed upon the working party, and the sort of preliminary difficulties they encountered in the undertaking. I shall, therefore, not detail the constantly recurring storms which delayed the works and drove away the vessels to seek refuge in various ports, nor the dangers of landing by night on a surf-beaten rock, or regaining a distant tender in foggy weather; nor shall I go through the annoying lists of lost anchors and injured material, nor finally of troubles and accidents of all sorts, whether produced by the fury of the waves, the falling of cranes and stones, or the carelessness of man.

In short, then, in the second season the foundation-stone was laid with Masonic ceremony on the 10th of July, 1808, and work at the foundation went on at any hour, day or night, that the tide and weather permitted. On putting out the torches after work at night sometimes the whole sea seemed to blaze like fire from the light of the phosphorus, and during work the rock itself, with the numerous agitated lights moving to and fro on its low back close down to the water, presented a strange enough appearance. The master of the floating light said that the sight put him in mind of Milton's fiends in the lower regions. During this second season the barrack on the top of the beacon, their future dwelling-place, was commenced, and the tower built to the height of a few feet. Several accidents had taken place, one of which resulted in the death of a young man called James Scott, who went with the mate of the Smeaton to make fast a hawser to a floating buoy. The buoy, a long pointed affair seven feet in length, was somehow held under water through the mooring chain having fouled the bottom. As Scott and Macurich bent over it, it was suddenly released, and sprang up like an arrow, overturning the boat and killing Scott, whom it struck on the head.

This finished off the season in a somewhat melancholy manner in the month of October, and though all hands left the rock for the winter, yet at spring tides during November and December a small band of workmen visited the rock to repair any slight damage that the beacon or the railways might have sustained.

Early in 1809 the sloop Patriot was purchased to aid the Smeaton in bringing the prepared stones from Arbroath to the rock, and with her help the works proceeded rapidly enough, so that on May 27th five stones of the fifth course were laid as an opening to the building operations. As neither snow, rain, fog, nor anything save heavy seas, was permitted to inter-

fer with work, the building soon grew, and the barrack on the beacon, though only partially covered in, was far enough on to serve as a place of refuge. Indeed thirty workmen were there imprisoned for a considerable time by a storm which arose too suddenly for their removal to be possible. On short rations, and miserably exposed to wind and wet, their situation was hardly a gay one, but their spirits were kept up by a man, James Glen, who always capped their present miseries by relations of worse that he had undergone, and whose talk was described as being "like the 'Arabian Nights'." After this experience a man voluntarily lived in the beacon alone with a little black dog, in order, as he said, to avoid the "continual plague of boating."

The 1st of July was memorable as the day when the tide for the first time did not overflow the building—a pleasant thing for the mortar-makers, who, what with the boiling nature of their labours and the frequent inroads of the cold waves, complained that they were "between the devil and the deep sea." This, and the peopling of the beacon with a colony of workmen, mark the point where the operations could be pretty nearly continuously carried on. It was the beginning of the end, and before the close of this season many men moved into the safer structure of the tower and deserted the beacon, which was connected with the building by a rope bridge.

The third season, in 1810, found the work more than half done at its opening. Fourteen hundred tons of masonry had been built in the past seasons, and seven hundred tons remained to be put up. A bridge of solid wood, forty-four feet long by six feet in breadth, replaced the rope ladder, and connected the barrack with the tower. Stones could be raised to this bridge and dropped on to trucks which ran along it on tram lines. The artificers took possession of the beacon in May, and the Smeaton brought the first cargo of stones on May 11th. However, it could not be landed, nor could any communication be had with the beacon until the 17th.

It is worth while to state that during this season the engineer inhabited a room in the beacon not more than four feet six inches wide, and only long enough to hang a swing cot. He retained perfect health, however, as did most of the men. There were, of course, a few accidents, two of which were fatal; but, considering the risks of the undertaking, this was only to be expected.

The works rapidly progressed, and much was owed to the skill and activity of Captain Wilson, the landing master. In bad, dangerous weather, whenever his crew saw their captain in what they called his "storm rigging"—a strange but suitable dress for roughing it—they seemed inspired with additional courage and activity.

As Mr. Stevenson visited Edinburgh in the Smeaton to fetch the stones of the cornice, which had been prepared close to his own house in that place, he had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Dickson, Smeaton's daughter, and of showing her the stones and the boat. She was much affected by sights that so closely recalled her father and his occupations. During August, as the tower was now approaching completion, several of the Commissioners and the Earl of Kellie paid it visits, and that year Mr. Stevenson had the gratification of bringing the building to conclusion as far as the masonry was concerned. The light, however, was not shown till 1st February, 1811. I will conclude this account, which I have been obliged to compress unpleasantly towards the close, by quoting Sir Walter Scott's lines written on this occasion :

"Far in the bosom of the deep,  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,  
A ruddy gem of changeful light  
Bound on the dusky brow of Night.  
The seaman bids my lustre hail,  
And scorns to strike his timorous sail."

## MAN OVERBOARD.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.

I STOOD on the poop of our gallant clipper—  
We were running twelve knots, that's pretty  
fast;  
With one eye on the sky stood our sturdy  
skipper,  
And one on the maintop-gallant mast.

I was dreamily watching the gulls outvying  
The winds, and skimming the white-capped  
foam;  
The breeze through the halyards went singing  
and sighing—  
We were leaving England, hearth, and home.

When a sudden loud cry my dreams confounded :  
"Man overboard!" Oh, did you e'er hear  
that cry?  
Into my throat my heart quick bounded,  
While this way and that the seamen fly.

Who is it? but no one seems to know  
As yet, in the hurry and wild alarm;  
Only some one dropped not a minute ago  
Sheer into the sea from the fore-yardarm.

Swiftly the captain's gig they lower  
From the davits: "Give way, lads, steadily!"  
They bend to their oars, each stalwart rower,  
And the boat shoots hissing through the sea.

Far away in our wake, on the tossing main,  
We can just make out a small black speck,  
Now hid in the trough of the waves again  
From the anxious group on the vessel's deck.

They pull as for their own dear life,  
And the boat flies through the heaving foam,  
For they know it's Will Scott now, and Will has  
a wife  
And two small helpless boys at home.

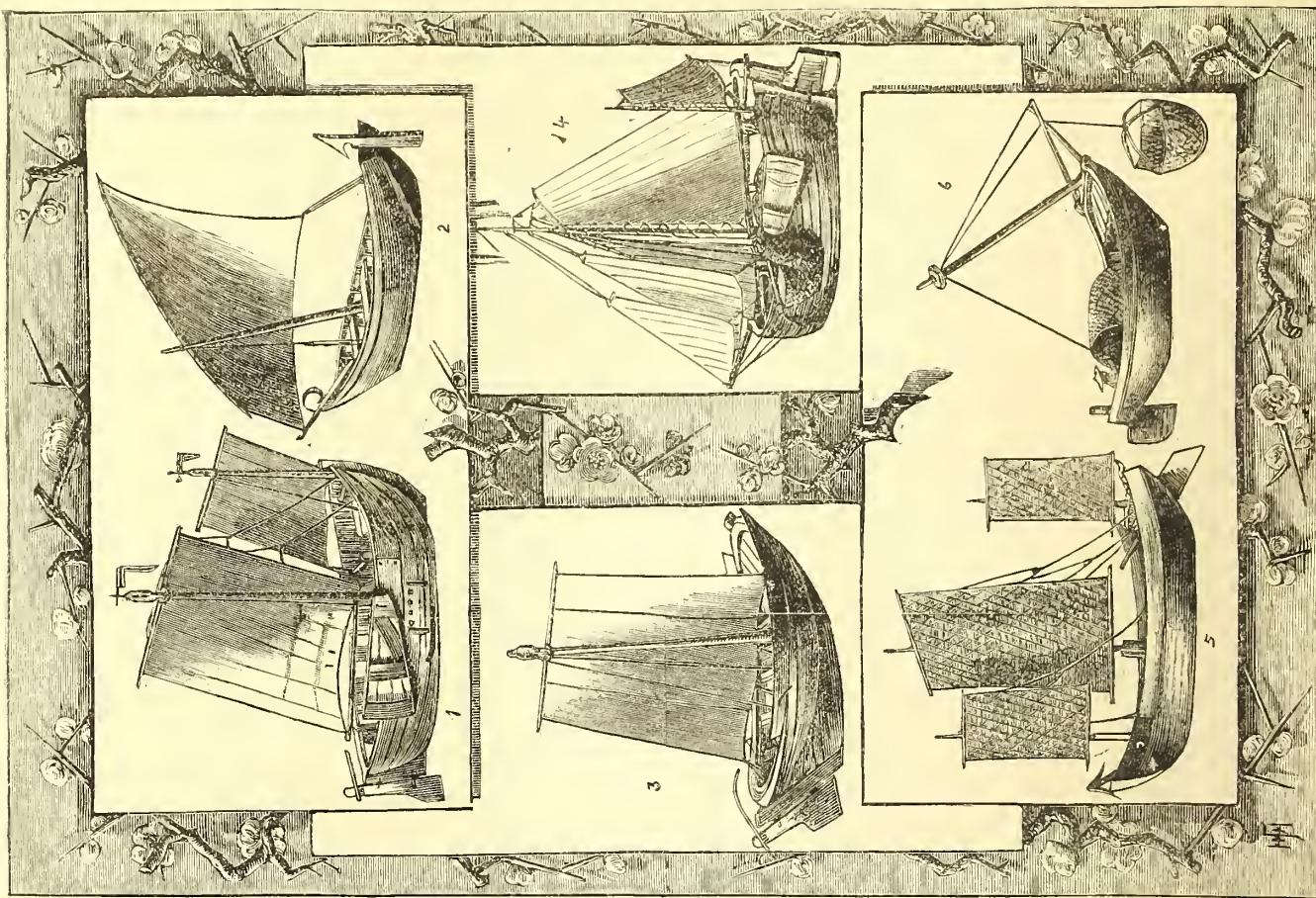
They near that floating speck of black,  
And a life preserver's thrown quickly out,  
And we fancy we hear borne faintly back  
O'er the heaving waters a far-off shout.

They have got him on board now, yes, surely  
yes,  
For the boat comes swiftly back once more;  
And now they're 'longside, and we eagerly press  
To see if for Will all peril's o'er.

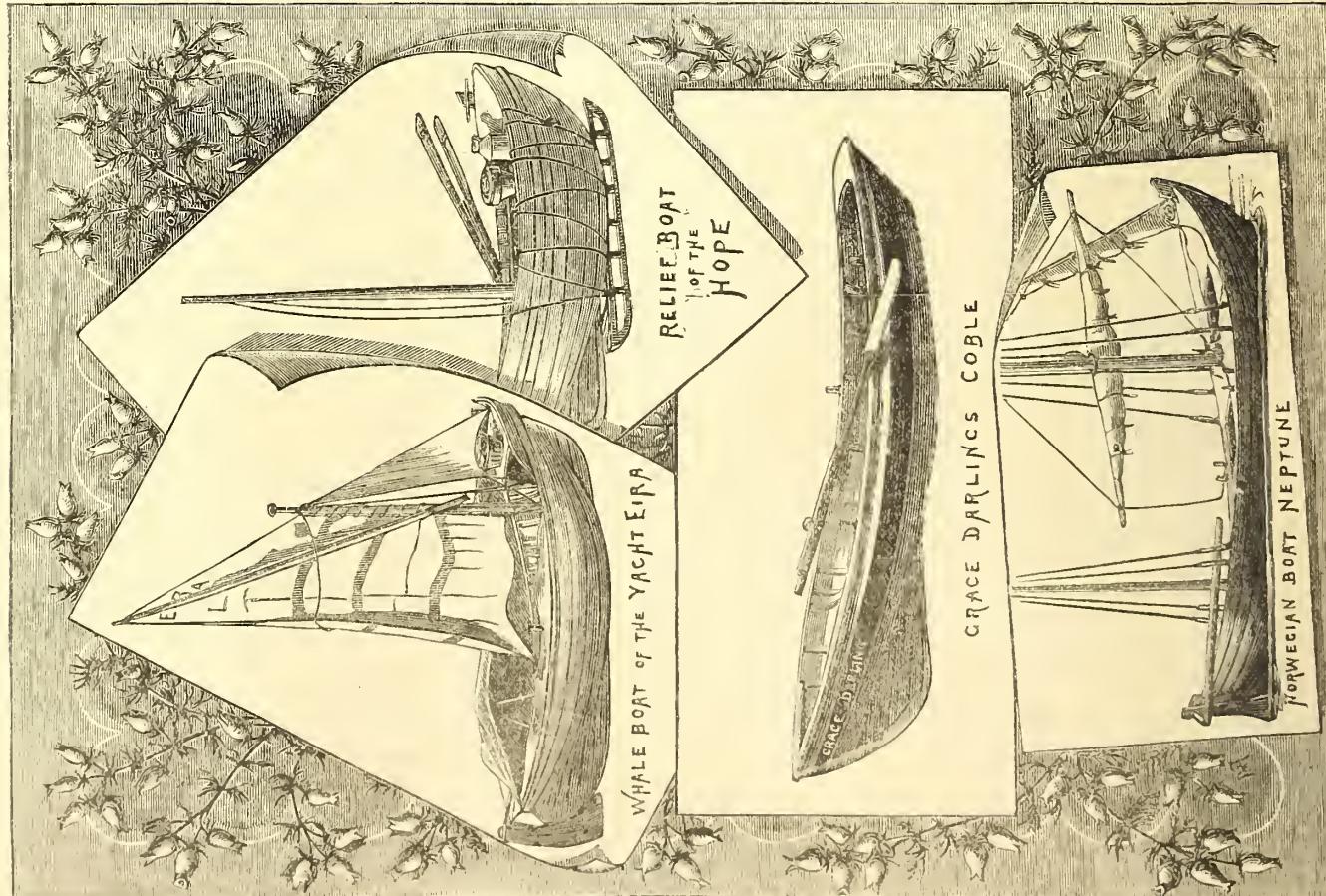
Oh! that white set face and that rigid form  
Shall we ever forget till our latest day?  
Will the ice-cold limbs no more grow warm,  
And the deathly pallor ne'er pass away?

Yes, the Father whose throne is the measureless  
skies,  
Who stills the tempest with a breath,  
Looked down on Will with pitying eyes,  
And lifted him from the gates of death.

Our crew were but sailors, rude and rough,  
But all his mates from that dread day  
Of Will could hardly make enough  
Till the ship dropped anchor in Hobsen's  
Bay.



Some Famous and Typical Boats.  
 1. Hooft Fishing-Boat from Belgium. 2. Native Fishing-Boat from Aden. 3. Swedish Seal-hunting Boat. 4. Type of Dutch Boat. 5. Fishing-Boat from Ningpo, China. 6. Method of Fishing, and Boat from Ningpo, China.



1. Hooft Fishing-Boat from Belgium. 2. Native Fishing-Boat from Aden. 3. Swedish Seal-hunting Boat. 4. Type of Dutch Boat. 5. Fishing-Boat from Ningpo, China.

## THE WANDERING DERVISH.

THE dervish journey through Central Asia of Vambery, whose new book was the talk of last season, deservedly ranks among the most extraordinary adventures of modern times. The continuous self-restraint and intimate knowledge of language and customs required during the many months must have been truly wonderful, for not only was the traveller's true character undiscovered by the people he met and visited, but it remained unknown even to the fanatical Mohammedans with whom he worked and lived and slept.

Many narrow escapes of recognition there, of course, were. At Karatepe, almost at the outset, suspicion was aroused; at Ashourada it was by the merest chance that the Russians passed him over; at Gomushtepe, Khandjan suspected his guest of being a political emissary from the Sultan, but never got so far as to suppose he was a European. Farther on the notoriously ill-living Afghan opium-eater whispered his suspicions into the ears of the Kervan bashi, only to fail; and when Khiva was reached the same enemy tried to denounce the political spy he fancied he had found, but fate again declared against him.

So different is the temperament of an Oriental from that of a European, and so opposite are the modes of thought, that a constant guard had to be kept on every look and motion. Even in his sleep it behoved the traveller to be careful. "Thou dost not snore like a Turkess-tani!" said one of his companions, and this difference had to be satisfactorily accounted for. Even his arms were tied back on pretence of pain in order that his gestures might not betray him. Think of the pseudo-dervish's feelings when, dying of thirst in the desert, Kari Messud piously exclaimed, "We are, alas! the propitiatory victims for some great evil-doer who is amongst us in our caravan!" and fixed his eyes full on those of the Hungarian!

Armin Vambery was born in 1832 at Duna Szerdahely, on one of the large islands on the Danube. An accomplished linguist, he resolved to study in their homes the tongues having affinity with that of his native Magyar. Magyar comes from the same stock as the Altaic, but whether the Altaic is of the Finnish or Tartaric branch is still a moot question. To solve it Vambery undertook his remarkable journey.

To begin with he went to Constantinople, and remained there four years, acquainting himself with the Mohammedan ritual and the Eastern dialects. He then moved on to Teheran, and thence, on the 28th March, 1863, started on his eventful journey. He had joined a band of dervishes who were on their way back home from having visited the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca. The leader of the band was Hadji Bilal, the court iman of the Chinese Mussulman Governor of Aksu, Chinese Tartary. Another of his companions was one Hadji Kurban, a knife-grinder, who had travelled, professionally, to Constantinople and Mecca, to Calcutta, and Thibet, to Orenburg and Taganrok!

Vambery had shaved his head and adopted the regular Bokhriots costume. Giving away the garments he had brought to Teheran, his new uniform consisted of a felt jacket next the skin, without any shirt, and a dubbe of a thousand rags sewn together and fastened with a cord round his loins. His feet were enveloped in rags, and an immense turban—the pall the Mussulman wears to remind him of his death—covered his head, serving as a parasol by day and a pillow by night. Like the rest of the Hadjis, there hung round him a voluminous Koran in a bag resembling a cartridge pouch. In this costume he started for the Caspian, the first stage on his long road.

Passing through the defiles of Mazanderan, where the devout Hadji Bilal expressed his opinion that it was "so strange that all the pleasant spots in this earth should have fallen into the hands of the unbelievers," the party soon reached the southern shore, and thence took ship

in an undecked keseboy for Ashourada. At Ashourada the usual Russian inspection was gone through, and the keseboy proceeded to the eastern shore at Gomushtepe. "Tepe" is the Turkestan for "hill," and "gomush" means "silver," so that Gomushtepe is simply native for "silver hill." At Gomushtepe a very pleasant time was spent, Vambery fulfilling his duties as a dervish in an exemplary manner, and making great friends with the local magnate Khandjan.

Leaving the Caspian, the caravan to which the dervishes had joined themselves bore away north-eastwards, Vambery travelling in a kedeje—the pair of pannier-like baskets that are hung one on each side of a camel. At Yeti Siri a wild man was seen, one who had been banished from the haunts of men owing to some necessities of revenge, for the vendetta is in as full swing among the Turkomans as it used to be in Corsica. On leaving Yeti Siri the difficulties of the caravan began. The wells were found to be dried up. After much suffering the water was found farther on at Dehli Ata, and thence into Khiva the journey was comparatively uneventful. The forsaken channel of the Oxus was crossed, the "tiger-field"—once an island in the old river, now a plateau—was skirted. In it a false alarm brought the caravan to arms to meet an attack of robbers, who turned out to be only a herd of wild asses—and then the capital of Kharesm was entered.

Few more dramatic interviews have taken place than that of the philological pseudodervish with the cruel, despotic Khan, who occasionally received his tribute in human heads, and never let a day pass without dooming some of his subjects to death by lingering torture. Vambery's position was perilous in the extreme, for an Afghan merchant who had travelled with him had detected him as a European, and given information, so that although the informer was disbelieved, unusual attention was directed to the peculiarly featured dervish, whose colour, thanks to a regular dervish coating of dirt and grime, was undiscoverable.

When the curtain rolled up and he found himself in the presence of the Khan, he boldly blessed him, and so acted his part that the Khan's suspicions were dissipated, and he even offered him an Osbeg wife, and enlarged on the advantages of his settling in the district.

From Khiva, with its market on horseback—for even the buying and selling take place in the saddle—the dervishes journeyed on to Bokhara, visitors to which have to pass an examination by a customs officer, who catalogues every article, however small, they may have about them, and by a "writer of events," who takes down full particulars of the history of each individual, and all the local and general history, current and past, that it may please him to relate! Bokhara is famous for its great bazaar. In it are six-and-twenty book-stalls for written books, and tea-shops innumerable. In one of the tea-shops there were no less than sixteen varieties of tea, each of which the dealer could tell by the touch!

The religious education of the Bokhriots is looked after by a Reis, who traverses the streets with a cat-o'-nine-tails to flog the people into the mosques, and examines each passer-by in the principles of Islamism. Should an unfortunate man fail to answer the questions satisfactorily, the Reis there and then orders him off to spend eight or fourteen days in a boys' school to repair his neglected education!

The Emir of Bokhara is the most economical of potentates. The kitchen expenses of the royal establishment never exceed ten shillings per day. There is never a difficulty or discussion as to what should be served for dinner, for the bill of fare is always the same. There is but one dish on all occasions, and that is "pilow boiled in mutton fat."

From Bokhara Vambery went on to Samarkand and visited the tomb of Timour Leng, and saw the green stone, ten feet long and four

feet square, which that mighty conqueror brought from Broussa and made his throne. At the tomb, which is close to that of Timour's teacher, Mir Seid Berki, is the copy of the Koran written by Osman, the second Khalif, the secretary of the Prophet, and which, like the green stone, was carried off from Bajazet's treasury at Broussa.

At Samarkand occurred the interview with the Emir. Again Vambery's boldness saved his life, for as soon as he was introduced he coolly marched up to the monarch and sat himself down in all his rags and dirt close beside him. For a quarter of an hour did the Emir ply him with questions and endeavour to read his face, and then, seeming to be satisfied with his examination, called a servant, and whispering an order, motioned the dervish to follow. Vambery fancied he was told off to execution, as the servant led him along passages and through doors, and at last left him in a darkened room, which might be the torture chamber. In a few minutes, however, the servant returned, and brought from the Emir, not a torture warrant, but a handsome gift.

At Samarkand the enterprising traveller parted from Hadji Bilal and the dervishes with whom he had lived so long. Throughout they had never suspected the real character of their companion. Even in their rags and dirt he had so closely resembled them, and had so taken his part in all the work and duties of the journey, in the blessing and curing and dancing and other ceremonies, that his European origin remained undetected. A great friendship had sprung up between him and these wild devotees, and the parting from them was regretted by all.

From Samarkand, still in dervish character, Vambery set out to Kerki, and on the banks of the Oxus, while waiting for the Herat caravan, was stung by a scorpion as he slept. He awoke with anything but an Asiatic scream, and his companions came hurrying up, but ascribing his excitement to the excruciating pain, thought no more about it, and one of them cured the wound by kneeling down and sucking it with such vigour that the throb could be felt all through the body. Zeid was passed, and Anakhuy, Maymcne, and Tchitchektao were visited. The Murgab was crossed to Kale No, and after being stripped before the customs collector of Kurukh, and made to pay exorbitant duty on everything, Herat was reached, and the dervish disguise almost read by Bata Khan, the governor.

The Afghans were not in those days very popular with the Heratis, as witness the story of the Kandahar gate, "never to be destroyed because it was built by the English, who lay bribe on brick only as justice directs, and not like the Afghans, who mix their mortar with the tears of oppression." With their red coats and quasi-European drill—even the titles of their officers, djornel, kornel, and major, are but corruptions of the English general, colonel, and major—they formed a grateful contrast, however, to the wild soldiers of the desert, with whom Vambery had been acquainted for so many months. As Bata had nearly discovered the true character of the seeming dervish, so did Yakoub Khan, who guessed he was an Englishman, but profusely apologised on being told he was mistaken.

Eventually Vambery got back to Teheran and ended his extraordinary wanderings, during which he had learnt more about the inner life of Central Asia than was ever known before. Curious are the customs of its peoples, and curious are their ideas of justice. With a single characteristic example we will conclude.

Among the Turkomans hospitality ranks very much higher as a virtue than honesty. One of the dervishes went out on a begging expedition during the journey, and came at evening to a lonely tent for the purpose of lodging there for the night. On entering he was received in the customary friendly manner; nevertheless he soon observed that the master of the poverty-

stricken establishment seemed to be greatly embarrassed, and moved about as if looking for something. The beggar began to feel very uncomfortable, when at last his host approached him, and, deeply blushing, begged him to lend him a few krans in order that he might be able to provide the necessary supper, inasmuch as he himself had nothing but dried fish, and he wished to set something better before his guest. The dervish opened his purse, which he carried under his rags, and when he had given his host five krans everything seemed to be

satisfactorily arranged. The meal was eaten amidst the most friendly conversation, and when it was ended, the softest felt carpet was assigned to the stranger as his couch, and in the morning he was dismissed with the customary honours.

"I was scarcely gone half an hour from the tent," said the dervish, on relating his adventure, "when a Turkoman came running towards me, and with violent threats demanded my purse. How great was my astonishment when I recognised in the person of the robber no other than my host of the previous night! I thought

he was joking, and began to address him in a friendly manner; but he grew only more and more serious. So, in order to avoid unpleasant consequences, there remained nothing for me but to hand over my purse, a few leaves of tea, my comb, and my knife—in one word, my whole property. Having so done, I was about to proceed on my way, when he held me back, and opening my—that is to say, now his—purse, and taking out five krans, gave them to me with these words: 'Take my debt of yesterday evening. We are now quits!'

## OUT WITH A SWEEP-NET.

BY THEODORE WOOD.

HERE is a glorious afternoon, with a cloudless sky, the thermometer at 72° in the shade, and a southerly breeze of just sufficient strength to prevent the heat from becoming oppressive. Let us seize so favourable an opportunity and start off upon an expedition with a sweep-net.

No sooner said than done. Before five minutes have elapsed we have donned our special entomological coat, which consists chiefly of pockets, and have armed ourselves with the usual array of collecting-bottles, pill-boxes, etc., causing the said pockets to bulge in a somewhat unsightly manner. However, appearance is the last subject about which an insect-hunter should trouble himself, and we start off, sweep-net in hand, serenely indifferent to the far from complimentary comments passed upon us by the various individuals whom we meet upon our road.

Just a word or two as to the character of the sweep-net itself. Excepting in the matter of shape it is not in the least like a butterfly-net, for it is intended to bear much rough usage from the bushes and herbage through which it is to pass. So the ring itself is made of strong iron bar, exactly half an inch in diameter, which is firmly welded into a socket of the same material. Round the bar is sewn a strip of strong leather, forming a kind of flap beneath the ring, and to this flap is fastened the net itself, which is about fourteen inches deep and is made of stout canvas. The handle consists of an ash-pole about four feet in length, and is fixed into the socket of the ring by means of a couple of screws.

The weight of this implement is rather an advantage than otherwise, as less strength is required in forcing it through the herbage. Until the proper knack of using it is learnt, however, the labour is very severe, and the bodily sensations of the entomologist upon the following day may be compared to those of an enthusiastic gymnast after his first half-hour's exercise upon the horizontal bar, or of a patient suffering from a bad attack of rheumatic fever. But a little practice does wonders, and after an expedition or two he will be able to make use of the net through an entire day without experiencing fatigue.

A mile or so from our starting-place the houses begin to grow scattered, and before long we find ourselves in a country road, flanked upon either side by banks covered with miscellaneous herbage. No better spot could we find for the commencement of our labours, so we grasp the net firmly in both hands, and begin to sweep it backwards and forwards through the herbage with just sufficient force to brush off any creatures which may be resting upon it, and yet without breaking off the plants themselves. Under such a sun a minute of this work is quite enough, and we accordingly turn our attention to the results of our labours.

At first sight the interior of the net appears to be wholly occupied by flies in the wildest state of excitement, dashing madly to and fro, and seeming quite unconscious of the fact that a few upward strokes of their wings would restore them to freedom. Until these have disappeared it is perfectly hopeless to attempt any examination of our remaining captives, and we are therefore obliged to spend some little time in the

task of freeing the net from its winged inmates. At length, however, the operation is completed, and we are enabled to see whether or not we have made any captures of interest.

Spiders, of course, of all imaginable sizes, from the tiny creature just hatched from the egg to the fat and bloated individual, which, one would think, would be about a match for an ordinary hornet. One and all of these, strange to say, seem quite experienced in the mysteries of the sweep-net, for, without manifesting any peculiar eagerness, they make their way straight to the edge, and thence allow themselves to fall to the ground. Perhaps they have been caught in a similar manner before, and are therefore familiar with the shortest road to liberty.

Next come the caterpillars, including quite an army of "Drinkers," which have been feeding upon the long grass through which the net passed, and a goodly number of "Peacocks" from the nettles. There is a "Woolly Bear," too, from the dumb-nettle, as well as a number of others of various kinds. One or two of these we transfer to pill-boxes, each containing a leaf or two of the food-plant, while the common herd are allowed to return to the pastures from which they were so rudely taken.

Then there is one of the Ground Beetles, evidently out upon a marauding expedition, in search of victims to stay his almost insatiable hunger. There are several "Skipjacks," too, all leaping away with the most praiseworthy perseverance, and probably wondering very much why they are unable to keep their footing in spite of all their endeavours. One of these, rejoicing in the rather lengthy title of *Melanotus rufipes*, whose long black body and red limbs render him a very conspicuous object, quickly finds himself in the laurel bottle, to enrich the collection of a friend; his companions are unceremoniously pitched out of the net.

Next come three or four "two-spot" lady-birds, seemingly very anxious to escape from durane's vise. The reason of their presence is evident enough, for there is quite a host of the "green blight" upon which they prey, and which, but for these and other insect enemies, would scarcely leave a green leaf upon the face of the earth. Them we do not want, and, indeed, should in any case be reluctant to destroy such useful little creatures, so we allow them to set off again upon their bloodthirsty but necessary mission.

Can these be balls of dirt? If so, what are they doing among the herbage; and why should they be so remarkably regular in form? Yet, if not dirt, what can they be?

The mystery is soon solved, for, as though actuated by a common impulse, the seeming dirt-balls simultaneously begin to unroll a set of long limbs, and in a second or two a number of little weevils are moving with slow step and dignified mien towards the edge of the net. They had been feigning death, as their instinct teaches them to do in order to escape the keen eyes of the insect-eating birds, and had packed away their beaks and long legs in such a wonderful manner as altogether to conceal their real character.

It has often been remarked that the smallest

insects have the longest names, and of this singular rule we have an admirable illustration in the case of our little long-legged friends, for, although their total length is less than one twelfth part of an inch, they are called by no less a title than that of *Ceuthorrhynchidius pyrrorrhynchus*—quite a triumph in the way of nomenclature.

Crawling about in the net, of course, are a number of the little *Apion*, or Pear Weevils, which are to be found everywhere. One of them is a most handsome creature, for he is twice as large as any of his fellows, and is of a beautiful vermilion colour, which renders him a very conspicuous object. His smaller relatives are by no means so gorgeously coloured, however, for dull blue and black are their prevailing hues, and they are so wonderfully similar to one another that the differences between them cannot be mastered without hard study.

By the time that we have arrived at this stage of our investigations we become aware that our proceedings have attracted the attention of an inquisitive costermonger, who is on his way, with a well-filled cart, to the nearest market.

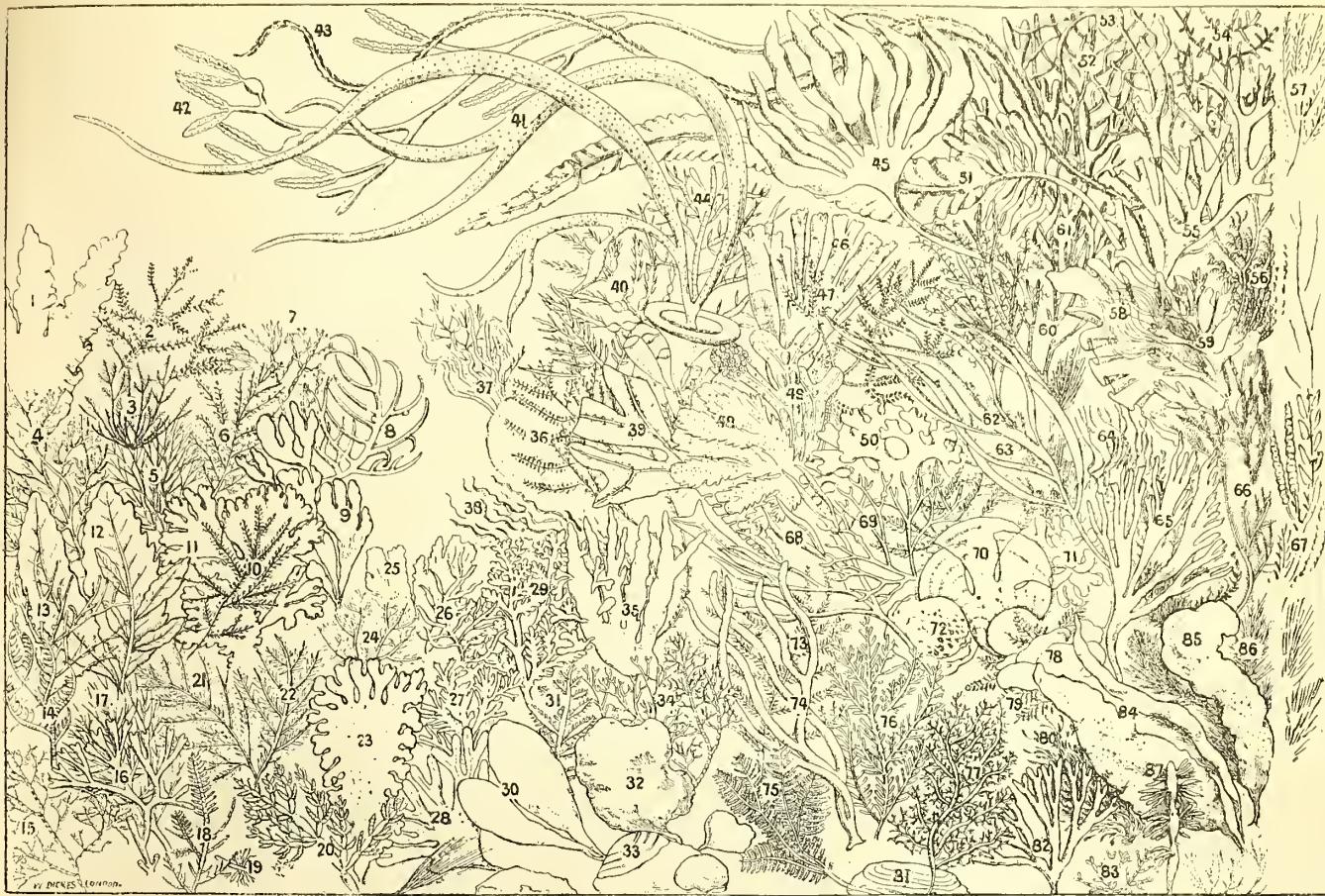
"What are yer a-catchin' of?" he inquires, in the interval between two puffs at his well-blackened clay-pipe.

"Oh! Rhynchophorous Coleoptera," we remark, cheerfully, eliciting a response of "Auy-think else?" delivered in the tone of a man who is not to be taken in. For some time longer he maintains his interest in our doings, but at length drives off with some indistinct growl on the subject of "colley-hoppers," leaving us to pursue our researches in solitude.

By this time the contents of our net have been thoroughly examined, and we are ready for another sweep, which again supplies us with a very similar heterogeneous mixture of objects living and dead. By the time that the flies and the spiders have taken their departure, however, a really valuable beetle crawls forth, in the shape of a beautiful red creature known as *Cryptocnemis coryli*. He must have come from the hazel bushes through which we just passed the net, and we accordingly institute a careful search on the chance of meeting with further specimens. But our hopes are doomed to disappointment, for not another example is to be found.

There are plenty of other creatures in our net, however, among them a couple of "Soldier" beetles, which, notwithstanding their captivity, are busily settling some dispute by biting and tearing one another with the greatest fury. Perhaps each imagines that the other is in some way to blame for his imprisonment, and is seeking the vengeance which he considers is justly his due. Or, maybe, they are only hungry, and are attempting to dine upon one another, after the fashion of the world-famed cats of Kilkeenny. Whatever their motives, however, their intentions are quickly frustrated, for we separate the combatants, and allow them to escape in different directions.

(To be continued.)



OUR BRITISH SEAWEEDS.—Key to Coloured Plate.

(Names of Species, each representing a Genus.)

## FIG.

1. *Porphyra laciniata* (Purple laver).
2. *Wrangelia multifida* (Wrangel's).
3. *Callithamnion Borreri* (Borrer's *Callithamnion*).
4. *Gloiosiphonia capillaris* (Viscid capillary).
5. *Polysiphonia variegata* (Variegated polysiphonia).
6. *Seirospora Griffithiana* (Griffith's chain-seed).
7. *Chylocladia articulata* (Jointed chylocladia).
8. *Gigartina acicularis* (Grape-stone).
9. *Phyllophora rubens* (Leaf-bearing).
10. *Dasya arbuscula* (Hairy shrub).
11. *Rhodymenia laciniata* (Red membrane).
12. *Delesseria sanguinea* (Delessert's).
13. *Gracaria confervoides* (Slender).
14. *Rytiphorae pinastroides* (Wrinkled).
15. *Griffithia coralina* (Griffith's coraline).
16. *Polyides rotundus* (Round polyides).
17. *Hypnea purpurascens* (Mossy purple).
18. *Cerallina officinalis* (Medicinal coraline).
19. *Jania rubens* (Pale-red *Jania*).
20. *Chylocladia kalifornica* (Juicy).
21. *Bonnemaisonia asparagoides* (Bonnemaison's).
22. *Chrysymenia clavellosa* (Golden).
23. *Nitophyllum punctatum* (Dotted).
24. *Plocamium coccineum* (Twisted scarlet).
25. *Nitophyllum laceratum* (Shining Dotted).
26. *Grateloupia filicina* (Grateloup's).
27. *Sphaerococcus coronopifolius* (Globe fruit).
28. *Stenogramma interrupta* (Narrow-lined).
29. *Laurencia pinnatifida* (Pepper dulse).

## FIG.

30. *Iridaea edulis* (Iridescent).
31. *Gelidium latifolium* (Broad-leaved gelidium).
32. *Kallymenia reniformis* (Kidney-shaped).
33. *Hildenbrandia rubra* (Hildebrandt's).
34. *Ceramium rubrum* (Pitcher).
35. *Halymenia ligulata* (Strap-like).
36. *Sporochnus pedunculatus* (Woolly-seed).
37. *Enteromorpha intestinalis* (Twisted).
38. *Ectocarpus siliculosus* (Podded ectocarpus).
39. *Haliseris polypodioides* (Sca endive).
40. *Cystoseira fibrosa* (Bladder-chain).
41. *Himanthalia lorea* (Sea thong).
42. *Pycnothrix tuberculata* (Thick-bulb).
43. *Chorda filum* (Hairy-cord).
44. *Striaria attenuata* (Tapering striaria).
45. *Laminaria digitata* (Tangle).
46. *Taonia Atomaria* (Peacock).
47. *Arthrocladia villosa* (Shaggy arthrocladia).
48. *Fucus serratus* (Toothed wrack).
49. *Fucus vesiculosus* (Bladder wrack).
50. *Chondrus crispus* (Irish moss).
51. *Alaria esculenta* (Bladderlocks).
52. *Chordaria flagelliformis* (Whipcord).
53. *Enteromorpha compressa* (Compressed).
54. *Mesogloia virescens* (Pale-green mesogloia).
55. *Dictyota dichotoma* (Net).
56. *Cladophora falcata* (Hooked).
57. *Dictyosiphon feniciliaceus* (Tube-net fennel).
58. *Ulva latissima* (Broad ulva).

## FIG.

59. *Odonthalia dentata* (Toothed odonthalia).
60. *Carpomitra Cabrerae* (Mitre-fruit).
61. *Codium tomentosum* (Spongy).
62. *Dumontia filiformis* (Dumont's).
63. *Gymnogongrus narvegicus* (Norway chondrus).
64. *Litosiphon pusillus* (Slender tube).
65. *Cutleria multifida* (Cutler's cleft).
66. *Spyridia filamentosa* (Basket).
67. *Haldidrys siliquosa* (Podded haldidrys).
68. *Furcellaria lumbricalis* (Forked).
69. *Gymnogongrus Griffithsiae* (Naked wart).
70. *Padina pavonia* (Peacock-tail).
71. *Metobesia fasciculata* (Bunched melobesia).
72. *Ralfsia densta* (Ralfs').
73. *Naccaria Wiggi* (Naccari's).
74. *Nemaleon multifidum* (Thread).
75. *Ptilota plumosa* (Feathery ptilota).
76. *Gelidium corneum* (Horny).
77. *Dudresnaia divaricata* (Dudresnay's).
78. *Leathesia tuberiformis* (Leathes' lobe).
79. *Callithamnion tetragonum* (Little shrub).
80. *Polyiphonia formosa* (Many-tubed).
81. *Crurria pellita* (Red skin).
82. *Ginamia furcellata* (Ginanni's).
83. *Catenella opuntia* (Little chain).
84. *Punctaria plantaginea* (Plantain).
85. *Asperococcus Turneri* (Turner's rough-seed).
86. *Sphaerelaria scoparia* (Brush-like).

## Correspondence.

J. K.—Mouldings for picture-frames can be obtained from Messrs. Beckmann, Cowcross Street; Rees, Drury Lane, and through almost any frame-maker. See London Directory for wholesale moulding dealers.

TUC.—You can get a packet of the plates published with the volume. It will cost you twenty pence through any newsagent.

A. FEIST.—Herst is a local way of spelling Hurst, and officially the latter spelling is correct. The way in which the names of places were spelt depended a good deal on the ear of the first speller. The map-maker only put down what he was told. The index to the volume costs one penny, and this includes title-page, list of authors, artists, etc.

T. ROBERTSON.—Say take in a paper, the boy who brings it you takes it out. The "Engineer," "Engineering," "Mechanical World," etc., are all devoted to such subjects. One evening in the library of an institute would give you an idea of the respective newspapers.

VOTAGEUR.—Such appointments now belong to the Canadian Civil Service. The Company has ceased to govern any territory. Their address is Lime Street, E.C.

G. C. BROWN.—You will find the information as to the comparative sizes of the counties and countries in Robert Anderson's "Class Book of Geography," published by Messrs. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row. There are fewer fuller or more intelligible books on the subject, but of course there are many geographies for you to choose from. Anderson has a full index of all places he mentions, with pronunciation marked, besides several other special features.

A. LINE.—1. For about a week during the time that the harvest moon is at the full there is very little difference between the time of her rising on any two successive nights, the reason being that her orbit is then nearly parallel with the horizon. The same thing occurs in the spring, but then the moon is not full at the time, and it is therefore not so noticeable. 2. It all depends on the latitude in which the harvest is gathered. It only seems early to south-country folk.

PEREGRINUS.—1. Land surveying is best learnt practically from some practical surveyor. A knowledge of mathematics, more particularly mensuration, would be found serviceable. 2. There can be no doubt but what, in a commercial sense, French is a better language to learn than Latin.

E. E. A.—There were several parlour games described in the Christmas Number for 1883, as well as in the previous Christmas parts.

RUN OUT.—See answer to C. E. Dayus on page 512. The ball, however, must be touched by one of the opposite side on its way from the bat to the wicket—a fact not stated therein, but understood by the questioner.

BANTAM.—"Glass-blowing for Boys" was in the second volume, on pages 701 and 719. The numbers were 81 and 82, and they were in the parts for August and September, 1880.

YORKIST.—The Manx motto, "Stabit quocunque jeceris"—"Whichever way you throw it it will stand"—refers to the arms, or rather to the legs. "Son confort et liesse" is "His comfort and joy"; and "Bontez en avant" on the javelin men at Chester Assizes means "Get in front."

AERONAUT.—1. The articles on Gas and Fire Balloons were in the parts for December, 1881, and January, 1882. 2. The best plan is to gum the gores together over a barrel or other curved surface. 3. You must publish at your own risk, and will probably get nothing. It is seldom that a first book pays the author.

A. G. MILLER.—The Black Watch were so called from the very dark pattern of tartan that was specially designed for them, and which they still wear.

A PREMATURE OLD MAN.—Leave your grey hairs alone. Such cases are not common, but there is no reason why a boy should be ashamed of grey hairs any more than an old man is. As you get out in the world you will find it do you no harm to be thought a little older than you are, particularly if you start in business on your own account.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Admission to the Bluecoat School is by nomination from one of the governors, a list of whom you can obtain at the school.

CORNSTALK.—A very complete book is Lord and Baines's "Shifts of Camp Life," published at the "Field" office. A very full catalogue of explorers' outfits and ocean voyage necessaries—and luxuries—is that of S. W. Silver and Co., 67, Cornhill.

C. F.—Instead of using Canada balsam alone, make a mixture of a part of each of chloroform and turpentine to two parts of the balsam, and keep it in a warm place till it is thoroughly blended. Wash your specimens in alcohol. Try them under the microscope to see that they are all right before you finish them.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—The "Boy's Own Museum" was in the third volume, in the November and December parts for 1881. There were eight articles.

JACK.—1. Cannot say. 2. The great vine is at Hampton Court, in a viney seventy-two feet long by thirty broad. A yard from the ground the stem is over ten inches through, and the total length is said to exceed a hundred and ten feet in ordinary seasons. It produces two thousand five hundred bunches of Black Hamburg grapes—and very nice they are!

EDINBURGH.—1. The cross on the ambulance-wagons is the Swiss Cross, adopted owing to the convention with regard to the treatment of sick and wounded in war having been held at Geneva, and Switzerland being the last country in the world likely to go to war. The BOY'S OWN PAPER is sold in Edinburgh at London prices.

W. BELL.—"Goats and Goat-keeping for Pleasure and Profit" was in Nos. 161, 162, 163, and 164, and these were in the March part for 1882. You will find the articles very full and practical.

G. T.—1. Silver-leaf is in larger pieces than gold-leaf, but it cannot be beaten so thin, and hence, in proportion to the number of leaves, seems to be dearer. 2. Organ-building is a very complicated and lengthy subject, and one that we are not likely to take up—for some considerable time, at all events.

O. R. W.—We will have another competition in picture-describing later on. Please send us no more MSS., we cannot use them. Were you the sole survivor who hid himself in a sea-chest when the mate fired his pistol into the magazine and blew the short-sworded pirate and co. into smithereens?

T. D. W.—You can tan model-boat sails by boiling them in the coffee-pot—a deed of darkness often done but seldom mentioned. The best plan is to steep them in a solution of oak bark, of which a pennyworth—bark or solution—will go a long way.

C. DECIUS.—You might paste two or three thicknesses of plain paper on the slab to be cut, and on them paste the design, so that when the work is finished you could soak it in water, remove the paper, and have a set of stencils for future frets.

BELOROPHON (?)—The "Midshipmite and the Bo'sun," etc., may be found in the Bab Ballads, by W. S. Gilbert, published at sixpence by Messrs. Routledge.

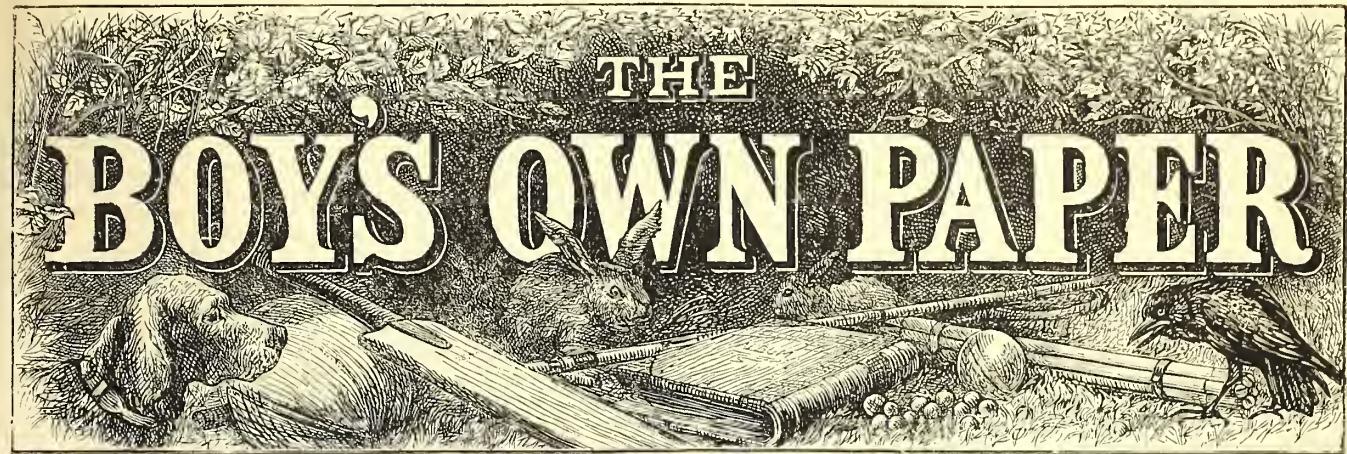
A. McDONALD.—1. The BOY'S OWN PAPER was started in January, 1879. The other publication is of no importance; its date is not given in the list. 2. Boots are better for walking in than shoes; they give more support to the ankles. 3. We do not think thirty miles too much for a day's walk; many greater distances are frequently done by healthy young men. A walking-tour at such a rate, however, means merely walking for walking's sake, and the neglect of everything of interest on the road.

A. R. G.—There is no book on the subject. The nearest approach to it is a manual of gymnastics, of which nearly every publisher has one. See our illustrated articles in the first half of third volume.

ADAM DUNLOP.—In the first place our paper is, as you say, "widely circulated in Scotland," and its circulation is increasing; and, in the second place, we have not the slightest intention of altering our adjectives. It is a pity you cannot appreciate the practical good sense of the vast majority of your countrymen. What a deal of trouble you would have saved yourself had you known the nationality of the writers of the articles! You must have sent one of the newspaper cuttings by mistake; had you read it aright you would have seen that it completely demolishes your own case.



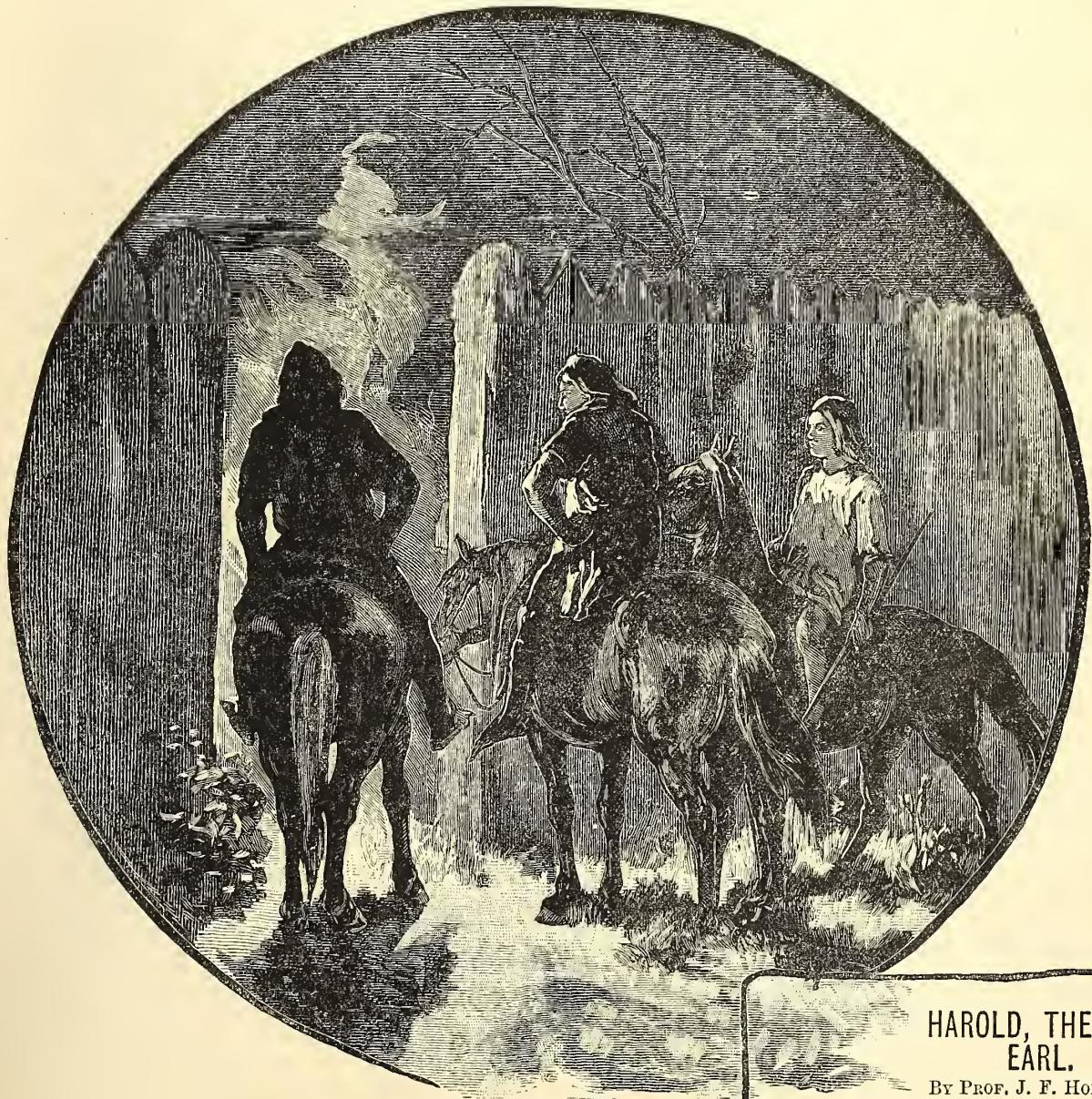
# THE BOY'S OWN PAPER



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HAROLD, THE BOY-  
EARL.

BY PROF. J. F. HODGETTS.

CHAPTER X.—ESCAPE.

"A truddy flickering light was seen."

WHEN Harold and his companions in exile left the chamber of Octavia they were conducted back to the same portion of the

"villa" as that from whence they had been brought. Here they were treated with the same kindness as before, for when Octavia translated Harold's bold withdrawal of his promise to the king, Wynn had been sent to fetch the other guards and witnesses to prove that Harold had not left the spot. And in his absence Harold's tale was told in British to the king. All were surprised Llewellyn should have dreamed that Harold had been strolling beyond the bounds permitted. All liked the brave young pagans; none knew of any reason why they should be more harshly treated than they had been already.

According to the orders which had been received beforehand from the Domina, the boys were well provided with food, and that the best. Fully believing in their promise not to attempt escape, this good and Christian lady had conveyed to Wynn (now a centurion) her wish to see the English ride their tiny horses round a little paddock some two miles from the villa. Her orders were that horses should be ready for her and Candida after the midday meal, and that the boys should have their ponies trotted to this same paddock, and Wynn should lead them thither.

After the withdrawal of their "parole" in the very decided manner in which the boys had met the imputation on their honour, they never expected for a moment that the unusual amount of liberty which had been extended to them would be continued, and great was their surprise when Wynn, accompanied by two officers and some soldiers of the guard, appeared soon after the conclusion of the grand banquet with the news that at the Domina's express command the English boys were to show off their tricks as horsemen in the paddock, and she would come with Candida, and even perhaps the king, to see their northern sports.

Now, Harold was an open, noble boy, quite without guile or wicked tricks, but yet he had the cunning of the time, which was improved by training in the art of war, and so, without betraying by a glance the altered state of things which his bold speech had caused, he calmly turned to Kenulf and said, "How kind is this good lady! To-morrow, if she likes our sports to-day, we ask for javelins, and shoot at shields for prizes, and the highest prize shall be to lead her palfrey home." A little whispering took place among the soldiers, and the result of this cunningly adapted speech was seen. One of the officers, approaching Wynn, spoke also in a whisper. After reflection, Wynn called Harold to him, and, taking him apart, spoke through the interpreter, who rarely left the boys, but, as we know, was absent when the scene occurred which caused the hasty rupture we have seen.

"What hast thou said to Kenulf and the rest about thy tricks in shooting? If it would please the Domina, it should be done to-day. What canst thou do on horseback?"

Harold's invention and memory together constructed a game on the spur of the moment, as being that which he was desirous of showing to the Domina. First there was to be a long course marked out, at one end of which posts were to be set up on which as many common shields should be affixed as there were players. Then, starting from a point some yards before the marks, the players must ride off quite at their topmost speed. Then at a signal from the men on guard they should

return as fast, and when arrived within a certain distance from the shields discharge their javelins. He who missed a shield should lose his javelin, and he whose *gár*\* fell short, and did not even reach the shield, should lose his horse as well. But all who struck a shield were handsomely rewarded.

This game, when they had heard it explained to them in British, delighted all the Britons. "Fetch six shields," said Wynn. "Thou, Griffyn ap Hamagan, wait to conduct the ladies. Fetch thou the English lances we found on them when taken, and hurry to the paddock. You, sirs, bring standard poles; they will suffice to bear the shields till they are stricken; and, hark ye! let the standards fly—the sport will seem more gay."

Excited with the prospect of the game, Wynn sent his followers to find the arms and other apparatus required by the lads. He and the English were the first upon the scene. Then came the ponies, much to the delight of boys as well as ponies. The latter neighed and struggled to get loose at the sight of their young masters, and the boys rushed to their horses' necks, each seizing his own steed, and clasped him round the neck in wonderful delight. Such joy is only known in boyhood. With a bound each sat firm on his pony.

For Beorn a charming nag had been supplied, as full of fun and life and fire as any tricksy kitten, and not much bigger than the other ponies. He seemed to like the joke extremely of standing with the other horses, and having held a neighing conversation with the rest, was now at ease and happy. Before he mounted this most skittish steed Beorn looked at him with pleasure, spoke to him, patted his arching neck, arranged his mane, and, taking from his pouch the little carved-horn comb (without which no pure Saxon ever travelled), he combed the mane and forelock. All the while the pony eyed him with a glance of some suspicion, as a stranger might. At last he *felt* his master. By degrees he brought his head still nearer, until on Beorn's broad shoulder he laid it lovingly. Then the boy knew he *had* him. He leapt upon his back and all was over; the friendship was complete!

"Hurrah! my lads!" cried Harold, "this is grand. Still, we must have no nonsense, no galloping; save all our wind, for we shall want it in the game."

With great difficulty he succeeded in inducing the little band to subdue their high spirits and refrain from indulging in a stretching gallop for fun, and Hugo was actually inclined to rebel, until warned by Beorn not to make an ass of himself to show his horsemanship! So they waited, but not patiently, to see what happened next.

Then came a man with the three javelins belonging to the Kenulf boys, and four well-tempered British arms for Harold and the rest. These were duly given to the boys, who thought they must be dreaming. Then came some men with fine tall taper spars with banners slung across them. These were placed in holes dug in the ground and firmly rammed. On these the shields were hung. Now all this time our Harold sat his horse at ease, and made the boys sit still. But he contrived to give the Britons so much work that they began to tire. Seeing this he called to Wynn to stand aside while he made trial with the boys whether the shields would serve. Some men he placed behind the posts to

pick up such javelins as missed their aim, others were stationed near the front to check the ponies should they strive to gallop past the standards. Wynn should be the umpire. Thus disposed the brave young earl rode off, and the six boys rode after. The Britons stood attentive at their stations, nor were they in the least suspicious, even when the young horsemen had somewhat passed the point at which they were, according to Harold's programme, to have turned and made their "play."

Up to this point the boys had walked their horses, but at about a hundred yards beyond the turning-point Harold exclaimed, "Away!" Striking his little horse abruptly with his heel, to which he had contrived to fix a thorn, forth fled the boy; the others, nothing loth, commenced a chase, as boys and horses will, and they were nearly out of sight before the patient Britons saw the trick thus played. Then such a scampering began! How the Britons screamed! Some addressed themselves to speed, and actually commenced a foot-race after the ponies. Wynn, however, thinking of his forfeit head, ran home for horses. This gave our heroes great advantage; and the ponies, being "full of rest and corn," were in capital condition, and the boys, only too glad of freedom, felt like swallows on the wing. Rejoicing in their horses, in themselves, and in the frolic of tricking King Llewellyn, caring but little for the road, so that it led to freedom, off they flew! Who can describe their feelings? A boy alone could do them justice; and so we leave it to our readers to picture to themselves how these young English lads bounded over the ground. And great delight was theirs at bearing javelins of war. Greatly they gloried in their nimble steeds. The clear air rang with laughter, and boy and pony bounded on like one animal. Fortunately the youngsters never dreamt of guiding their ponies, but left the whole task of piloting to them. These clever little creatures felt (with that true instinct which so often has been known to avail when human intellect has failed) that something was expected of them, and seemed determined to show themselves equal to the occasion. Without hesitation they galloped along, apparently laughing with their riders, until a small thick wood appeared right before them.

Into this the foremost animal, which we have said was Harold's, was just about to enter, when he first slackened his pace, and then turned off to the left with a short, sharp, shrill neigh. On seeing this the boy's first impulse was to compel his pony to plunge into the wood, but finding him grow restive he at last gave him his head, and sat the passive figure of a boy leaving the brute his will. With unabated speed the little horse flew madly to the left, and in a short space of time was standing still and gazing at that dark wood with fear, although clear of its terrors, for it lay far behind.

The little group was standing breathing the tired ponies, each boy dismounted, leading his nag by the bridle, and coming to a field just ready for the reapers, gave them an ample feed! A running brook of clearest water was welcome to our lads as ever draught of water to any parched lips. Some distance farther on the horses found a sheet of standing water, which they relished more. Scarce were the weary fugitives refreshed and mounted on their steeds when there was heard the deep-mouthed baying of a pack of dogs, though in the farthest distance. Evening was far

\* Early Saxon name for javelin.

advanced, night had come on, and well those hardy Anglo-Saxons knew that dogs in twilight are unpleasant foes. Again they let their horses lead them as best they might. Straight flew the trusty ponies, straight as the way could lead; nor was the way so weary as might have been supposed, for as they left the cornfield by leaping the low barrier which a stone wall afforded, they found a Roman road. Gallantly galloping on they flew, and they heard the hoarse bay grow near. Nearer and nearer it seemed to come, till another dread sound arose, and this was the howl of a kindred race, though ever the foe of mankind. For wolves had awaited the coming of night to burst from their lair in the wood, and the wolfhounds had scented the taint in the air, and had rushed to the battle in rage. And Wynn with his myrmidons joined in the fray, well believing the youngsters were slain. But the wolves were too hungry to give up the chance of a delicate supper of horseflesh and man! Besides, being baffled by Harold's bold retreat, and caught in the act of traversing the plain, the wolves were now at bay.

Meanwhile our heroes flew along the road until, at a short distance, a light was seen to shine. The light was stationary too! A halt was called, and all the seven boys took council. The younger lads, being sore tired with their toilsome way, had lost some of their vigour; Harold and Beorn and Kenulf still held out more stoutly, and did all that boys could do to comfort the four others.

"If that's a house," quoth Hugo, "my advice is just to try and enter. If they are nithings and deny us rest, why we are seven valiant English boys and they are only Britons!" He did not add "and dogs of Christians," as the mode was in those days of darkness. The other younger lads all said the same. At last Beorn spoke as follows.

"Dost thou know, Harold, any better plan? If not, I side with Hugo. Wolves are out, I heard distinctly mingled bark and howl. Night comes on thickly, it is very dark. I know not where we are, and I have waited for the moon or stars in vain; the mists grow thicker. Now, I propose that we divide our force. I take the lead with Hugo and with Bland to try our luck as beggars. If we fail, I'll whistle loud for Harold. You four may clatter with your ponies with noise enough for ten. Then we are armed and know the use of weapons. They must be burly Britons who should take us! What say ye, lads?"

"I say," said Harold, "that I like it not. First, if there should be danger, I lay claim, by right of leadership and age," he added, with a laugh, "to front that danger first. I am the son of Blue-tooth! What would my father say if like a baby I stand by and wait while others brave the peril? No, my lads, that plan is nought. But I have no sound objection provided I go forward to the work!"

"Agreed," said Beorn, "but still I think it better to act as my stout father acted when there was room for doubt. He would cast lots, and he whose lot allowed bore the adventure."

"Right," answered Harold. "But it's dark as pitch, how shall our lots be cast? And see! the mist has thickened since we spoke; the light, alas! has vanished; where we are I know not. The youngest shall decide it."

Here Bland, as youngest of the little troop, exclaimed,

"I go with Beorn and Edgar. Kenulf must stay with Harold and the rest. We must not lose Earl Harold; if we do, it would be better to have died instead! What! face Earl Blue-tooth having left his son to die among the Britons? No, by Tyr, I am a champion's son like all the rest, and I have as little thought of fear as any boy in England. But I am not bold enough to face our Harold's father and to say, 'Earl Rolf, thy son is murdered, and I ran away!'"

This speech was greatly relished by all save Harold, who liked to be first in everything, and was on his part anxious lest his father's frown should dub him nithing for allowing Beorn to be the first in action! Still, he had proposed the youngest as umpire, and could not retract because the verdict irked him!

So they rode on in silence for the space of more than half an hour, when this silence was abruptly broken by a hound.

"That is no wolf-hound's bay," said Beorn.

"No," exclaimed Kenulf, "I should say it was a ban-dog's bark."

"And yonder gleams the light," said Harold. "Courage, my boys, that means a supper, food and pleasant lodging, or broken heads and weapons. Hurrah! lads; forward, Beorn, thou art now our leader. I trust thy leadership may bring us food, for I am woeful hungry!"

In a clear night it would have been difficult to discern the house which they were nearing, but through the mist they could see nothing save a ruddy point before them which grew into a broader glare as the brave boys approached. The barking of the dog grew louder, and, guided by the sound, the boys drew near a gate to which the brute was bound.

During the time they dwelt with King Llewellyn the boys had learnt some British, or, as they called it, Welsh, a term used by the German race for any foreign tongue, but still the words were very few because of the supreme contempt with which our English sires regarded British blood. One or two phrases formed the store these lads possessed of British, but of these one seemed of special service now, and this was, "Gently, gently, my good dog!" The gate was barred within, but Beorn struck with the butt end of his lance to gain admittance. The barking continued as steps were heard nearing the gate from the house. A ruddy flickering light, evidently from a burning pine branch used as a torch, was seen; a few moments more, and the heavy beam which held the gate was raised.

The gate swung wide and Beorn rode through the opening accompanied by Hugo and by Kenulf. A stout serving-man in nothing but a tattered tunic was holding back a mighty mastiff who, with all his force, was striving to break loose. Forgetting in his admiration of the dog the danger to himself and his companions, Hugo in riding through exclaimed in English, "That's a good dog! Fine fellow!" These words produced a wonderful effect! Astonishment seemed quite to overwhelm the peasant. The dog burst from his hold and flung himself on Hugo, but not in savage mood, and nearly overthrew both boy and pony.

"Why!" exclaimed the lad. "Here, Beorn, it's Bran himself." The sound of his name seemed to delight Bran beyond everything, and he indulged in several extravagant contortions, which in a little kitten near a hearth would have been most diverting, but in a mastiff of the

largest size were not unmixed with danger. At last Beorn spoke in very angry tones, "Down, sirrah, or I'll have thee soundly flogged." And then the animal rushed straight at him, but with the strange discretion of his race walked by his side close to his leg and quiet as a puppy.

"The saints in heaven bless us!" cried the man who held the torch above him, "the English are upon us! I know the sound of their most hideous jargon. And if that dog that is so fierce to others knows the lad, then surely it is Blue-tooth's men that now have come to burn us and destroy the little we have left! Accursed pagans! Would the holy saints only look down on us and sweep away the English! Call the stranger youth who speaks their gibberish; we then may learn why this attack is made."

Another servant, a most burly groom, departed through the mist, and soon returned, bringing a young man with him, slightly built, and rather poorly clad. Advancing to the English, he exclaimed, "Oh, my friend Harold, out of school!"

"No!" exclaimed Beorn. "Thou knowest right well Earl Harold has ridden to his father, the Grim Earl, but we have lost our way. I am his foster-brother, Beorn, and thou art, if I make no shrewd mistake, Owen, our fellow-prisoner."

"Right," quoth the youth, "and if thou wilt but swear to aid me in my plan against Llewellyn I promise I will guide thee to Earl Rolf. Only I wish that Harold had been here, not thou."

"What is this place?" quoth Beorn. "I like it not. Why is Bran here? How far are we from England?"

"All in good time," said Owen. "But see, thy dog is anxious; I doubt some more are lying without the gate in ambush."

"What!" answered Beorn; "is this so great a fortress that men must needs be careful to approach with fore-wards, mid-wards, after-guard, and all?"

"No, by my faith," said Owen, "though of yore it was a Roman station of great strength and value. At present it belongs to Hyllin Dhu, a man of large possessions, fond of peace; he, on the plea of illness, has sent Llewellyn in his stead his son, who leads his men to battle. But bring the horses to this smaller room—thou wouldst not like our stables—and come with me to Hyllin."

The boys descended from their little nags, and entered a wide, rambling porch, which seemed to have been hewn out of a thick stone wall of solid masonry. On each side of this widened entrance was a door, leading to two small chambers. The right-hand door was open, and Owen motioned Kenulf to lead the ponies in. There was fresh straw and provender in sacks heaped in a corner. From one of these three bags were filled with oats, which next were bound about the ponies' heads as now our carters often feed their horses. Then Owen led them to a very spacious hall, where at a coarse, rough table, on a coarse, rough bench, there lay a coarse, rough man, clad in a long brown dress, in form not unlike those used by the Romans. It was girt about the waist, and gave the wearer the appearance of a monk. His beard was long and badly kept, a sight that greatly scandalised the English boys, whose sires and elder friends were scrupulously neat about their hair. The room was lumbered up with ploughs of curious form, rakes, shovels, picks (but only single picks, not double ones like the modern pick-axe), and various other articles of husbandry

all strewn about. Beorn looked around for weapons, but beyond a boar-spear and a bow or two with arrows he saw none.

"Owen ap Gwynn," said the recumbent man, "what in the name of all the holy saints means this unholy clatter? Whom have we here?"

"They are three English boys, friends to young Harold, son of grim Earl Blue-tooth. They seek advice from thee as to the road to England. The son of grim Earl Blue-tooth, in advance, rides on to find his road alone. I counsel thee to send a hind or twain to ask him to remain a day or two with us. His father as a friend may do thy 'town' more good than British chiefs can harm. He would be ever more thy faithful friend if that he knew thou hadst befriended Harold."

"Methinks Llewellyn were ill served by this," observed the other, dryly.

"Not at all. He wants to rid himself of all the youngsters, that I know. He is my kinsman. Why should I advise thee to a step against his wish? What should I gain by that? Although we differ on some points of weight, we both respect each other."

"Do they speak British?"

"Not a single word."

"Well, as thou wilt. Send Ystifan for Harold. Do with them as thou wilt. I would not have my pastures trodden down nor yet my cornfields harried by grim Earl Blue-tooth's Saxons. But we must keep the peace with King Llewellyn also; he is an awkward neighbour, and may work us harm."

This undecided gentleman and Owen seemed great friends. The caution and duplicity of one fitted the cautious indecision of the other, and a species of friendship had grown up between them, which was rather amusing when we remember the respective ages of the persons and the short space of time—three days and three nights only—that had sufficed for them to strike up this strange fellowship.

Seeing that Hyllyn Dhu was willing to invite the boys to stay with him and then to help them on their way, Owen ap Gwynn turned round to Beorn and asked him whether Harold and the other boys could yet have ridden far. Convinced from what he saw about him in the hall that here no danger lurked, Beorn now confessed that Harold was at hand, and if the host allowed he would depart and find him. Rapidly Owen told this to his friend, whose undecided look gave way to one of cunning.

"Ha!" he said; "So, jumps the hare in that direction? They are sly, these English, very! And, Owen, thou art right; we must compel the earl to be a friend for ever. Go with the boy and help him find his friend, dear Owen."

"Dear Owen!" muttered Gwynn, as he and Beorn quitted the room together.

As the youths left the hall, Hyllyn chuckled and exclaimed, half aloud, half to himself, "Ha, ha! That's right, my two unruly neighbours, Llewellyn and Earl Blue-tooth! Both are served; one played against the other! I render to Llewellyn this worthless friend of mine—*his prisoner*—back again; and to the earl I freely send his son. This binds them both in friendship close to me, and I am safe from war! Ugh! what a pack of fools are these same doughty warriors! Honour and broken heads! bloodshed and scanty meals! I'll none of it!"

After a short time, the fire having been made up by the strange-looking servants,

who came in as Owen left, a bright blaze was soon roaring in the centre of the floor. A huge boar pie that might have fed a parish, great loaves of coarse black bread, some skins of wine, fruits from the orchard near, a fearful piece of beef some forty pounds in weight,—all these were ready by the time they came and put their horses safely with the rest. The hall was broken down in many places; the rents, repaired with clay, looked very wretched to the eye. Windows there were none. The apertures which would have served as such had long since been stopped up. Yet here and there a slit in the thick wall could serve to show from whence a foe was coming. In these gaps rude wooden boards were fitted, shutting out the fog. No one had ever thought to ornament the room, which looked much like a modern Yorkshire barn. But for our hungry boys the best adornment was that groaning board. Their eyes grew brighter when they saw the pie than they had been for hours.

"Hyllyn ap Fergus, known as Hyllyn Dhu, this is my friend Earl Harold. We both were held in bondage by Llewellyn; he for no fault of his, poor fellow! I because older heads can ill abide when young heads are more clever. Let it pass! Harold is brave and warlike, chock full of honour, and that kind of dream. His friends are like him, nobly born and taught—that is, their fathers think they have a right to cut the throats of any who differ from their views. The sons inherit this, and therefore promise well to make us peaceful neighbours!"

Hyllyn then welcomed Harold courteously, and with short ceremony bade the boys sit down, or lie in Roman taste or English, as they pleased, only to eat like men, regardless of the forms of any lands. This cordial welcome was not wanting to make the lads fall to. And such a supper as those boys ate! We who are grave historians can only pause in wonder. Suffice it us to say they ate and drank most stoutly. Then the old man advised them to lie down to rest, and with the dawn to ride on to the frontier. "Tell the English earl that British men may sometimes yet be trusted, and how ye were received."

All this did Owen carefully translate, and Harold was delighted. He walked up to the seat of Hyllyn Dhu and warmly grasped his hand and thanked him in courteous phrase, duly explained by Owen. The fire was freshened up, skins were brought in for beds, and soon the lads were snoring as though they had been born and bred in that place.

But Owen had not done all he intended to do yet. He talked the old man so far over as to cause him to consent to his (Owen's) accompanying the English as interpreter and guide. "For," said the wily Briton, "if we send them to the frontier without a guide they will either be lost or taken again by Llewellyn's men; and if another British guide be sent the boys would never understand a word. But some one should be sent with them as their interpreter. This office I will undertake," he said, "and if I am taken by Llewellyn's men, why I can well assure them that the boys had fled with me; and if the grim earl takes us, why I can assure him that thou sentest me to hand them over to his guardian care. The boys will bear me witness that I speak the truth. You grutton snoring louder than the rest is thine for life—for ever. Thou hast won the pudding earl, and should his father die to-morrow thou art all but king in

Wessex. Kenwalech is but the puppet of the earl, although much seeking power. The earl once thine, thou hast the strings in hand to rule the western Saxons. Holy saints! I would the chance were mine! Then were the English humbled and Briton cleared from pagan Saxondom! Though I am still a boy—not two years older than yon snoring swine—though he is stouter, stronger much than I, he is a child to me in council. Canst thou imagine such a chick as that attacked our huge Llewellyn? Ay, by the saints he did, and nearly made him yield!"

"Owen, I've listened long enough. In part I did believe some of thy tale, but he attack Llewellyn! How he sleeps! His skin is fair and tender, more like a Saxon maiden's than a boy's. His hair, how long it grows! Look at his hand thrown out upon the bearskin, it seems so like a child's! Still in the whole together there is something of a godlike presence in him like their own fabled *Tues*. He is a splendid fellow! Well, Owen, I consent to all thou askest, only for my sake I beg thou wilt be true to Harold."

Owen protested that he need not fear, and host and guests were all soon wrapped in sleep. Bran lay at Beorn's feet, as close as he could squeeze. Wolf-dogs were loosened in the yard to watch. Watchmen were posted near the entrance-gate, and as the night wore on upon the farm, or homestead, there was no eye in all that rambling place that was not closed in slumber.

(To be continued.)

—  
"Charlie" and "Mr. Charles."

*Ætat xi.*

BLOW the trumpets! enter Charlie! — a spirited young lad; He's home once more for holidays and says he's jolly glad. But is his gladness shared by all? — just ask his sister Rose; She makes a face and elevates her pretty little nose.

No wonder, for he makes her field, but does not let her bat; He pulls her favourite kitten's tail and pelt her tabby cat; He breaks her dollies, bullies her, and generally behaves. As if he were a Sultan and all girls were meant for slaves.

*Ætat xvii.*

He doesn't bully Rosie now, for he has grown a man, And models his behaviour on a very different plan; He doesn't tease the tabby cat, or pull his sister's ears, And he feels a trifle frightened when he meets a lot of girls.

On killing gloves and neckties is his money chiefly spent; He is careful to be "up" in all the newest kinds of scent; And Rosie, mindful of past woes, is glad that he has grown A big boy now, and seems inclined to leave her quite alone.

PAUL BLAKE.

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—THE TIGERSLAYER CLUB.

EVEREST supported Barbarou in protesting against the colonel's invitation, which he stigmatised as inopportune and impossible to accept, and ended by peremptorily declaring that he would not go, and that he had not resigned membership of the Carlton to join such a very mixed assembly as this.

"Take care," said Holbeck, playfully threatening him. "'Very mixed' seems to me rather hard on a club of which I have just been made an honorary member, and it rather sounds as though it came from some lord or other. You have not got rid of the golden armour that you so gallantly threw to the winds as completely as you think. Have you forgotten that you are only an assistant-naturalist, and that in that position you ought to be happy and proud that, under my patronage, there should be thrown open to you the doors of a world generally so jealously guarded from your humble fellows? Or are you already afraid that the modest sportsman will not receive that amount of notice which formerly proved too much for his Siamese twin, the rich peer of the United Kingdom? At the last moment you recoil from an experience which to me would seem to be highly interesting. You are at liberty to do as you please, but in that case let us lift the curtain, and I will go in search of the colonel and give him warning as to the personage he may soon expect. I am sure he will be most humiliated to find that he failed to recognise your lordship."

Holbeck's chaff made Everest smile.

"You are right, doctor," said he, "I have not yet completely thrown off my burning Nessus' shirt. Aristocratic prejudices will come up in spite of me, but I promise to shake off the principal ones, and you will soon find no trace of them. To give you an immediate proof of my sincerity, I will call John to explore my boxes and drag from their depths the garment of ceremony."

"And what am I to do?" said Barbarou. "What is to happen to me? When I started for India I never expected to go to such affairs as this, and I entirely omitted to provide myself with what we sailors call a clawhammer."

"It is rather awkward," said Holbeck. "If I could only spare one of my frock coats we might shape off the skirts with the scissors; but then I don't see how we could get your giant form into my insect's skin. Anyhow, you cannot present yourself before the tigerslayers and their ladies in the get-up of a Calabrian bandit."

"Perhaps I had better put on my best sea-suit," said Barbarou. "There is braid on the collar and cuffs, and the foul anchor on my cap will make me look quite spruce."

"Wait a little," said Everest, who seemed rather alarmed at this proposition, "I dare say we can manage it. There certainly ought to be more than one coat in my boxes. We are about the same height; I'll lend you a coat."

John was immediately summoned, and after hunting through the boxes disinterred two coats of irreproachable cut.

Barbarou was presented with one, and immediately proceeded to try it on. With

John's assistance he managed to get into it, with vases of bronze and porcelain, and the elegant garment, and when in he valuable furniture and chandeliers; and



"Holbeck proposed the Ladies."

seemed to be clasped in a vice. His shoulders were much broader than those of Everest, and his back was so squeezed up that he could hardly move.

However, it was Hobson's choice, and as Everest assured him that the coat fitted to perfection, the sailor had to be satisfied; and when night approached the three friends, in full costume, strolled off to the club of the Tigerslayers.

The president had secured the pavilion in the centre of the garden for the purposes of the club. It was of white marble, surrounded by traceried arcades and terraces. The maharajah had decorated it with a profusion of carpets and rich tapes-

the pavilion in its frame of verdure seemed like a palace in fairyland.

Soldiers of the royal guard, in their splendid armour, stood sentry on the terraces, while under the verandahs, festooned with their glittering lustres, the servants in their bright-coloured liveries moved to and fro.

On their arrival the three travellers were received by a master of the ceremonies, who led them across the marble antechambers to a door, and, lifting the heavy drapery, gave them entrance to the room.

Barbarou, unaccustomed to much splendour, was quite dazzled at finding himself, with his friends, amid such prodigious

luxury. The walls and floor were hidden beneath draperies of gold and silver stripes, while from the vaulted ceiling, cut up into

English society condemns such as have "not been introduced." Everest, fully conversant with the custom, felt quite at



"The Lady was only very slightly impressed."

a thousand facets by its brilliant hues, hung an immense lustre of marvellous richness, carrying more than a thousand candles. In the room there was a crowd just as bright and dazzling as the glittering frame which surrounded them—officers and generals covered with lace and decorations, diplomatic agents in their gala uniforms, ladies in low dresses, many wearing their diamond jewellery.

The gallant sailor might well open his eyes, for such luxury would have astonished many less humble than he was. Even the impassive Everest confessed that the Anglo-Indian functionaries knew how to do things properly.

As he saw them enter, Colonel Shaughnessy hurried towards them with open arms and beaming face. "Bravo, doctor!" he exclaimed; "that is what I call military punctuality. Seven o'clock is just striking. I will take advantage of the few moments we have before dinner to introduce you to these ladies, who are expecting you impatiently."

And, like a scrupulous observer of society's laws, the gallant colonel marched the doctor off towards the corner of the room, where the wife of the wealthy General Butnot was enthroned, surrounded by her four daughters, the Misses Victoria, Arabella, Wilhelmina, and Maude Butnot, who were as long and as parched as their august mamma was round and blooming.

The lady apparently was only very slightly impressed by the look of the doctor—that is to say, her very florid countenance just wrinkled into a grimace which did duty for a feeble smile. She was, in truth, entirely wrapped up in the idea of finding husbands for her daughters, and there was little chance of Holbeck wishing to add his name to the list of their admirers.

It was quite different with Mrs. Whatafter, the wife of the Assistant-Deputy-Commissioner. This elegant lady, as soon as she saw the doctor, jerked her head so violently that her long fair curls shook about in front of her very long nose as she exclaimed that she was indeed proud to shake hands with one of the princes of science.

Barbarou and Everest remained near the door, in that pitiless isolation to which

his ease, while Barbarou, much humiliated at being left out in the cold, followed Holbeck's triumphal course with an envious eye.

Under the colonel's guidance the doctor bore himself most complaisantly. After bowing to Mrs. Beynon the gracious, to Mrs. Waytown the charming, he submitted with coolness to the haughty examination of Mrs. Peernose the superb, and exchanged a few words with the pleasant Mrs. Shortbody, who sat surrounded by quite a swarm of laughing and chattering young misses, among whom were four of her own daughters. Then, piloted by his guide, he was headed into the group of men that clustered under the chandelier, and made his way through them with an immense amount of very vigorous handshaking.

And then the colonel seemed to remember the existence of his two companions, and stepped up to them with, "Allow me to continue my character of introducer, and to present you to your new comrades."

And, bringing them up to the sportsmen, he presented them right and left.

In this monotonous ceremony Everest learnt with some astonishment that the stout little man with the short legs and the face almost hidden in his beard, whom he had been admiring since his arrival, was no other than the celebrated General Butnot, while the long, thin personage close to him was Assistant-Deputy-Commissioner Whatafter, the husband of the poetic admirer of the princes of science. He exchanged handshakings with the jovial Dr. Cunningham, the imposing magistrate Peernose, the insignificant Captain Beynon, the spiteful political Waytown, and the amiable Rev. Mr. Shortbody, without counting the smaller fry of subalterns, secretaries, etc.; but, like Barbarou, he was not invited to pass in review down the formidable line of ladies old and young.

In a few minutes the three travellers, henceforth free of the club, were dispersed among the groups. Little Butnot had taken possession of Barbarou, who, squeezed up in his coat, and fearing every moment to hear the stitches go, answered the general's questions with much reserve, and maintained quite an aristocratic rigidity, which won general

admiration. Holbeck, quitting the society of the men, had thrown himself into that of the women, whom he seemed to have conquered at first sight. Everest soon discovered that he was considered a very secondary individual, and feeling in consequence rather pleased than otherwise, had abandoned the bigger guns and joined the very much jollier group of subs. and secs. and other *minores*.

Half-past seven rang out from the magnificent clock. Two belaced and beturbaned footmen drew apart the huge hangings which ornamented one side of the apartment, and across the marble arcade there appeared the dining-room resplendent with light, with its immense table covered with glasses and flowers and vases of silver and porcelain from China and Japan. At the same moment a khimatgar solemnly announced,

"The dinner of the most honourable ladies is served."

The gentlemen, with much gravity and formality, advanced to offer their arms to the ladies old and young. The double file was formed according to the strictest rules of etiquette, the worthy president opening the procession with the wife of General Butnot, followed by the doctor, who had been harpooned by the enthusiastic Mrs. Whatafter. A few couples behind them came the superb Barbarou, bearing on his arm the haughty Peernose.

The last couple was formed, and Everest, seeing that he was left alone, gloomily followed.

At this moment a young lady in a dress of plain white muslin entered the room at a run, and, seeing Everest by himself, said gaily as she came behind him,

"I am always late. What will papa say?"

She was on the point of touching his arm, when he turned round and made her a low bow.

The lady uttered a gentle cry of surprise.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "I thought you were one of us."

"I have only been elected a member of the club to-day," said Everest, colouring slightly. "And as circumstances oblige me to introduce myself, allow me to say that my name is Everest and that I am assistant-uaturalist to Dr. Holbeck."



"That is quite sufficient, sir," said the lady, demurely. "I have heard papa speak of the famous doctor, and as I am the president's daughter I am entitled to dispense with a little ceremony."

And, taking Everest's arm, they entered the dining-room.

The personages of importance, generals, colonels, diplomats, and Dr. Holbeck, were seated in the centre of the table, while the younger people sat down in the order in which they entered.

Everest found himself the neighbour of a very amiable girl. He knew that she was the colonel's daughter, and from the

few words they exchanged during dinner he learnt that Miss Shaughnessy had arrived from England, where her father had sent her to finish her education after her mother's death, and that since her return to India she had been under the charge of her aunt, the superb Mrs. Peer-nose.

In the exchange of these ordinary confidences Everest was very reserved; he explained that being desirous of paying a visit to India he had availed himself of the opportunity of joining the eminent Dr. Holbeck. But in spite of his firm resolution to find himself thoroughly bored by the club of Tigerslayers, he was obliged to confess to himself that the charming Miss Shaughnessy had completely dissipated this idea.

The dinner was very brilliant. Dr. Holbeck bore off all the honours, and the gallant naturalist showed that under his black frock coat there breathed not only a thoroughly good fellow and a conscientious man of science, but also an accomplished gentleman.

Barbarou, thanks to the coat which tortured him and crippled all his movements, was doomed to see the most exquisite dishes pass by untasted, and, in the eyes of his distinguished neighbours, proved himself the very ideal of moderation and good breeding.

The dessert had begun. The president lightly tapped the table with the handle of his knife. He rose and solemnly remarked,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the health of her most gracious Majesty the Queen!"

The gentlemen rose as one man, and after repeating, "The Queen! The Queen!" emptied their glasses.

The lists were opened, and the usual toasts followed. Holbeck proposed the ladies. Said he,

"Gentlemen, I drink to those who, as mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, are the joy, the support, and the charm of human existence—to those who by their presence elevate our hearts, enoble our thoughts, and magnify our actions. Gentlemen, I drink to 'The Ladies!'"

The toast was received with three tremendous cheers, and the murmur of approbation had hardly died away when the doctor continued,

"Gentlemen, I cannot resume my seat without expressing to you my deep sense of the honour you have done the humble companions in my labours and myself in so graciously receiving us. I have but one regret, and that is that this association which we are founding to-day is doomed by the force of circumstances to have but a limited existence. For me, gentlemen, this day, and those that are to follow it, in which we shall be occupied in our noble work, will be graven on my memory as amongst the happiest in my life, and I am proud to be able to be the first to give you 'Three cheers for the Tigerslayers' Club!'"

Renewed thunder of bravos and hurrahs was the answer to this natty little speech, and when the doctor sat down Mrs. What-after murmured in his ear that she had never listened to a toast more permeated with scientific humour than that which he had just given.

And now little General Butnot suddenly rose, and having obtained silence, spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the words that we have just heard from our eminent friend

have awakened in my mind, as in yours, a very melancholy thought. We are gathered together here for an object which our president the other day very aptly described as one of high philanthropy. We shall in the early future unfortunately be all dispersed. Those ties of friendship, of brotherhood, which I see already forming round us, and which will grow stronger from day to day—those ties, ladies and gentlemen, will be suddenly and fatally broken. The Tigerslayers' Club will then for us be no more than a memory—the memory of a mission nobly accomplished; a memory of pleasant hours spent in each other's company; but to this memory there will be imperishably attached that of the man who will remain the honour of our brief union—that is to say, of the *savant* who amongst us personifies the scientific glory of the leading nations of the world. Ladies and gentlemen, I drink to the health of our illustrious colleague, the immortal naturalist, Dr. Holbeck!"

The glasses of all present were held out towards the doctor, who received the apotheosis with a peculiarly knowing smile.



(To be continued.)

## THE SILVER CAÑON.

CHAPTER XL.—BART TRIES CIVILISATION FOR A CHANGE.

FOR some hours all was blank to the brave young fellow, and then he seemed to struggle back into half-consciousness sufficient to enable him to drink from a glass held to his lips, and then once more all was blank for many hours.

When Bart awoke from the long sleep, it was to find Maude seated by his bedside looking very anxious and pale; and as soon as she saw his eyes open, she rose and glided from the room, when in a few minutes the governor and a tall, quiet-looking, fair-haired man, whom Bart had never before seen, entered the apartment.

"Ah! my young friend," exclaimed the governor, "how are you now?"

"Did you get the letter?" cried Bart, excitedly.

"Yes; and I have given orders for a strong relief party to be mustered ready for going to our friend's help," replied the governor; "but we must get you strong first."

"I am strong enough, sir," cried Bart, sitting up. "I will guide them to the place. We must start at once."

"Really, my young friend," said the governor, "I don't think you could manage to sit a horse just yet."

"Indeed I can, sir," cried Bart. "I was only tired out, and hungry and sleepy. The Apachés have been hard upon my trail ever since I started a week—ten days—I'm afraid I don't know how many days ago."

"Here! you must not get excited," said the tall pale man, taking Bart's hand and feeling his pulse, and then laying his hand upon his forehead.

"Are you a doctor?" said Bart, eagerly.

"Yes," said the governor, "this is Doctor MacLane."

"Yes, I am Doctor MacLane," said the tall fair man; "and Miss Maude, yonder, said I was to be sure and cure you."

"But I'm not ill," cried Bart, flushing.

"No," said Doctor MacLane, "you are not ill. No fever, my lad, nothing but exhaustion."

"I'll tell you what to prescribe for that," cried Bart, excitedly.

"Well, tell me," said the doctor, smiling.

"The same as Doctor Laseilles does, and used to when Joses and he and I had been hunting up cattle, and were overdone."

"Well, what did he prescribe?" said Doctor MacLane.

"Plenty of the strongest soup that could be made," said Bart. "And now, please sir, when may we start—to-night?"

"No, no—impossible."

"But the doctor is surrounded by enemies, sir, and hard pushed; every hour will be like so much suffering to him till he is relieved."

"To-morrow night, my lad, is the very earliest time we can be ready. The men could set out at once, but we must have store waggons prepared, and a sufficiency of things to enable the doctor to hold his own when these savage beasts have been tamed down. They do not deserve to be called men."

"But you will lose no time, sir?" cried Bart.

"Not a minute, my lad; and so you had better eat and sleep all you can till we are quite ready to start."

"But you will not let them go without me, sir?" cried Bart, imploringly.

"Not likely, my lad, that I should send my men out into the desert without a guide. There! I think he may get up, doctor, eh?"

"Get up! yes," said the doctor, laughing. "He has a constitution like a horse. Feed well and sleep well, my lad, and lie down a good deal in one of the waggons on your way back."

"Oh, no, sir, I must ride."

"No, my lad, you must do as the doctor advises you," said the governor, sternly. "Besides, your horse will want all the rest it can have after so terrible a ride as you seem to have had."

"Yes, sir," said Bart, who saw how much reason there was in the advice, "I will do what you wish."

"That's right, my lad," said the governor. "Now then, we will leave you, and you may dress and join us in the next room, where Donna Maude is, like me, very anxious to learn all about the doctor's adventures and your own. You can tell us and rest as well."

Bart was not long in dressing, and as he did so he began to realise how terribly worn and travel-stained his rough hunting costume had become. It was a subject that he had never thought of out in the plains, for what did dress matter so long as it was a stout covering that would protect his body from the thorns? But now that he was to appear before the governor's lady and Maude, he felt a curious kind of shame that made him at last sit down in a chair, asking himself whether he had not better go off and hide

somewhere—anywhere, so as to be out of his present quandary.

Sitting down in a chair too! How strange it seemed! He had not seated himself in a chair now for a very, very long time, and it seemed almost tiresome and awkward; but all the same it did nothing to help him out of his dilemma.

"Whatever shall I do?" thought Bart. "And how wretched it is for me to be waiting here when the doctor is perhaps in a terrible state, expecting help!"

"He is in safety, though," he mused the next minute, "for nothing but neglect would make the place unsafe. How glad I am that I ran that risk, and went all round to make sure that there was no other way up to the mountain top!"

Just then there was a soft tapping at the door, and a voice said,

"Are you ready to come, Bart? The governor is waiting."

"Yes—no, yes—no," cried Bart, in confusion, as he ran and opened the door. "I cannot come, Maude. Tell them I cannot come."

"You cannot come!" she cried, wonderingly. "And why not, pray?"

"Why not? Just look at my miserable clothes. I'm only fit to go and have dinner with the greasers."

Maude laughed and took hold of his hand.

"You don't know what our friends are like," she said, merrily. "They know how bravely you rode over the plains with dear father's message, and they don't expect you to be dressed in velvet and silver like a Mexican don. Come along, sir, at once."

"Must I?" said Bart, shrinkingly.

"Must you! Why, of course, you foolish fellow! What does it matter about your clothes?"

Bart thought that it mattered a great deal, but he said no more, only ruefully followed Maude into the next room, where he met with so pleasantly cordial a reception that he forgot all his troubles about garments, and thoroughly enjoyed the meal spread before him whenever he could drag his mind away from thoughts of the doctor in the desert waiting for help.

Then he had to relate all his adventures to the governor's lady, who, being childless, seemed to have made Maude fill the vacancy in her affections.

And so the time faded away, there being so much in Bart's modest narrative of his adventures that evening arrived before he could believe the fact, and this was succeeded by so long and deep a sleep that it was several hours after sunrise before the lad awoke, feeling grieved and ashamed that he should have slept so calmly there while his friends were in such distress.

Springing from his couch, and having a good bath, he found to his great delight that all the weary stiffness had passed away, that he was bright and vigorous as ever, and ready to spring upon his horse at any time.

This made him think of Black Boy, to whose stable he hurried, the brave little animal greeting him with a snort that sounded full of welcome, while he rattled and tugged at his halter, and seemed eager to get out once more into the open.

The cob had been well groomed and fed, and to his master's great joy seemed to be no worse than when he started for his long journey to Lerisco. In fact, when Bart began to examine him attentively, so far from being exhausted or strained,

the cob was full of play, pawing gently at his master and playfully pretending to bite, neighing loudly his disgust afterwards when he turned to leave the stables.

"There! be patient, old lad," he said, turning back to pat the little nag's glossy arched neck once more; "I'll soon be back. Eat away and rest, for you've got another long journey before you."

Whether Black Boy understood his master's words or not it is impossible to say.

What! Is it ridiculous to suppose such a thing?

Perhaps so, most worthy disputant; but you cannot prove that the nag did not understand.

At all events, he thrust his velvety nose into the Indian corn that had been placed for his meal, and went on contentedly crunching up the flinty grain, while Bart hurried away now to see how the preparations for starting were going on, for he felt, he could not explain why, neglectful of his friend's interests.

To his great delight, he found that great progress had been made; a dozen waggon had been filled with stores, thirty horses had been provided with drivers and caretakers, and a troop of fifty lancers, with their baggage-waggon and an ample supply of ammunition, were being prepared for their march, their captain carefully inspecting his men's accoutrements the while.

A finer body of bronzed and active men it would have been impossible to select. Every one was armed with a short heavy bore rifle, a keen sabre, and a long, sharply-pointed lance; while their horses were the very perfection of chargers—swift, full of bone and sinew, and looking as if, could their riders but get a chance, four times the number of Indians would go down before them like dry reeds in a furious gale.

"Are you only going to take fifty?" said Bart to the captain.

"That's all, my lad," was the reply. "Is it not enough?"

"There must have been five hundred Indians before the camp," replied Bart.

"Well, that's only ten times as many," said the captain, laughingly. "Fifty are more than enough for such an attack, for we have discipline on our side, while they are only a mob. Don't you be afraid, my boy. I dare say we shall prove too many for them."

"I am not afraid," said Bart, stoutly; "but I don't want to see your party overwhelmed."

"And you shall not see it overwhelmed, my boy," replied the captain. "Do you see this sabre?"

"Yes," said Bart, gazing with interest at the keen weapon the officer held out for his inspection. "It looks very sharp."

"Well," said the captain, smiling, "experience has taught that this is a more dangerous weapon than the great, heavy two-handed swords men used to wield. Do you know why?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Bart; "while a man was swinging round a great two-handed sword you could jump

in and cut him down, or run him through with that."

"Exactly," said the captain; "and that's why I only take fifty men with me into the desert instead of two hundred. My troop of fifty represent this keen, sharp sword, with which blade I can strike and thrust at the Indians again and again, when a larger one would be awkward and slow. Do you see?"

"Ye—e—es!" said Bart, hesitating.

"You forget, my boy, how difficult it is to carry stores over the plain. All these waggon have to go as it is, and my experience teaches me that the lighter an attacking party is the better, especially when it has to deal with Indians."

"And have these men ever fought with Indians?"

"A dozen—a score of times," replied the captain. "Ah! here is our friend the governor. Why, he is dressed up as if he meant to ride part of the way with us!"

"Ah, captain! Well, my young Indian runner," said the governor, laughing, "are you ready for another skirmish?"

"Yes, sir; I'm ready now," said Bart, promptly. "I can saddle up in five minutes."

"I shall be ready at sunset," said the captain; "my men are ready now."

"I've made up my mind to go with you," said the governor.

"You, sir!" cried Bart.

"Yes, my lad. I want to see the silver cañon and your mountain fortress. And besides, it seems to me that a brush with the Indians will do me good. I want them to have a severe lesson, for they are getting more daring in their encroachments every day. Can you make room for me?"

The captain expressed his delight, and Bart's eyes flashed as he felt that it was one more well-armed, active fighting man; and when evening came, after an affectionate farewell, and amidst plenty of cheers from the swarthy mob of idlers, the well-mounted little party rode out along the road leading to the plains, with the lancers' accoutrements jingling, their lance-points gilded by the setting sun, and their black and yellow pennons fluttering in the pleasant evening breeze.

"At last," said Bart to himself, as he reined up and drew aside to see the gallant little array pass. "Oh! if we can only get one good chance at the cowardly savages! They won't hunt me now!"

And in imagination he saw himself riding in the line of horsemen, going at full speed for a body of bloodthirsty Indians, and driving them helter-skelter like chaff before a storm.

(To be continued.)



BILLY'S DOUGHTRY DEEDS;  
OR, A WELSH GOAT'S LECTURE.

BY BERIAH GWYNFEE EVANS,

*Author of "Bronwen," "Owen Hughes," etc.*

"Tom, I am afraid you must make up your mind to part with a very dear friend," said his father.

"A dear friend of mine?" asked Tom, looking up with his cup still in his hand.

"Yes, one of your dearest friends, perhaps, I should have said."

The party—father, mother, and a rollicking boy of fourteen—were seated at breakfast in the station-master's house of a village on the Cambrian Railway in Montgomeryshire.

Tom and his mother both looked their surprise, but there was a twinkle in his father's eyes that made Tom doubtful whether he was in earnest or not.

"Who is it, Craig?" asked the wife.

"Billy," was the laconic reply.

"Billy!" echoed Tom, in a very different tone of voice. "Why, father, what has Billy done now?"

"Ask rather what has Billy not done, and it would be easier to answer you. I should think that eating every green thing in the garden, inspecting the ventilation of the house from the terracotta chimney top, frightening the school children out of their wits, and butting your schoolmaster into the ditch, were enough."

The wife smiled and Tom laughed outright.

"Oh, father! surely you don't count that last as any wrong? He only paid a part of my debt. But what an image he presented!" and the boy laughed immoderately at the recollection.

"Which do you mean by the image,

sir?" asked the father, with mock severity. "If your schoolmaster, I cannot allow you so to slight those in authority over you;

companion which many neglected Billies are.

"Yes, sir, you have come in time to hear

your doom pronounced," and Mr. Craig raised a warning forefinger at the intruder, whose only reply was a toss of the head, while he walked gravely to the side of Tom for his expected treat—a piece of bread from his young master's hand.

"You need not hope for pardon or for grace there," continued the station-master. "Were he on bended knee to intercede on your behalf it would not abate a jot of your sentence."

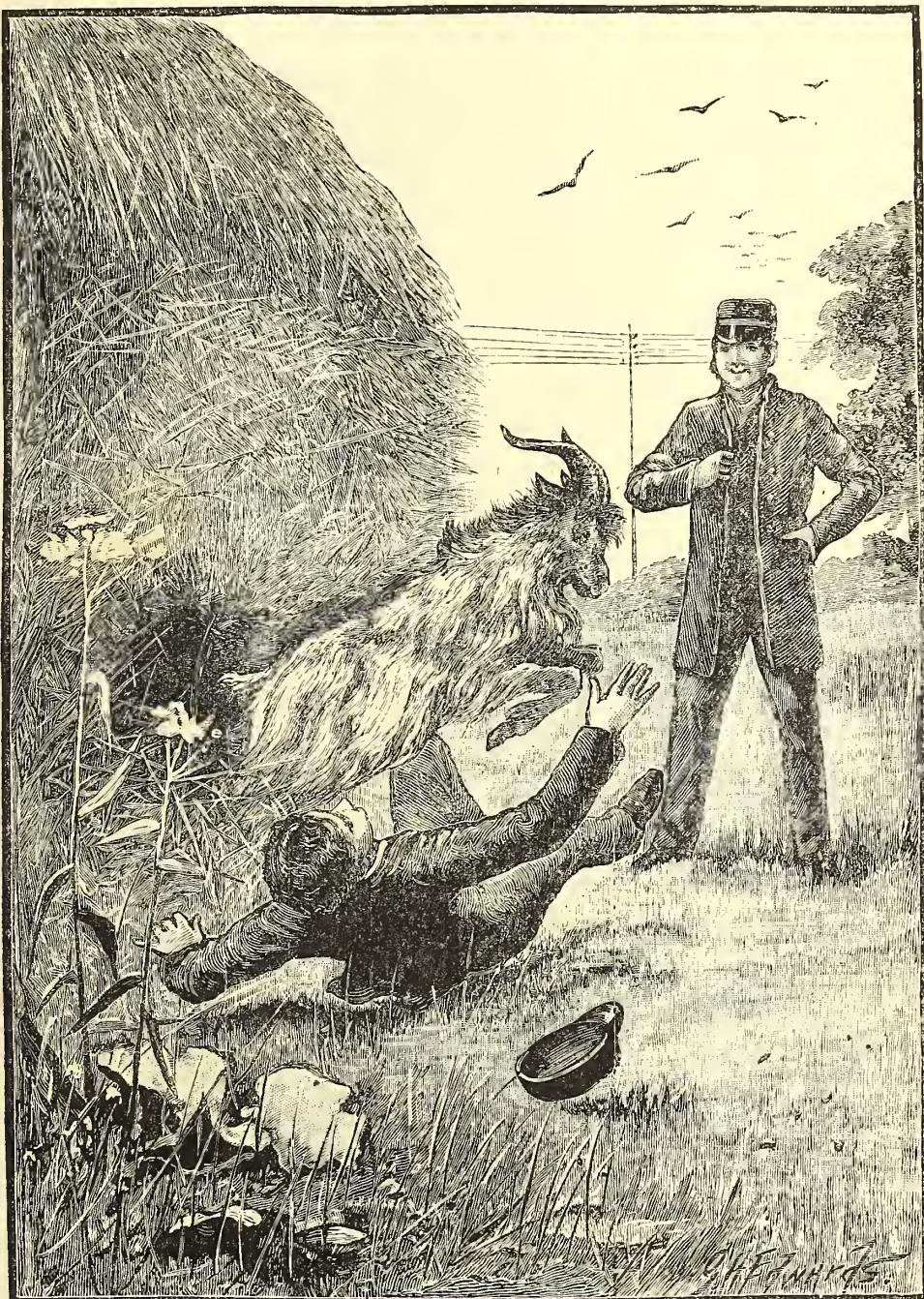
"But what has he done?" asked Mrs. Craig.

"He has transgressed against the powers that be, broken the by-laws of the Cambrian Railway Company, shamelessly trespassed on their lands, wilfully destroyed their property, and absolutely made for himself a veritable bandit's den in our very midst. I shudder to think of his utter depravity."

"Craig! What are you thinking of? Do be serious for a moment."

"Serious, my dear? I am serious as a judge should be. I speak only the

truth. You know Jones the inspector was here yesterday evening. He intended making arrangements for selling that haystack yonder, for now, at the close of such a hard winter, it would fetch a good price. We went out to view it. It appeared all fair until we got to the lee side beyond, when we saw a good-sized hole in it near the ground. Jones bent down to look in, and then said, in an awful whisper,



"There is nothing for it; Billy must go."

"Craig, something unearthly is in here. There is some big white thing with eyes like burning coals."

"Nonsense," said I. "Perhaps the Cambrian are lodging angels unawares."

"Jones had stooped down again for a second look, when, with a frightened 'Baa!' Billy leaped out of the hole over Jones's prostrate figure, and scuttled away."

His listeners both laughed aloud, while Billy looked gravely from one to the other.

"As soon as Jones had recovered his feet and composed himself, and I had assured him that Billy was the only one of his species within half a dozen miles, we examined the rick minutely. It was nothing but a shell! Billy had eaten it nearly all except an outside crust all round, and had indeed made himself splendid winter quarters. 'Tis no wonder he kept in such good condition throughout the hard winter. You see there is nothing for it, Billy must go."

With a defiant "Baa!" the culprit paced out of the room and on to the platform, having caught the sound of an approaching train, for he had an extensive circle of appreciative acquaintances, engine-drivers, stokers, guards, and all other officials who regularly visited the place, and with all of whom he was a prime favourite.

"Don't you think you could manage to keep him on, father?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"There is no chance, Tom. Had he contented himself with eating the rick the misdemeanour might have been condoned, but to frighten an inspector out of his wits, that was rank treason!"

At this moment a porter knocked at the door.

"For you, sir," handing a yellow envelope to Mr. Craig.

"I feared as much," said the stationmaster, glancing over it and throwing it across to Tom.

With a sinking heart Tom read:

"The Cambrian Railway Company.

"Traffic Department,

"Oswestry, 25th March, 188—

"Sir,—It having been reported that a certain animal in your possession has damaged the Company's property at your station, and finding on reference to our letter-book that your attention has been previously called to a similar occurrence, I have now to request that you will immediately dispose of the animal in question, and so effectually prevent the recurrence of such damage to the Company's property.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"J. CATTLE, Traffic Manager."

"What will you do, then, father?" and there was a gulp in the boy's throat.

"We will give Billy the chance of retrieving his honour by serving his queen and country."

Tom could not for the moment make out his father's drift.

"That is to say, we will make a soldier of him."

Tom understood now.

"The Royal Welsh!" he exclaimed. "Will Billy be the regimental goat?"

"I think so. The post has been for some time vacant, and I have already made some arrangements. So Billy will be sent in a day or two to the headquarters of the regiment at Rhyl."

A few days after Billy started on his journey, his horns having been suitably ribboned by Tom before he left. The officers of the train were all known to Billy, so that he was duly handed over at

Rhyl to Corporal Price, who awaited him with a guard of honour to receive the new officer, for such should Billy be considered, the goat always marching at the head of the regiment.

In a very little time Billy became as prime a favourite with the men as he had been with the railway officials, and they petted and spoiled him as much as a goat of Billy's character could be spoiled.

Billy soon became as well known in Rhyl as the regimental uniform was, and in the public parades through the town his dignified appearance as he stalked proudly and with head erect at the head of the regiment attracted universal attention.

Never had regimental goat been more attentive to duties than was Billy. At drill, parade, and roll-call Billy was ever to the fore. He seemed to take as much pride in the regiment as the men did in him. And when the men—overgrown boys that they were—had leisure, as they had in abundance, they found in Billy as hearty a playfellow as they found him a ready comrade in duty.

Well fed, well groomed, well housed, well cared for in every way, Billy's lot among goats was indeed a happy one. But, alas! pride goeth before a fall, and Billy was to be no exception to the rule.

Billy had not merely the right of entry to the mess-room, but was always a welcome guest there, and received many a dainty morsel from the friendly hands of the men. One evening, however, it happened that Corporal Price, out of a spirit of thoughtless mischief, proposed that Billy should partake of the liquids as well as of the solids of the mess-table. The suggestion was at once seized upon, and the men eagerly watched Billy's first bibulous attempt.

Corporal Price coaxingly held out his cup, and Billy, after a suspicious preliminary sniff, quaffed off the contents. Another and yet another of the men offered Billy a drink, an invitation he could not think of declining. Finally, the large earthen vessel which held the beer at the head of the table was placed upon the floor, and Billy was directed to help himself, which he proceeded to do with such hearty goodwill that he became, to the intense amusement of the men—I am ashamed to have to acknowledge—helplessly, unmistakably intoxicated.

I shall not attempt to describe his symptoms. Suffice it to say that the next morning Billy was for the first time absent from roll-call, and did not put in an appearance all day. Nothing could tempt him to leave his stable.

When a second day brought a repetition of the desertion, and a second evening mess commenced without Billy putting in an appearance, Corporal Price was directed to bring the deserter before a court-martial of the men's mess.

With considerable difficulty he managed to induce Billy to leave his lair at all, and it was only by dragging him by main force he could get him inside the door of the room which had been the scene of his orgies two nights before.

Billy's appearance was greeted with a cheer, but sadly changed were his looks. His once glossy coat had an unkempt appearance, while the once proud and erect head was lowered in shame.

"Come, Billy, take a drink!" said the sergeant at the head of the table.

The words seemed to rouse the animal. He lifted his head. His eye lit up. His fore hoof beat the floor. Then, with a

snort, a rush, and a bound, Billy butted full against the large earthen vessel containing the men's evening allowance of ale, breaking it into a thousand pieces, and deluging not only the table but the men who sat near. Then, with his head once more erect, he stalked proudly and majestically out of the room.

"And really, sir!" said the corporal to me in reciting the incident, "Billy's was the best blue ribbon lecture I ever listened to!"

## THE PENNY WHISTLE, AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

"The humble whistle! What a noise it makes  
As Sydney Jones our neighbour's cat awakes!  
With tail erect she darts up from her dreams,  
Her back hair bristling at his fearful screams.  
With one wild yell," etc.

A TUTOR for the penny whistle! Ye tuneful nine! "Talk about the spread of education, has the world yet seen a more striking proof of the—" But these flourishes will never do; our space compels us to hasten forthwith to our tutor—we had almost written *tooter*—and descend—or ascend?—to particulars. Adieu, then, the poetical for a less inflated strain. And very small piping it shall be.

The best penny whistles are tuned in D, and we shall assume that ours is so. Occasionally, however, they are in a different key, but this does not alter the fingering, as the intervals are the same, and the same air will be played with the same stopping. There are six holes, which, commencing from the mouthpiece end, we will number 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. Of these holes, 1, 2, and 3 should be worked by the fingers of the left hand; 4, 5, and 6 by those of the right.

The lowest note of the instrument is sounded when all the holes are stopped—the reason, of course, being that the vibration takes place along its whole length. To get this note is, however, not easy, as there is a great tendency to blow too strongly, and so get into overtones. "The very gentlest breath will give the dulcet note we seek." Having got the D, and it must be a good full note, unstopp 6, so as to keep only 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 shut, and you will with the same strength of wind sound E, the note that comes just above it in the scale.

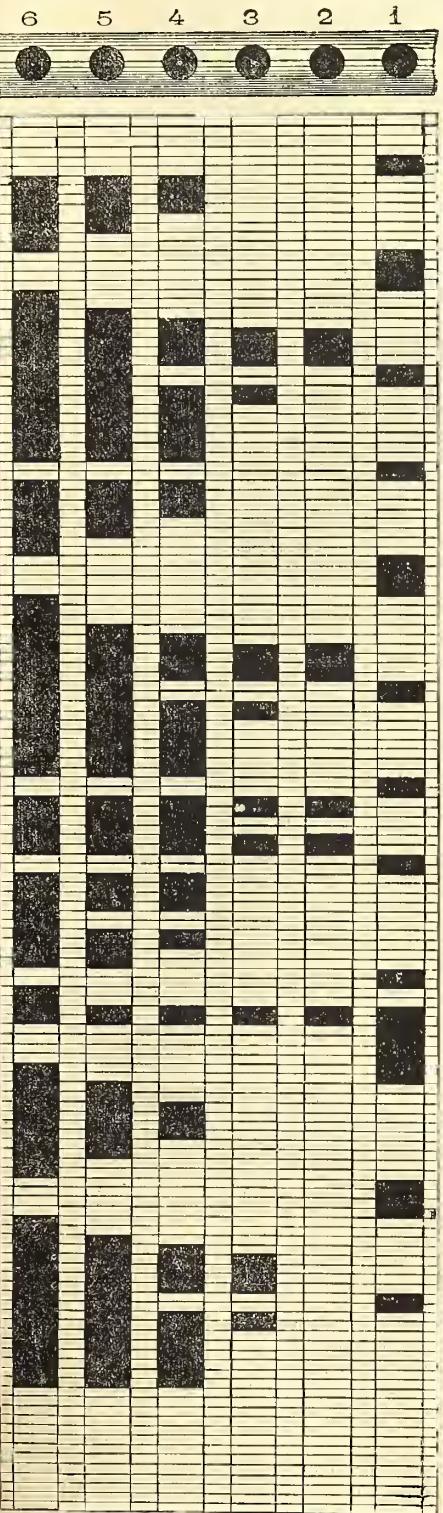
F-sharp, the next note, is got by unstopping 5 and 6; G, the next, by unstopping 4, 5, and 6; A, the next, by unstopping 3, 4, 5, and 6; B, the next, by unstopping 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6; C-sharp by unstopping all the holes.

Nothing can be easier of remembrance than this. The fingers are lifted from the holes one after the other, beginning at the bottom of the instrument, and with every finger you lift you rise to a higher note. But we have not quite finished the octave. How do you get the D? By leaving 1 open and closing the rest. And one note we passed, C-natural, how is that obtained? By unstopping 1, 5, and 6.

We have thus gone from D to D and got our first octave. How do we get the next? By blowing a little stronger, a very little, and unstopping on the same principle as before. Beginning with D, we have 1 unstopped, and then closing 1 and opening 6 we get E, opening 5 and 6 we get F-sharp, opening 4, 5, and 6 we get G, opening 3, 4, 5, and 6 we get A, and opening 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 we get B, just as we did before, the fingering being the same, but the notes, owing to the stronger blowing, being an octave higher. The next note, C natural, is obtained by unstopping 1 and 6; the next, C-sharp, is given by clearing 1, 5, and 6; the next, D, by clearing 1, 4, 5, and 6. And so we have completed our second octave. But we have four more notes yet that can be safely sounded without giving our audience the ear-ache, and of these E is got by unstopping 3 and 6, F-sharp by unstopping 2 and 5, G by unstopping 2, 4, 5, and 6, and A by unstopping 1 and 6. We thus have a range of twenty-one notes, including the two C-sharps and three

F-sharps, so that our instrument is by no means a defective one, and the only difficulty in playing it is the avoidance of overtones where the artistic merit comes in at the middle D. It is, however, easy to remember that if you blow softly you get the lower octave, if you blow firmly you get the higher octave, if you blow wildly you get the peculiarly metallic screech which has made the penny whistle the abhorred of civilised men.

And now, having cleared the ground—for it is not our place here to teach the "rudiments of music," and in showing how to produce the notes we have gone as far as we need in a "monograph" such as this—we will unfold the little scheme we had in view when we started on this article, and introduce to our readers the Boy's Own Mechanical Penny Whistle!



The principle of the whistle, and, indeed, of all instruments of the flute and flageolet type, being that certain of the holes in different combinations should be left open in order to give the different notes, and that the expression should be given by the modulation of the wind strength, it follows that the fingering is merely mechanical. A substitute for the fingering can therefore be found, and the simplest substitute we have come across is a sheet of wrapping-paper!

Take a strip of brown paper or manilla paper, just wide enough to cover the holes on the whistle, or rather overlapping about half an inch on each side of the end holes. Mark off on the paper at each end of the strip where the centres of the holes come, and rule parallel lines the whole length of the paper, so that as it pulls over the whistle each of the six lines will pass exactly over the centre of each of the six holes. On each side of these six lines draw a line so that the space between the two new lines on each side of the central one may be half as wide again as the diameter of the hole across which it is to move.

Now rule the paper crossways in lines three-sixteenths of an inch apart parallel to each other, and strictly at right angles to the lengthway lines. The strip is now ready for you to stop out your tune on the principle of the Jacquard loom or the American organettes now so common amongst us.

First find the shortest note the air contains—in our example, the "Blue Bells of Scotland," this is a quaver—and each of the ruled spaces cut by the lines through the whistle-holes must represent this interval of sound. Double the space will give double the interval of sound, and hence, if one space represents a quaver, two spaces will represent a crotchet. In the Blue Bells the first note is D, a crotchet; and as D is produced by unstopping 1, we fill up on the first line a double space. The next note is G, a minim; and, as G is produced by unstopping 4, 5, and 6, we fill up spaces on those lines, making them double the length of the first space, the note being double as long. The third note is a crotchet, F-sharp, and this is marked by blacking in 5 and 6. There is no need to continue this explanation in detail, as the method is sufficiently clear, and the notes are given in Fig. 1, and can be compared with the scale. One space equals a quaver, two spaces a crotchet, four a minim, in this instance; but should a quicker tune be selected the spaces may have to be given values of less interval. The simplest plan is to find the shortest note, and then seeing how many of it would go to a bar, to mark off the bars along the edge of the scale, and then fill in at your ease. In our example eight spaces go to a bar, because the shortest note is a quaver, and eight quavers make the semibreve. Having filled in the notes, take a sheet of glass, lay the paper on it, and with a sharp penknife

cut away all the spaces you have blacked—in short, make a stencil of your brown paper.

We are now ready to commence. Hang the stencil over the whistle so that the holes you have made in it pass over the whistle holes, and blow gently as you drag it along. As the holes are cleared one after the other the notes are given forth, and the whistle can be played almost as easily as a barrel-organ—if you can only keep the paper straight and flat on to the tin. But this is not always easy to do, and so we require a further invention, which the following sketches almost sufficiently describe.

Fig. 2 is a piece of deal, the shaded part of

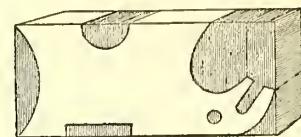


Fig. 2

which shows where it is to be cut away. Two of these blocks, each of them about three inches long and two inches wide, are required. Fig. 3 shows one of the blocks after it is in shape. The top groove in one must be larger and deeper than that in the other, owing to the tapering form of the whistle—for the whistle must fit

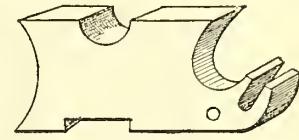


Fig. 3

firmly. Two rollers, made by sawing pieces off a broomstick, are taken of sufficient width to carry your stencil easily, and these are fixed as shown in Fig. 4. One has a handle made of bent wire, with the point that is driven into the roller flattened out and hammered in straight, so as to give a firm hold; the other has two spindles only.

The rollers are fitted with an elastic band, so as to keep them close together and make them act as a miniature mangle. A slip of wood is fastened beneath the blocks to keep them in position. If it is intended to play the air through only once, and to shift for each repetition, a weight is affixed to one end of the paper to keep it flat; if, however, the air is to be repeated without a pause, the ends of the stencil have simply to be pasted together, and a flanged roller hung in the loop, as shown in the cut.

This is all the contrivance consists of. It is effective, and easily made. The only difficulty in playing with it is the need of the stronger blow in the upper octave, a difficulty soon mas-

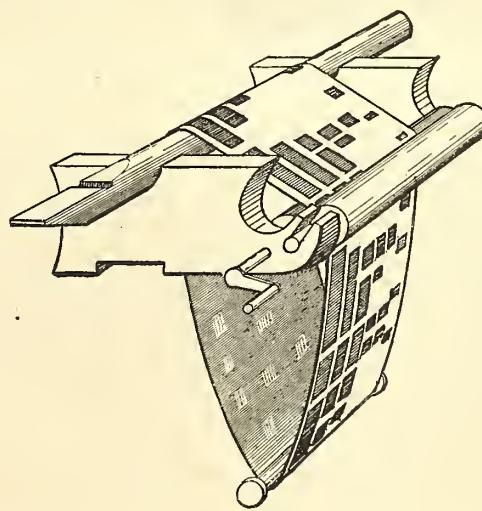


Fig. 4

tered after a little careful practice. The principle of the perforated keyboard is applicable to so many instruments that these rough notes on its construction may prove valuable, even if it

be not applied to the humble whistle. The humble whistle! Alas! But let it not be imagined that squeals and screeches are the sounds the poor whistle was made to produce.

Any other instrument, if improperly used, will give forth its appalling overtones. Treat it properly, gently, and firmly, and you will find it as sweet-toned as a flageolet.

## DIVERS AND DIVING.

PART II.



The Reservoir Diving-Dress.

In that deeply interesting story "The Cryptogram," which appeared for the first time in English in our fourth volume, a great deal of the action took place on the bed of the Amazon, and from M. Jules Verne's vivid description and its accompanying illustrations our readers gained a very fair idea of the ordinary diving-dress and the way in which it is used. Of late, however, a new apparatus has been invented and adopted, of which we herewith give a sketch.

In the tunnel now being driven under the Severn unusually elaborate precautions were taken to provide against the river breaking in, and gates were erected so that should the heading be flooded the water could be kept within bounds. Notwithstanding all this, the catastrophe did occur, and at the first灌rush of the water the men very naturally fled for their lives, and forgot to shut the gates behind them.

In consequence of this negligence the works were flooded, and for a long time stood idle, as every effort made to get to the gates and shut them so as to permit the pumps to clear the gallery proved a failure. At last one of the workmen went down with a new apparatus on his shoulders which required no pipes or air-pumps to keep it going. It was the first time the invention had been used, at any rate in this country, and it required a man of no ordinary nerve to risk his life at its trial. The risk was run, however, the gates were shut, the pumping began, and the Severn tunnel is now well on its way to completion.

The common diving-dress, with which most of us are familiar, is made of sheet indiarubber covered with tanned twill. The cuffs fit tightly round the wrist, and are kept in place by rubber bands, while the trousers fit into the boots. The breastplate is of tinned copper

edged with brass, and has screws passing through corresponding holes in the collar, and making a watertight joint with the helmet. The helmet is also of tinned copper, and has three bull's-eye windows, which have guard-bars to prevent breakage from accident, and occasionally are fitted with slides as a further precaution. There is an arrangement by which the front can be shifted so as to relieve the diver the instant he reaches the surface, and there are an outlet valve to permit the escape of foul air and an inlet valve so contrived as to shut off immediately if anything goes wrong and enclose sufficient air to last till the man can be hauled up. On the helmet is a hook which carries two weights of about forty pounds each, which are lashed under the armpits, and on each boot is a twenty-pound leaden sole. From the helmet go off the air-pipes which lead up to the three cylinder air-pumps which send down

the air, and this hose, with the life or signal-line, completes the apparatus, the only objection to which is that the pipes impede the free movement of the divers under water.

From time to time there had been many devices brought forward by which the diver could take down with him a supply of fresh air or fresh oxygen in some sort of a tank, but all these inventions proved to be failures on account of the difficulty of getting rid of the condensed water and carbonic acid from the breath. At last, by using a portable tank having a perforated false bottom and containing small pieces of indiarubber saturated in soda solution, the difficulty has been solved.

The drying-tank is suspended from the shoulders. The helmet is fitted with a tank containing oxygen under a pressure of six atmospheres. A small leather mask has to be worn by the diver, and this fits over the nose and mouth. It has two valves opening inwards, and a flexible tube leading off to the drying-tank. The mask fits quite air-tight, and the diver inhales the air in the helmet through the valves, and the air he exhales is sent through the tube to the tanks, where the moisture in it is condensed and runs into the space below the false bottom of the tank, the carbonic acid being removed by the soda solution. The exhaled breath, which then passes upward into the helmet, contains a small percentage of oxygen, due to the reserve which always follows breathing, and an excess of nitrogen, and these make up a badly-balanced atmosphere, which will, however, sustain life and is harmless if breathed for only a short period. As soon as the oxygen percentage falls too low the diver experiences a slight sense of suffocation, and then, by turning a tap, he admits the fresh life-gas from the tank communicating with his helmet, and produces an artificial and perfectly healthy atmosphere by diluting the excess of nitrogen with the necessary proportion of oxygen. As the

moisture and carbonic acid are completely removed after each breathing, the diver can remain below, free from any connection with the surface, except by the signal-line, until the oxygen is exhausted. Such an arrangement has obvious advantages over the ordinary apparatus, and it certainly seems as though the diver's useful trade will through it receive a considerable stimulus.

And the trade is not an insignificant one. Since 1829, when the open dress was brought out, to give place eight years afterwards to the closed costume invented by Siebe, divers have multiplied considerably. In the Mediterranean to-day over four hundred suits are in use, and scores are at work in Australia, the Bahamas, the Bermudas, and among the other fisheries of sponge, pearl, coral, and amber, all over the world. On every one of her Majesty's ships the diver's gear is carried, and divers are among the complement.

The first mention of the diving costume is by Schott, in 1664, who calls it "Lorica Aquatica." The same author, in "Cacabus Aquaticus," gives us the first mention of the diving-bell, relating in connection therewith how the Portuguese went down in such a "kettle" for the edification of Charles V. The first practicable diving-bell was really Halley's, which was a truncated wooden cone with a capacity of sixty cubic feet. It was lowered from a sprit fastened to the mast of a ship, and the air was sent down to it in barrels, which barrels were open at the bung-holes, and were simply drawn below as they were with the holes underneath. This arrangement was adopted in order that the air entering the bell should be under the same pressure as that it came to reinforce. Halley has given us a very interesting description of this invention, and tells us how comfortably he spent an hour and a half beneath the surface of the river.

John Evelyn, of diary fame, tried a diving-

bell made of cast lead, and relates the experiences of half an hour spent in it beneath the Thames at Deptford. To raise one of the wrecked Spanish Armada ships at Mull, Colquhoun used a diving-bell, as he also did a leatheren dress invented by Lord Melgum.

It was Smeaton, the builder of the Eddystone Lighthouse, who gave us the diving-bell much as we now have it. He used it when in 1778 he built Hexham Bridge. He was it who for the barrels substituted the forec-pump and sent the air below under pressure. At Ramsgate Pier, in 1788, he used a square air-chest, but the shape was not found to possess many advantages. Nowadays the chest is bell-shaped, the air is pumped into it from above, the structure is suspended by chains, and chains inside it enable the stones to be raised and lowered when at work at the bridge or breakwater piers, for which it is mostly brought into requisition.

Many have been the inventors who have claimed to solve the problem of how to enable men to live under water. In the reign of James I. Cornelius Drebell is reported to have made a submarine vessel carrying twelve rowers, who were revived by a liquid which possessed the curious property of restoring impure air. Of course our old friend Bishop Wilkins, in his "Mathematical Magic," had a good deal to say on such a promising subject—but we refrain. A Connecticut inventor named Bushnell is said early in the present century to have anticipated the torpedo, and some years before, in a Norwich market boat in the Norfolk Broads, an Englishman named Day passed twenty-four hours at thirty feet under water. Day's fate was a remarkable one. His experiment at Yarmouth took place in 1774, and he was so elated at its success that he persuaded a well-known sporting man of the period to lend him money to carry out the idea on a larger scale in order that he might amass a considerable fortune by



Ready to Start.

the speculation. A ship was purchased and fitted up according to Day's instructions, and in her, amid a good deal of fuss, Day went placidly down in twenty-two fathoms of water in Plymouth Sound. He never came up again.

He thoroughly believed in his power to live under water, and he lost his life in consequence. Most of the submarine appliance devisers have been thoroughgoing men. A typical specimen is Lethbridge, who, in order that he might think

the matter out under appropriate surrounding circumstances, sat himself down in an empty beer hoghead, and philosophising, like an aquatic Diogenes, had his tub lowered into the dirty water of a Somersetshire ditch!

## OUT WITH A SWEEP-NET.

BY THEODORE WOOD.

(Continued from page 606.)

NEXT appears one of the night-flying moths, in woeful plight indeed, with his wings chipped and broken, and scarcely a scale left upon them. He was just out of the pupa, probably, and was drying his wings upon some grass stem when the remorseless net plunged him into the mass of moving objects which it had swept up from the herbage, and reduced him to his present worn and pitiable condition. He still seems able to enjoy life, however, for he has sustained no serious injury, so we release him in the hope that he may speedily recover from the effects of his unpleasant experiences.

Then comes forth a Tortoise beetle, with slow and uncertain gait, its short legs scarcely showing beneath its projecting wing-cases. He is quickly followed by a second, and that again by a third, all three having evidently been swept from one of the thistles to be seen here and there upon the bank. There are more ladybirds, too, "seven-spots" as well as "two-spots," the latter including some very pretty varieties.

Then there are several of the tiny cocktail beetles which are so apt to fly into one's eye upon a sunny day, and which take to wing with marvellous rapidity, making their escape almost before we are aware of their presence. We manage to bottle one or two, however, of greater value than the remainder, and leave the rest to their own devices.

Now let us sweep some of the heather which we notice upon the top of the bank at the left-hand side of the road, and which is always productive in the way of insects. And so it proves to be upon the present occasion, for when, after floundering somewhat clumsily over the slippery stems for a minute or two, and working away vigorously with the net meanwhile, we come to examine the fruits of our toil, we find that our captures must be measured by pints, for there are several double-handfuls of insects contained in the bag. Unluckily, however, the quality of these is by no means so good as the quantity, for, with a very few exceptions, they all belong to the same species of beetle—a small yellow creature, with soft wing-cases and long antennae.

Sifting them occupies some little time, as we do not like to hurry over the business for fear of missing some rarity; but at length the task is completed, and we look out for a fresh field of operations.

Ah! there is a row of pine-trees, with a few overhanging branches within easy reach of the net. Let us see what is to be obtained from them.

Caterpillars in some numbers, all of them harmonising wonderfully in colour with the tints of the tree from which they were obtained. Spiders too, of course, and several beetles, amongst them an example of the very handsome Eyed Ladybird, not a very common insect as a general rule. He, or she, at once travels down the fatal tube into the laurel bottle, for, although our own series of the insect is complete, we are sure before very long to find that some entomological friend is in want of the beetle.

Next we have a turn at some oak-bushes bordering the road, but are rewarded with nothing better than a few common skipjacks, a brilliant green weevil of great beauty but little value, and one or two "looper" caterpillars. So we cross the tract of heather in order to visit a weedy pond just discernible in the distance.

Whir-r-r! Off goes a partridge from almost beneath our feet, warning us to keep a weather-eye open for keepers, who would be merciless were they to find us thus disturbing the game. The fates, however, prove propitious, and we reach our destination unseen by any velvet-clad defender of the rights of property.

And well is it that we undertook the journey, for clinging to the rushes surrounding the pond are numbers of the beautiful Donacias, their many-hued bodies glittering like veritable gems in the sunlight. Scarcely a colour which is not represented upon one or other of them, and before five minutes have passed we have secured quite a number of these glorious insects, which are indeed among the most beautiful of all our British beetles.

Then there are a large number of a different kind of tortoise-beetle from that with which we

met earlier in the afternoon, while several of one of the scarcer "Tulip-fleas," with their yellow-striped wing-cases and wonderful leaping powers, are resting upon the herbage close to the water's edge. Floating in the pond itself is a specimen of the pretty little Ruby Tiger moth, which, in spite of the character of its untimely end, seems in pretty good condition, and, when thoroughly dried, will probably be quite eligible for a position in the cabinet. So we fish it out, and hand it over to an enthusiastic young lepidopterist who has accompanied us, and who is very much delighted with such an acquisition to his collection.

What is that pale-green fly with the delicate gauzy wings and the resplendent eyes, now walking up the side of the net? Ah! a Lacewing; one of the few insects which may best be admired at a safe distance. For, although harmless enough, the beautiful Lacewing fly is gifted with a most abominable odour, which, if handled, it is sure to pour out upon the fingers of its captor, rendering them offensive for hours, no matter how often they may be washed. So we allow our graceful little friend to make its escape, without venturing upon a closer acquaintance.

So engrossed have we been in the examination of our captures that we have altogether neglected to note the flight of time, and are rather startled when we find that it is far past the hour at which we had intended to return. Reluctantly, therefore, the laurel-bottle is returned to our pocket, the net is shouldered, and we set off upon our return journey, very well satisfied with our afternoon's work.

And I am quite sure that, if any of our entomological readers care to follow our example, and to make an expedition or two with a sweep-net by way of companion, they will experience quite as much pleasure as we ourselves have done, and will arrive at the conclusion that there are many far less interesting and profitable ways of spending an afternoon's leisure.

(THE END.)

## Correspondence.

**BOTANY (Elgin).**—Your friends adopt the approved method in fastening their specimens with paper strips. The edging of postage-stamps is a good substitute. The specimens should never be touched with paste or gum, as they will blacken and spoil if so treated. The herbarium at the British Museum is arranged in loose sheets, and you can hardly improve on that arrangement. Hayward's "Botanist's Pocket Book" will give you all the British flora in a compact form. If you cannot judge the meaning of words from their context you must stick to your dictionary, but it does not say much for your intelligence that you have to use it so frequently. A word once learnt should never be forgotten.

**EPHRAIM.**—Having tattooed your hand with Indian ink you must leave the marks there for the rest of your life. You could do a certain amount of good by warning your schoolfellow against indulging in such a foolish practice, and instancing yourself as an example. Prevention is better than cure.

**A. E. HARVEY.**—1. In due time. 2. See our articles on "Model Engines" in the third volume. You will find them in the September and October parts for 1881.

**PHOSPHORUS.**—Phosphorus is one of the chemical elements. If, instead of taking it, or any such drug, you were to put your books away and take more exercise, you would find your brain would work much better. Quality, not quantity, is what is wanted. Spend less time, and do more work.

**M. P. O.**—1. The cuckoo is a migrant. 2. Yes, there are very few berries that are not poisonous. It is only a question of degree.

**JOHNNY COPE.**—Riding, bicycle or otherwise, is the best thing for knock knees.

**H. CALLOW.**—We have no bookbinder to recommend; you must choose your own. About three shillings is the usual charge, complete. How can there be more in the monthly parts than in the weekly numbers, when the parts are the numbers bound up. With the monthly part you get a coloured plate, that is the only advantage. With the weekly numbers you are always up to date.

**S. B. M.**—In the "opinion of men who study the health of the people," football is not injurious to the health, nor is it in the opinion of anybody else. The objections to it are surgical, and not medical. It is the broken shins, and legs, and arms, and not the broken constitutions, that are so carefully recorded and theorised about by the opponents of the game.

**G. HACKETT.**—You might get the pulverised glass from a sandpaper maker's, or at a wholesale oilshop, but it would be better to make it yourself. You will pound it fine enough in time.

**R. WILKINSON.**—You cannot enter the Navy after you are thirteen years old, unless you go as a ship's boy. Consult your friends and those who know you best as to what you are most fitted to be.

**J. L. IUSTON.**—We never give medical advice. Consult a doctor. Complaints are so varied and numerous, and require such different treatment in different individuals, that the simple remedies recommended by friends are rarely of any effect.

**H. W.**—1. The Hundred Years War was that between England and France, beginning in 1340. The Thirty Years War was that between the Catholics and Protestants of Germany, beginning in 1618. The Seven Years War was the third Silesian War between Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Austria and her allies, beginning in 1756. The Seven Weeks War was between Germany and France, beginning in 1870. The Seven Weeks War was between Prussia and Austria in 1866. 2. "The tree of Freedom is the British Oak" is from Fitzgerald, the so-called "Small Poet."

**W. R. H.**—The compass plant is *Silphium laciniatum*. It is said to have been planted on the prairies experimentally, and even then its leaves have stood upright on the long-leaf stalks while the plant was young, and when it reached three or four inches high they twisted their stalks so that their edges pointed north and south.

**G. L. JOHNSON.**—You will have to get two books, one on making marine engines, the other on making model yachts. You will find hints on steamer hulls in Biddle's "Model Yachting" and Grosvenor's "Model Yachts." It is safer to design your hull to carry sail, as in the event of the machinery going wrong—an event of very constant occurrence with model engines—your boat will come ashore, and not drift about in the middle of the pond until she sinks.

**C. S. E.**—Undoubtedly your dachshund has mange, of the form we call eczema. But no application will be of any avail unless you use it better. A boy who cannot give his dog exercise has no right to have one. The mange will go away by simply washing with Sanitas soft soap twice a week, if you feed well and regularly, and give the poor animal his liberty. Not otherwise.

**CIVIL ENQUIRER.**—1. The salaries of the home civil servants in Class I. range from £100 to £400, but in a few cases from £250 to £600; in Class II. they range from £80 to £250. In Class I. the examinations are in Handwriting, Orthography, Arithmetic, English Composition and Precis; History of England; English Language and Literature; Greek, Roman, French, German, and Italian History, Language, and Literature; Pure and Mixed Mathematics; five branches of Natural Science; Moral Sciences, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy; and are varied according to the particular post. We do not think you have the ghost of a chance. 2. The Boy Clerkship examination is in Handwriting, Spelling, Arithmetic, copying from written documents, Composition, and Geography. The highest salary is about £80 a year, and you are discharged at your nineteenth birthday. 3. The only examinations for telegraph learners are in Dictation, Handwriting, and Arithmetic, and the salaries, after three months' trial, rise from £30 to £190. 4. It is not of the slightest use your going up for an examination unless you thoroughly know your subject. Just as in real life a man who is not a machine has to take up a business matter and grasp it in all its bearings, and know it in all its details, before he commits himself to a course of conduct with regard to it, so ought a candidate to take up his subject and master it before he faces the examiner. The successful man is constantly doing so, the successful candidate has to do so, and the drilling received by the successful candidate gives the facility required by the successful man.

**SCHOOLBOY.**—1. Corporate bodies have to have seals, as without them they cannot legally give their consent in writing to any agreement or undertaking. The corporate seal must be affixed to all their documents. 2. You can design your own crest, but you must pay the duty for armorial bearings just the same. 3. Answered by implication.

**G. A. FISKE.**—See No. 167 and many other back numbers, for how to make a graph. We have given the directions so frequently that we cannot repeat.

**EDGAR.**—Poultry will pay you better than rabbits, but then they require more care and attention, and cost more to start with. It does you great credit to have succeeded so well after so serious an accident, but it will require continued effort to hold your own.

**NORMAN.**—Hard woods should be finished so smoothly with the tools that no other polish besides a slight friction with their shavings is necessary. See our articles on polishing in last volume, Nos. 225 and 226. A capital polish can be given to some woods by giving them a coat of linseed-oil and then rubbing them well with a rag dipped in fine brickdust.

**TITUS BERRY.**—We can only refer you to our articles on "Paper Chases" and "Hare and Hounds" in our first volume.

**JUNIUS.**—The information can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Cannon Row, Westminster. About thirty shillings a week is the maximum.

**ISAAC.**—The East India Company has a fleet no longer. For a list of principal shipowners your best plan would be to buy a copy of the "Shipping Gazette" or the "Liverpool Journal of Commerce," obtainable through any newsagent, price one penny.

**HOPE.**—We fear you do not stand much chance without going to either Oxford or Cambridge. Why not consult with your own rector?

**C. R. YOUNG.**—Feed your lark on German paste, bread-crums, and hemp crushed, meal-worms, and scraps of table. Keep it in the ordinary lark-cage, with a tmf.

**W. H. R.**—You mean a coot. See our plate of British Birds in the Juue part in 1882.

**G. F. W.**—There is an Australian Grazier's Guide, published by Silver and Co., 67, Cornhill.

**P. M. YEARSLEY.**—The small coin has the legend STADT MAINTZ, not Muntz, and that explains itself. The coins with the filleted head and Greek letters are almost sure to be Byzantine.

**J. HALL.**—1. Convert yourself into an echo. That is the "art of small talk." 2. Worthless, but join in the competition, and you will have a definite idea to work out. The practice will do you good even if you do not gain a prize.

**D. GODWIN.**—The red plume is worn by the Coldstream Guards.

**SEA AND MID.**—There is no reason at all why a well-educated boy entering before the mast should not work himself up to a captaincy. It depends entirely on himself. Do as others do, and you will remain as they are—the mast that never rises. Keep yourselves apart from them, be sober, steady, and studious, work hard, and learn all you can—all through your life—and you will be successful men.

**FOUR CHUMS.**—Apply to the New Zealand Government Offices, Victoria Street, London. We should advise you to emigrate, but you will there get the latest and most trustworthy advice. Do not spend more money than you can help on outfit and passage-money. Second-class in a good ship is better than first class in a bad one. No capable mechanic need ever fear to leave this crowded country.

**P. F. WOODS.**—Shot is made by pouring melted lead from a sieve raised at such a height above a reservoir of water that the lead drops are rounded in their fall. Hence the shot-towers on the Thames and at other places.

**E. HICKEN.**—Many thanks for the monogram. Very nice, very ingenious. But then, you see, this is the BOY'S OWN PAPER, not the BOY'S OWN BAPER.

**FLINT JACK.**—There is not much geology round Acton except of the surface nature. There is boulder clay at Finchley, Bagshots of course on Hampstead Heath, and fossiliferous London clay round Highgate. You will find good sections of Chalk at Grays and Caterham Junction; and of Chalk at Chaiton, Thanet, Woolwich, and Reading. Loampit Hill, near Lewisham, is another happy hunting-ground of the Tertiaries, and the new railway line on the Addiscombe side of Croydon cuts through several fossiliferous bands. There are a good many hints as to localities in the threepenny "Saturday Half-Holiday Guide," sold at the railway bookstalls. There are hundreds of fossiliferous sections within reach of a half-crown return ticket.

**SCHOONER.**—We are glad to find that the sail plan of the cutter given on page 847 of the fifth volume has proved so successful. Here is a schooner's sail plan on the same rough-and-ready principle. In the centre of the length over all raise your mainmast, at right angles to the deck. The fact of the bow of the boat being higher out of the water than the stern will give the necessary rake to the masts. Suppose we are dealing with a two-feet boat, the mainmast will thus stand at twelve inches from bow and stern. Step the foremast just half-way between the mainmast and the bow. Let the bowsprit project outboard just half as far again as the distance between the masts, and let the mainboom project beyond the stern just half the distance between the masts. In a two-feet boat, therefore, the distance from the tip of the bowsprit to the tip of the mainboom will be thirty-six inches, or just half as long again as the hull is over all; for the bowsprit will be nine inches outboard, the foot of the fore-staysail will be six inches, the foreboom will be six inches, and the mainboom fifteen inches. The mainmast should run from the deck for the same distance that the mainboom is long, and the throat of the gaff should be twice the length of the foreboom above the deck. The foremast should be as high as the mainmast, and the gaff-throat touch it also at twice the foreboom's length from the deck. Half-way between the foremasthead and the gaff-throat comes the stay leading down to the bow, and half-way between the foremasthead and the stay come the jib-hallards leading down to the end of the bowsprit. The fore-gaff should be at such a slope that if produced it would touch the bow, and the main-gaff at such a slope that if produced it would touch the point where the foremast enters the deck. The fore-gaff should be three-quarters of the length of the fore-boom, and the main-gaff should be twice as long as the fore-gaff. Small schooners sail best without topsails, but if you resolve on having more sail aloft the masts over all should be the length of the boat over all, though some boats are better with a shorter foremast. The foretopsail-yard should slope to the bow, the mainsail-yard to where the foremast enters the deck. The mainsail may appear unusually large, but the boat will be all the better for it. Take two hulls, the same in all respects; rig one in ordinary schooner fashion, and the other on our plan, and you will find that the larger the mainsail, and the nearer the mainmast is to the centre, the faster and more weatherly will be the craft. Do as you did with the cutter. Theorise after you have tried it—not before. Standing bowsprits and raking masts are a mistake; on the newer American models they have been discarded.

**PASSER.**—Homer the younger existed, but his efforts are not now much appreciated. He was really Philiscus, one of the seven Pleiad poets of Alexandria in the time of Ptolemy Philadelpus.

**GESMAS.**—Safety matches will all ignite elsewhere than on the box, notwithstanding the notice to the contrary. If the surface on which the match is rubbed is capable of imparting sufficient heat by friction the match will ignite. Glass, ivory, steel, zinc, copper, marble, slate, linoleum, and ebonite have all been found to answer. Try experiments with two matches held side by side. It is very curious that if you rub a safety match for a little time on zinc, and then apply it to copper, it will at once take fire. Yours is not a very nice pseudonym. Your selection of it is probably accidental. Gesmas was the impudent thief, Dismas the penitent one. "Dismas et Gesmas, media est Divina Potestas; uos et res nostras, conservet Summa Potestas."

**PRINTER'S DEVIL.**—In Queensland the wages of compositors average a shilling per thousand. Bricklayers pay better than typesetting in new countries.

**H. E. BINSTEAD.**—Our index-maker has walked off with your letter. We knew that the index was "as good as it could be, the best quality, and everything," but we never told him so, and now he has got hold of your letter he says he is going to frame it as a testimonial from the only really judicious critic he has yet met with!

**CREDE, ETC.**—1. Almost self-evident. 2. Two half-penny stamps can be used on receipts instead of a single penny one. 3. Thought-reading is merely a conjuring trick, and there are now several performers of it. The money was not paid, because the conditions of the challenge were not complied with.

**CAPTAIN F. T.**—1. Get your dog to wag the tip of his tail into the ink-pot. That is the simplest way to dye it. You had far better leave it alone, as the dodge is sure to be found out. 2. See our articles on "Fishing Tackle, and how to make it," in the third volume.

**A. J. MILES.**—The tool-shop has been removed from Newgate Street to Railway Approach, London Bridge; but you can get marine glue from almost any indiarubber warehouse.

**A. LOVER OF CRICKET.**—1. We had a coloured plate of "Famous Cricketers" in our third volume. It was in the April part for 1881. 2. Yes; H. M. Grace.

**PROPS.**—Ferns should, theoretically, be watered with water of the temperature of the case. In other words, the jug of water should be kept for an hour or so in the fernery until it is of the necessary temperature, but as a matter of practice the water is applied without any such preliminaries. Of course if the water is too cold the ferns will be chilled.

**DUBHE and MERAK.**—You will find the position of the planets given in Whitaker's or any good almanack. The constellations are in the same position at the same date in each year, so that our articles hold good for all years. There is no almanack that will give you the position of all the constellations.

**XERXES.**—We regret extremely that you have never asked us any questions that have been worth answering, and cordially congratulate you on having discovered the fact for yourself. And now suppose you try again?

**G. A. H.**—Apply at the headquarters of the regiment. A lad "17 years of age and six foot long" stands an excellent chance.

**F. DEARNALEY.**—1. Our circulation is too large to render an exchange column desirable or in any way profitable to us for our trouble. If you want to bargain there are other papers that will oblige you. 2. Apply at the Herald's College, E.C.

**J. C.**—The S with a single dash through it stands for dollar; when there are two dashes it means dollars.

**AN AMATEUR ASTRONOMER.**—1. See our article on "Falling Stars" in the part for December, 1883. 2. The second volume is still in print.

**UTIC.**—Chambers's Encyclopaedia was published in three-halfpenny numbers, sevenpenny parts, and nine-shilling volumes. It costs complete about three pounds ten shillings.

**AUREOLIN.**—1. Gum will darken the shadows in water-colour painting, but its use is not recommended. 2. In all cases of writing with coloured inks or dyes it is better to use a quill pen.

**W. M.**—Short-notice queries should never be sent; there is no chance of a speedy answer. In our Christmas numbers there have been several sketches of the Birchington Academy type.

**SKIN-DRESSER.**—We treated the subject of skin-dressing at length in the third volume.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SIXTH SERIES.)

### Horn, Bone, and Shell Polishing.

(Continued from page 592.)

#### MIDDLE DIVISION (ages 14 to 18).

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**F. W. HOPE.**—14, Collins Place, Glenogle Road, Edinburgh.

**WILFRED TIZZARD.**—Belbrook, near Washford, W. Somerset.

**JOHN W. SHAWYER.**—Exford, Taunton.

**THOMAS HUNTER.**—Tudor Park, Holywood, Co. Down.

**G. P. ADAMS.**—Lower Road, Shoreham, Sussex.

**RICHARD O'DRISCOLL.**—Church Street, Glin, County Limerick.

#### JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 14).

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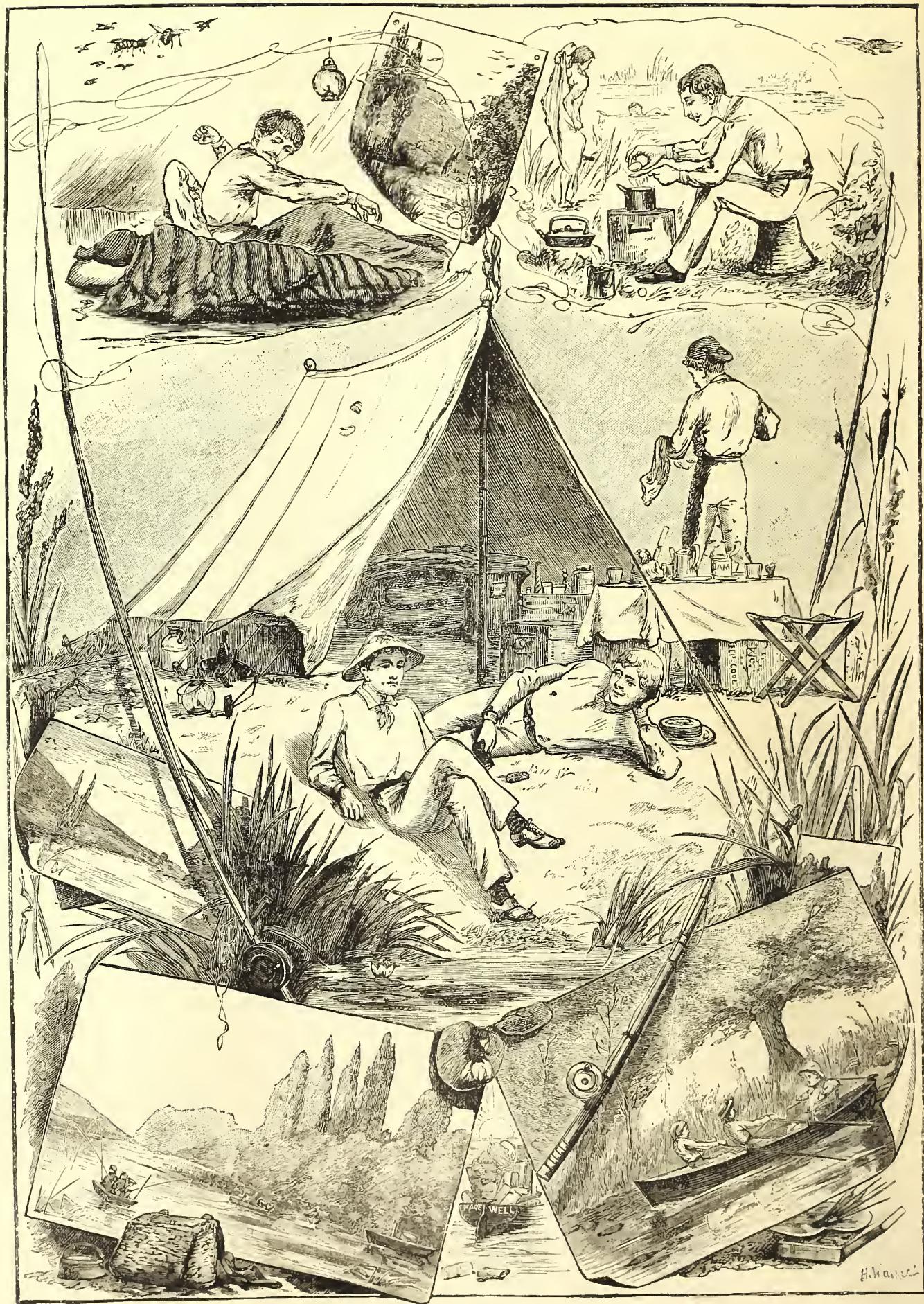
**WILLIE BRAGG.**—(aged 12), 89, Stockwell Park Road, Brixton, S.E.

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**ARCHIE HUNTER.**—Tudor Park, Holywood, Co. Down.

**GILBERT ELLIOTT.**—Hunter House, Sheffield.

\* \* Most of the competitors mention that they knew nothing whatever about the useful art of polishing horn and shells until they read our articles, from which the whole of their knowledge has been obtained; and some add curious and interesting details. For instance, one lad, in sending a polished horn, writes: "The cow on which this horn grew is yet alive and well, she having knocked it off in battle." On the whole, the painstaking work in this competition has pleased us much.



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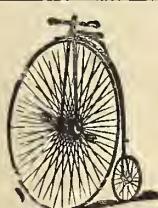
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From the *Montreal Star*, Nov. 17, 1882.

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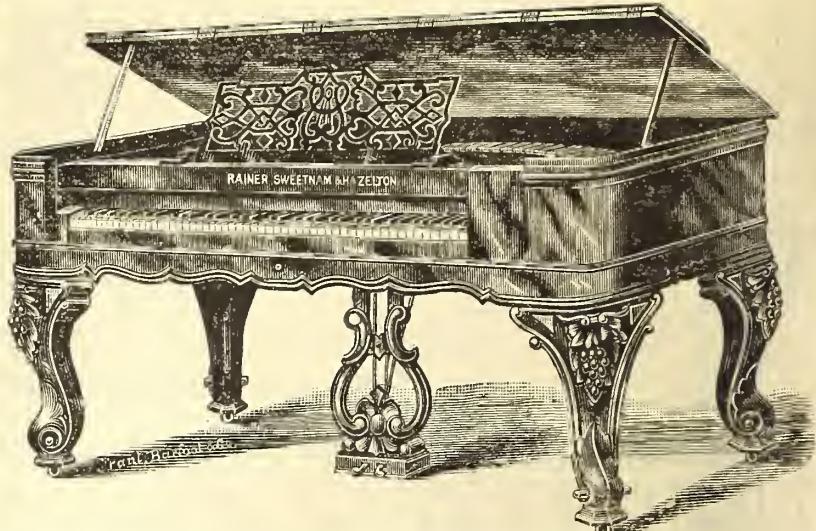


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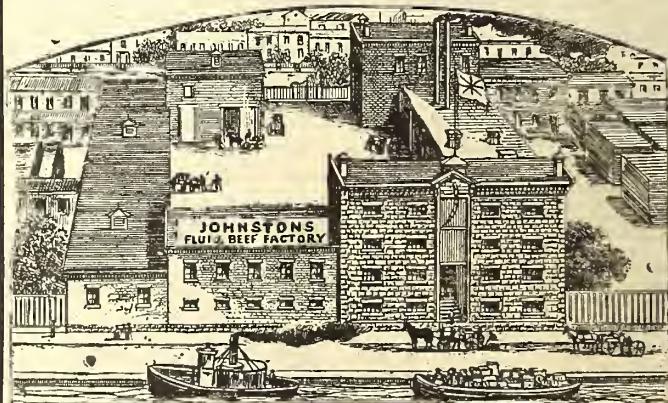
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